THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

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ADVENTURES IN BUDGETING

By Kenneth L. Roberts

FOR many years and in many lands the drunken sailor was long the figure that represented the very apex of loose and unwary money spending. The representatives of all other businesses, callings, trades, professions and avocations were popularly supposed, when intoxicated, to retain a modicum of caution and to keep one hand on at least a small section of their rolls. The ossified sailor, however, was generally credited with a complete and feverish absence of restraint where money matters were concerned.

This is an excellent illustration of the lack of observation which characterizes the mental processes of the human race. Long ago it became fashionable to pick on the drunken sailor as the complete nit-wit in spending; and this fashion has persisted in spite of the fact that the world has for years been confronted by an example of reckless money dissipation that makes a soused seaman look, by comparison, like the most parsimonious, usurious, avaricious and rapacious miser that ever essayed to skin a flint.

The reference, to speak bluntly, is to the Government of the United States, which has for a century and more run the vast business of the nation with all the acumen that would be displayed by a lot of morons if they were to be put in control of the United States Steel Corporation, and with all the unselfish seeking after efficiency and the general good that would be evinced by a gang of yeggs engaged in melting down the handiwork of a great silversmith in order to sell it as bullion.

The drunken sailor was seldom if ever successful in spending more money than he had on his person during the period of his drunkenness; and from this it is possible to see what a pitifully incompetent and amateurish spender he was. The Government of the United States was never guilty of such lubberly conduct. The Government, because of incompetence, partisan politics, interdepartmental jealousy and an absence of business methods, spent everything in sight and more besides.

Various departments of the Government have gone before Congress and, spurred on by the desire to get more than the next department, demanded and received a larger amount of money than they actually needed to run the departments. Having received it they felt in duty bound to spend it. They never regarded it as an income within which they must live, but have always looked at it as the smallest amount which they would permit themselves to spend. Cases have been known where governmental employes have been hauled over the coals and sharply slapped on the wrists by their superiors for failing to spend the total amount of their appropriations. On top of all this the Government has used a system of bookkeeping so idiotic that it should be called to the attention of Mr. William J. Bryan as an almost overwhelming bit of proof that man not only sprang from the monkey but that he neglected to remove the lead from his shoes when he did his springing.

Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes, Director of the Budget

How Congress Filled a Long-Felt Want

EVER since the days when business men wore black satin knee breeches and did their back hair in queues experts in government and finance who were not trying to abstract a slice of pork from the pork barrel have been lifting up voices hoarse with passion and demanding that the United States install some sort of budget system that would make sure that the different departments of the Government spent what they needed to spend and refrained from spending what they didn't need to spend. They asked for a modicum of common sense, business methods and economy in the financial affairs of the country.

Common sense and economy in governmental expenditures! Now wouldn't that jar you? Wouldn't that simply tie you in knots? Business methods in the running of the United States! How perfectly killing! What won't these reformers be doing next!

Viscount Bryce, whose political insight was so acute that he could look at a nation's tongue and state exactly what it had eaten at every meal for the last century, and what it ought to eat for the next half century in order to avoid that dragging-down sensation, frequently referred gloomily to the footless manner in which the United States did its spending. It was enough to fill the most unexpert expert with gloom; and it should have caused the superexpert Bryce to die of melancholia long before his time. He saw inefficiency, extravagance and waste on every side; while the President, though the head of the nation's business, was unable to get his department heads or congressional committees to work together. Nobody was responsible for anything. Each department was a little government of its own, craftily attempting to annex everything in sight and warily viewing with alarm every move of all the other departments. As a result of the unceasing criticisms of experts in government like Viscount Bryce, the Bureau of the Budget was created towards the middle of 1921; and the budget system, simply stated, made the President responsible for the economical and efficient operation of the different executive departments, such as the War Department, the Navy Department, and the State Department, and enabled the President and Congress to act consistently, efficiently, economically and harmoniously under a responsible head in the spending of the people's money.

A Thankless Task

FOR the first time in history it made the Government of the United States into a large and harmonious business organization. It enabled the President, as the head of the company, to call his different department managers, masquerading under the imposing titles of Secretary of Commerce, Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and so on, into his private office and lay down the law to them. As in any other business, he could point his index finger at one of these department managers and say bluntly:

"Now look here, Elmer! The general manager says you're paying thirty dollars a thousand for nonrefillable inkwells, and that's too much. He says you can get nice nonrefillable inkwells for twenty dollars a thousand; and he also says that you can get some perfectly good refillable inkwells for fifteen dollars a thousand, and they're plenty good enough for you. Now, Elmer, you're spending too much money in your department, and you've got to cut it out. You start in with those inkwells, Elmer, and if there's any other way you can save money you can't get at it too quickly to suit me."

If by any chance Elmer should reply grumpily to those just and reasonable words, and declare that he didn't like inkwells at twenty dollars a thousand, and wouldn't have 'em, and that he was competent to run his department without outside assistance, and that the general manager could go out and take a run around the block, then the President, as in any other business, could say calmly, "All right, Elmer, you're fired. Get your desk cleaned out as soon as possible, and don't forget to replace any postage stamps that you borrowed."

The gentleman who had the thankless task of creating the rôle of general manager in this new drama of government as a harmonious business was Brigadier General Charles Gates Dawes, of Marietta, Cincinnati, Lincoln, Chicago, Evanston, St.-Nazaire, Paris, Chaumont, Washington and intermediate points. His official title was director of the budget, and to that should be added the unofficial title of bawler-out of reluctant coöperators.

As a bawler-out Charles G. Dawes ranks second to none. When coöperation is desired, and he is the person on whose shoulders rests the onus of obtaining it, he stands ready to deliver an A No. 1, copper-riveted, hair-raising, soft-nosed, high-explosive bawling out

guaranteed to peel the hide from a sea cow as though it were court-plaster or to cause the flowers on the wall paper to shrivel and turn black. When actually engaged in bawling-out operations he thinks of and says the things that the rest of the human race only think of after they have retired for the night and are immured in the privacy of their chambers, and that they say only when they are relating the story of the fight to their most intimate friends. Generals, cabinet officers, admirals, congressmen—they are all the same to Dawes when they are on the receiving end of a bawling out. A man who will not coöperate with him in an effort to put the Government of the United States on a business basis, or who is so narrow in his views that he places the imaginary needs of a department or a political party ahead of the real needs of the nation, is openly stated by Dawes to be a pinhead, a squirt, a noodle, a peanut and an incomparable ass. Above all else, however, he is a pinhead, and no ordinary fifty-in-a-box, standardized pinhead either. He is a blankety-blanked pinhead, and Dawes stands up in front of him and wags a long bony forefinger about three inches in front of his nose and tells him so, with none of the blankety-blanks left out. And to complicate the situation, there are usually twenty or thirty other prominent people within earshot to hear the pinhead reminded of his pinheadedness; and Dawes usually has hidden in his inside pocket or tucked under a table the absolute and incontrovertible proof that the person under discussion is exactly the sort of pinhead that he is advertised to be.

An Official Bawler-Out at Work

IT WILL not do, however, for anyone to withdraw from the scene, laboring under the delusion that Dawes' chief claim to fame lies in his ability as a bawler-out and in the fact that he made famous the bucolic cuss word "Hell-and-Maria!"

The records show that, although Dawes is listed as a financier, he has long been a coördinator in good and regular standing—coördinator being technical slang for a person who gets the largest amount of smooth teamwork out of a number of scattered enterprises that have no intention of indulging in teamwork until they are kicked into it.

After he had been declared educated by Marietta College and the Cincinnati Law School he practiced law in Lincoln, Nebraska, and gave enough attention to banking to write, in 1892, The Banking System of the United States, which a great many bank presidents could study today to marked advantage. In Lincoln he chummed around with John J. Pershing, the widely known soldier, and laid the groundwork for his future success as a bawler-out by speaking very fiercely and harshly to Pershing whenever Pershing failed to conform to the Dawes theories of procedure. He has never recovered from this early habit, by the way. I happened into the office of General Harbord in the War Department one day last winter, and Dawes was talking to somebody over the telephone. He was hunched over the transmitter, looking rather like an impatient stork on the verge of spearing a frog with his large beak, and he was pounding the desk with his fist.

"What's the matter with you?" he was shouting. "What are you trying to do anyway? Haven't you got any backbone? Don't let me hear you talk about getting out of bed and going to Boston! I don't care what the doctor said. You do what I tell you, now—you hear?"

He was talking to Pershing.

After about seven years of the law he got tied up in the gas business in various Western and Middle Western cities—a fact to which those whom he has bawled out frequently refer.

"Darned old gas bag!" they frequently say. "Just what you'd expect from a man in the gas business."

They never say it while they are in Dawes' hearing, however. One dose of the Dawes gas is about as much as any one man cares to endure.

Then he was executive of the McKinley movement in Illinois, and a member of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee in 1896. Then he was made comptroller of the currency, and as such exercised general supervision over the organization and regulation of all national banks throughout the United States, including Hawaii and Alaska. Then he became president of the Central Trust Company, of Illinois, in Chicago. When the United States entered the war Dawes coördinated his own activities with so much vigor that he entered it at the same time, and landed in France in August, 1917, as lieutenant colonel of railway engineers. Hoover made an attempt to spoil Dawes' plans by trying to get him as the head of the United States Grain Corporation. Although Hoover is the perfect human clam during 90 per cent of his working hours, and about as affable and enthusiastic as a cold loin of pork, he worked himself up to a high pitch of excitement over Dawes.

"I can find a hundred men who will make better lieutenant colonels of engineers than you will make," he told Dawes tactfully, "and I want you right here."

That was when Dawes realized that he had better get started for France in a hurry if he ever intended to enjoy life again; so all that Hoover saw of Dawes after that burst of loquacity was the back of Dawes' coat merging harmoniously with a cloud of dust.

In September, 1917, he was made chairman of the General Purchasing Board and general purchasing agent of the American Expeditionary Forces. Later he became a brigadier general, a member of the Allied Purchasing Board and a member of the Liquidation Commission of the Allies; and his services as a coördinator, an efficiency expert and a soldier brought him the Distinguished Service Medal, the Legion of Honor and the Belgian Order of Leopold. It might be well to bear these things in mind in order to offset any idea that Dawes got his present job merely because of his imagined fluency in cussing.

It was highly essential that the first Director of the Budget should be not only an organizer and a financier but also a fearless, aggressive, hard-hitting fighter who would jump down the throats of the hard-shelled bureaucrats who loved their antique methods as an antique collector frequently loves antiques—for their age and worminess and general air of decay rather than for their beauty or usefulness—and who would go to any lengths to retain them.

Dawes had everything that was needed. His aggressiveness is not particularly apparent until he begins to talk about something that he knows to be right and on which he has had opposition. Then he takes on the air of a large, thin, high-shouldered, long-beaked wading bird, like a stork or a heron. His head draws back on his shoulders and his eyes snap watchfully at his hearers. He raps out his words harshly, and he emphasizes his remarks by jabbing the arms of those nearest to him. If he is sitting at a table he pounds the table until everything on it bounces half an inch in the air. He makes barricades in front of him with all the movable objects within reach, and then hammers the table until they dance out of alignment. Then he makes a new barricade of them, and snaps his eyes behind them, and raps out his words with long pauses between phrases, like a great blue heron stalking up and down behind a dike, spearing fish and watching warily for enemies between gulps.

"These pinheads"—bang—"playing their little partisan politics"—jab, jab—"trying to trip me up on thirty dollars' worth of shirts"—whang—"out of twenty-seven million dollars' worth of savings"—pow. "I'm not doing this work with the politicians in mind"—slam, bang, jab—"not by a blankety-blank sight"—jab, jab. "What the blank do I care for politicians?"—bang. "The people I'm doing this job for are the economists and the chartered accountants"—bang, bang, bang. "They're the folks I've got in mind all the time"—jab. "People have got to be able to pick up my figures fifty years from now"—bang—"fifty years from now"—jab—"and say that Dawes was right"—slam, bang—"and as long as they do that, what the hell do I care what a lot of pinheaded politicians say today?"—bang, crash, jab. Haughty silence.

A fighter was needed for this reason:

Any economy in governmental spending depends on business management under one head, and not on budget laws. This country can pass budget laws from now until the cows come home, and even until all the cows now existing have become prehistoric, without affecting governmental economy in the least. Economy is basically a one-man job. If the departments of the Government know that the President of the United States is at the head of the business of government and that he wants economy, and that he's going to have economy or snatch somebody bald-headed, and that he's going to have coöperation between the departments or kick somebody into the Potomac River with a loud and reverberating splash, then there will be economy and coöperation, and lots of it. Much of it will be unwilling; and it will be effected only after a great deal of heartburning and squirming and protesting on the part of the economizers.

It will, however, be effected, for the simple reason that those who don't effect it will be in line to be ditched, canned, fired, discarded, thrown out, sacked and bounced, not to say given the hook.

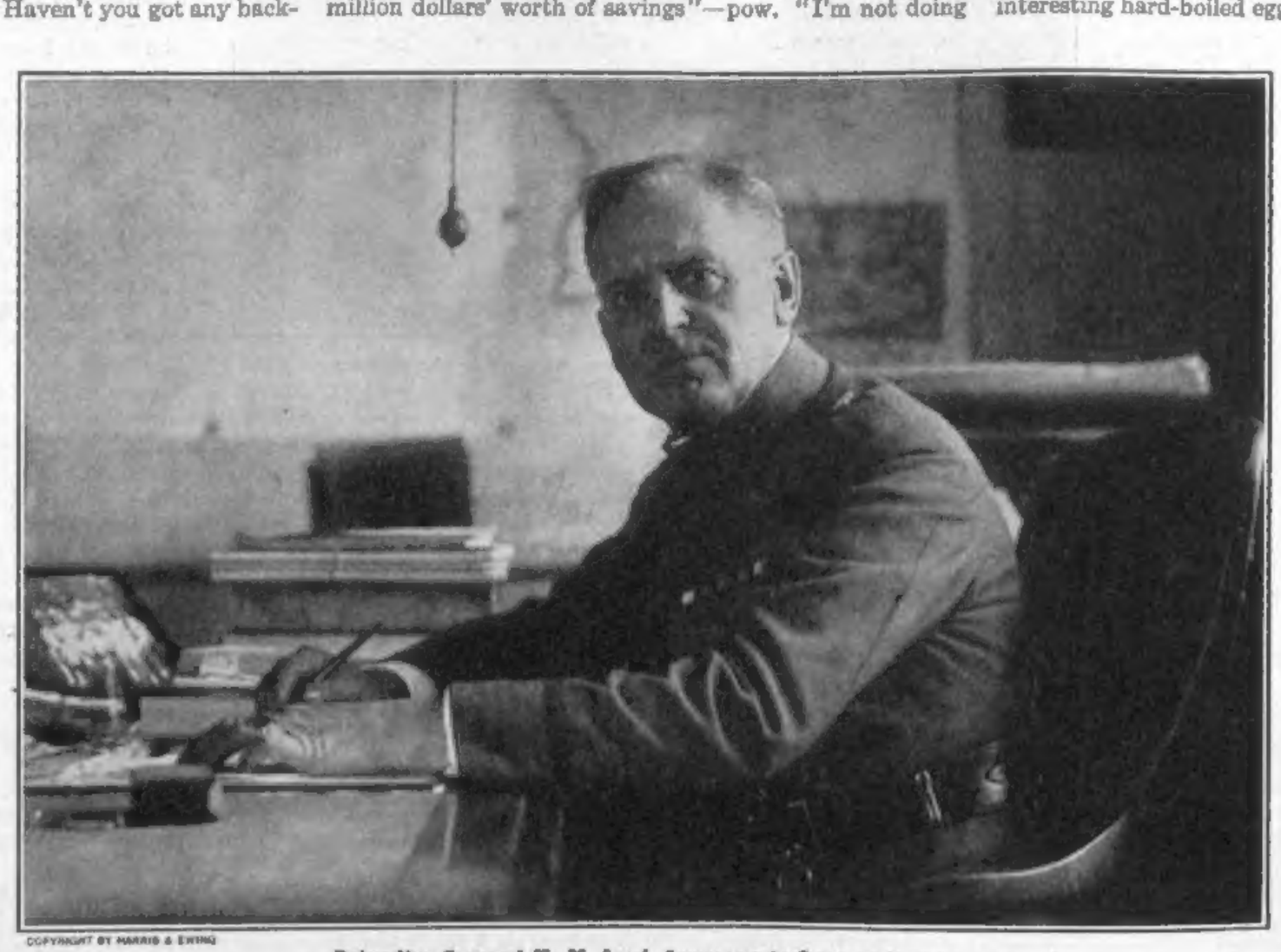
Executive Pressure for Economy

ALTHOUGH the President of the United States is the one and only man who can demand and get governmental economy, his general manager, who attends to the details and who does the dirty work, is the Director of the Budget. It is he who says that the President wants this, that the President wants that, that the President will personally give the executive razz to any spoil-sport who doesn't care to assist in the good work. Therefore it was highly essential that the first Director of the Budget should be a man who would convey to the good folk in the Navy Department and State Department and Interior Department and Post Office Department, and so on, that the President meant business.

The proper manner in which to awaken anybody who is making a life work of a political job to the necessity of economizing is to hammer the dangers of noneconomy into his head with the noisiest and most blatant and most deafening hammer to be obtained. Thus it came about that Dawes, addressing the proud and dignified cabinet members and bureau chiefs, occasionally found it necessary to pound the table with his fists, leap violently off the floor, wave his arms, hair, watch chain and coat tails in the air at one and the same time, and embellish his language with adjectives more frequently affected by mule skinners, bank presidents, stevedores, steamship captains and other interesting hard-boiled eggs than by uplifters and divines.

It must always be borne in mind that all economies obtained under the Budget Law are the results of executive pressure exerted downward on the departments. The Director of the Budget and his staff of experts and coördinators figure out for the President how the departments can save; and the President, as business head of the nation, tells the departments to go ahead and do it. That is executive pressure. Everything depends on the President. If ever there should come a time when a President of the United States, at a cabinet meeting, should by a look or a gesture signify that he was not in accord with the recommendations of the Director of the Budget, on that day the cabinet officers—or more accurately, the bureau chiefs of the different departments, who are the persons who control the cabinet officers—would blithely and light-heartedly invite the Director of the Budget to take a long running jump

(Continued on Page 94)



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Brigadier General H. M. Lord, Successor to General Dawes

IN A HUNDRED YEARS

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THE telegram had been opened at the mailing desk, and the circular imprint of the receiving clerk's time stamp drew Stephen Blake's eye away from the two lines of blurred, breathless typescript. The message had arrived at eight minutes after three, he noted. The violated envelope, pinned to the moist yellow sheet, bore another rubber-typed notice, an apology in the form of a rebuke:

Employes will have personal mail addressed to their residence. All communications delivered at the office will be opened and read at the mailing desk.

Stephen Blake was familiar with this rule, as with the other commandments on which the smooth efficiency of the business was built, and a sense of guilt troubled him before this curt reminder of an infraction. Forney was particular about such minor disobediences; Stephen Blake had heard him condescend, at general conferences, to explain that trivial distractions during office hours were more damaging in the long run than serious but infrequent interruptions. And Forney's displeasure was serious to anybody who could be easily replaced, whose advancement depended wholly on his good will. A little slip like this might postpone or prevent promotion. Ruth ought to have remembered ——

The text of the message seemed to jump at him from the page, now. He stared at it, shocked and a little frightened, in spite of everything, by the sudden nearness of death. Michael Blake came close to him, across their differences and the intervening years; the bond of blood, which had been an irritation and restraint until distance had left it impotent, found a new significance as it was finally severed. For a moment his pencil poised above the sheaf of printed forms. Stephen Blake was stricken by a pang of realization; this left him alone, the last of the tribe. It was strange, he thought, that his uncle's death should make him feel so. He had thought of him for years with a resentful impatience, a memory of harsh repressions and prohibitions which had earned both his dislike and his contempt. And yet, with the news of Michael Blake's death before him, he was unmistakably sorry.

He moved his thought to practical considerations. He could barely get back in time for the burial, now; but he'd have to go anyway. There would be business to be settled. He realized that this meant a change in his circumstances, and faced the thought with a pleasurable reaction, a sense of property. He owned the place, now, under his grandfather's will. Michael had hated that—the knowledge that he couldn't dispose of it as he pleased. Stephen smiled at the thought; it was silly to take any satisfaction in this inheritance—a patch of wooded hillside, running down to a few acres of rocky plowland and pasture in the bottom, the old house and barns that had been his prison till he dared to run away. A few hundred dollars, perhaps—it might be a thousand or two, with luck—nothing to get excited about.

Again his thought moved abruptly. There was Ruth Verrill —— With a couple of thousand in hand and another boost in his pay —— Back in the glen they'd think thirty a week a big salary too. Even the Verrills wouldn't turn up their noses at it. And Ruth had waited, had written. He drew in his breath suddenly at a prospect no longer vague in distance but close and distinct. It had been absurd, once, for Stevie Blake to think about Ruth Verrill; the whole glen would have chuckled at the notion, if anyone had guessed. But things and times had changed. He pushed back his chair with a kind of eagerness. He'd see Ruth up there ——

Forney, little and nervous and sardonic, looked up from his precise desk with the effect of a challenge. A clerk who intruded on his notice had better show a sound warrant, his manner suggested. Everybody's time was money, but the manager's minutes ran swiftly into impressive sums. Stephen Blake was uneasily conscious of presumption; he ought to have asked Kleinschmidt first, instead of coming directly to the chief.

"I—I'd like to get a leave of absence for three or four days, Mr. Forney. I"—he waved the telegram awkwardly—"I—you see ——"

Forney's hand reached for the message abruptly.

"This is the right time, of course, to take vacations, Blake! There's nothing at all to do in your department, I suppose."

He absorbed the telegram in a single glance.

"I sort of feel I ought to go up," said Blake, his voice as apologetically submissive as he could make it. You could get on better with Forney if you let him see that you were afraid of him; he enjoyed the feel of his authority, Stephen guessed. "I'm the only relation he had, you see."

"Your sentiment does you great credit, Blake." Forney twisted his thin-lipped mouth downward. "And doubtless you imagine that sentiment has a money value to this company. I shan't refuse you permission to go, if you insist, provided that you can arrange with Williams and Donaldson and Miss Burnstine to handle your work. But I should have had a better opinion of your spirit if you had chosen to stick to your job. Sentiment is all very well in its place, but ——"

He seemed to read dissent in Blake's look. He stopped.

"You don't agree with me, I observe." Again the downward quirk of the mouth. "Pleasure before business, I suppose ——"

"No, sir. I—we didn't get on at all. It isn't sentiment. I've got to see about the property. It all comes to me, and ——"

There was an instant change in the formidable manner.

"Oh, I see! That's a different affair altogether.

"We"—Forney always seemed to smack his lips on the word—"we recognize the fact that an employe who neglects his own affairs is likely to neglect ours. Our policy, as you know, is very decided on such points. It is inconvenient, of course, to let you go just now; but under the circumstances I suppose it can be managed." The eyes became slightly more personal. "Does it run to anything substantial, Blake?"

Stephen Blake liked the feel of the tone and look. They seemed to lift him for the moment somewhere near to Forney's station. He spread his hands.

"That depends. There's about five hundred acres, and the house and barns and stock—I couldn't say offhand what they'll bring. But it's worth looking after, to me."

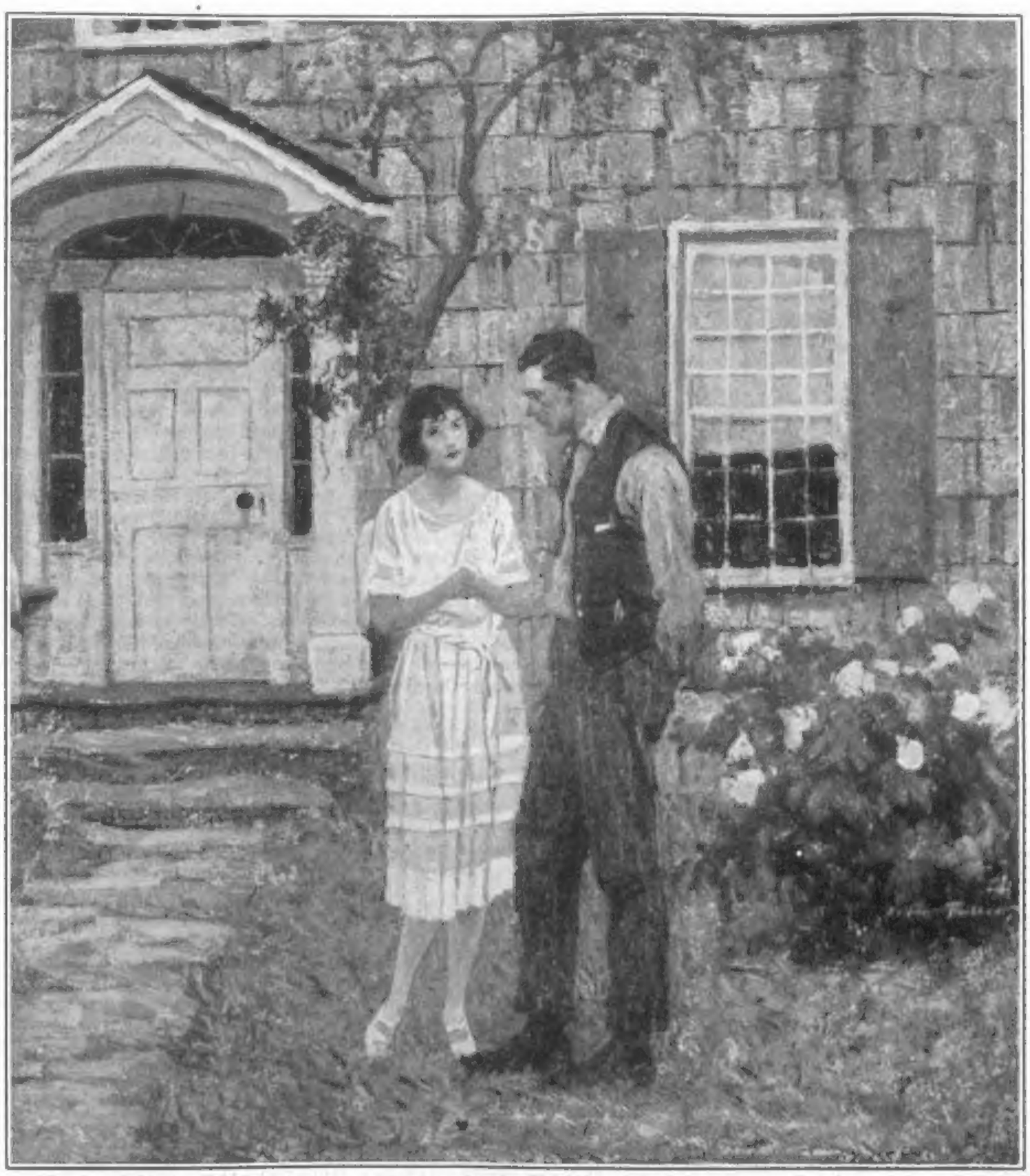
He smiled as if to imply that such a trifle would naturally be unworthy of Mr. Forney's consideration, and Forney's nod seemed to confirm this inference.

"Well, well, that's very nice, Blake. A little property is an excellent thing for a young man—steadies him, if he's got the right stuff in him. You strike me as pretty level-headed—not the sort to throw it about."

His desk telephone interrupted him. He lifted the receiver to his ear with a single, efficient motion, leaving his right hand free. "Forney speaking." The tone changed. "Oh, yes, Mr. Trent, I'm taking care of that. It's in good shape, sir." Blake wondered at the silky subservience of the voice, the eager, pacific cadences. He had never heard Forney addressing his superiors. It distressed him, now, to discover that Forney could be humble too. He frowned at the phenomenon. Forney faced him again.

"Very well, Blake. Arrange your work with the others and get back as soon as you can. And—it's unusual, but you strike me as the kind of young man who can appreciate an unusual chance—if you are considering an investment you might be able to buy a little stock in the company. There are some shares set aside for employes who deserve it. And it wouldn't do you any harm, of course, to show your confidence and loyalty in that way. That's all, Blake."

He plunged into his swift manipulation of the papers before him. Stephen Blake went back to his desk, warmed and a little awed by the suggestion. An interest in the business—a stockholder—instead of just a clerk, an



"Then It's Just Because of Me?" She Seemed Disappointed, Somehow

employe! The word found a new repulsion suddenly. Perhaps, with a beginning like this, he wouldn't always be classified as that. The stock paid good dividends too. You couldn't buy it in the open market. Of course he wouldn't be able to take very much of it. The glen had been going backward even before he got away from it, and land up there wouldn't be worth much. But there'd be something—and he could tell Judge Verrill that he had an interest in the business too.

Miss Burnstine expressed her sympathy in select English, acquired from her earlier stenographic contacts.

"I always say that nothing is as bad as it seems," she informed him soberly. "I always say that it'll all be the same in a hundred years, Mr. Blake."

Donaldson winked at Blake over the lady's shoulder. Donaldson was amused at almost everything, and especially at Miss Burnstine's occasional philosophies. But the words, somehow, made Stephen Blake think of time and death and eternity. A hundred years from now —— He felt suddenly minute and insignificant again as he looked forward through a century. A hundred years from now —— He managed to rid himself of the thought as he and Donaldson rode uptown together and he discovered the unwilling, envious deference in the other's manner. Usually it was Stephen who deferred to Donaldson's superior sophistication; but tonight he was distinctly conscious that their positions had been reversed. Donaldson made no pretense of sympathy; he knew all about Stephen's differences with his uncle and took it for granted that the occasion was one for undiluted congratulations.

"Funny, sort of, to think of that old bird getting corns on his mitts so you could blow yourself when he kicked off. Wonder what he thought about it."

Stephen had a sudden clear memory of his uncle, grim-lipped and silent, swinging at the other end of a crosscut saw, the play of muscle visible under the hickory shirt. He had hated Michael Blake, and yet there was a dull ache in his throat as he remembered those lean, toiling years in the woodlot from which they sweated out most of their living. Michael must have been nearing seventy when he died. Seventy years of it, with nothing at the end—nothing but the knowledge that the land would go to the boy who hated him and whom he must have hated too.

A sense of helplessness took hold of him; he felt puny, impotent, before that future which must have mocked at Michael Blake and which now confronted himself with no intervening generation to engage its malice. Miss Burnstine's phrase echoed in his mind, no longer absurd and pretentious, but edged with a sinister, jeering humor. A hundred years? It would all be the same to Stephen Blake in fifty!

The clamor of the wheels screamed at him; hurry, hurry! Life was like this—a headlong, rushing flight, the senses a little drugged and illusioned by a background which also fled giddily abreast of them. A stout, sulky man whose bulk overhung Stephen's knees trod heavily on his foot and glared down at him past the market page of his paper. A pair of girls exchanged confidences in shrill, giggling falsetto: "He says . . . I says . . . The nerve of her!" He felt a sudden inclusive compassion for them all, and for himself. In a hundred years ——

His talk with Forney recurred to his thoughts with a new, ridiculous aspect. He'd been four years with the company; it might be fifteen or twenty before he got as far up as Forney; and Forney's voice had been eagerly appeasing when he talked to Trent too. Forney was a long way short of the top, he realized; and Forney, in his line, was a wonder—keen and quick and tireless.

Donaldson was talking. Blake's attention centered on his boast —— "Cleaned up a cold twelve hundred, and only put in fifty. Gave me a chance, too, but I was flat, of course. My luck!"

He asked a question. Donaldson had a friend who worked in a bucket shop, where much money was made in a hurry. This friend wasn't the sucker kind, y'know—he played it from the inside. Oil stocks—all fakes, of course, but you could clean up if you let the simps hold the bag. This friend had blown the gang to an evening's revel out of his profits. Donaldson told the cockeyed world that it was some party.

Stephen Blake's jaw set. That was more like it—get it quickly and spend it as you got it. Better than scrimping along till you wore out, like Michael Blake, with nothing to show for it all. Ruth—he realized now that he had always deluded himself about her. Ruth Verrill wasn't going to marry a thirty-dollar clerk and live in a three-room flat overlooking the Elevated tracks. No use kidding himself about her; she'd been sorry for him because Michael Blake had worked him round-shouldered back there in the glen. But that was all; she'd laugh if he tried to presume on that friendliness. The Verrills had money.

"So he says any time you got a piece of coin you want to parlay to a regular roll you come to me." Donaldson looked wistful. "A fat chance I got, when it's all I can do to hold out Subway money for Friday morning! But I was thinking that if you make a stake up there in the grass you could fix it up with Phil—I'd make it right with him. It's a pipe, you know—like picking it off bushes."

Stephen's teeth set.

"You're on, Donaldson! That's me! When I get back ——" He drew in his breath. "I've been a simp long enough! As if I had a hundred years ahead of me! You tell your friend to save a chance for us. I'm going to get mine quick and burn it while the burning's good!"

He Walked Toward the Village, Resisting a Certain Excitement at the Thought of Ruth Verrill

"That's talking, I'll tell the world!" said Donaldson admiringly. "You leave it to me, Steve."

II

A CONVICTION of superiority traveled with him, deepening as he neared the upland valley that had been home. The final stage, on the single-track road that wound up beside the creek, carried him past the little farms whittled out of the scrub; narrow, irregular fields in the bottom; patches of rocky pasture lands where the inclosing hills offered a kindly slope; small houses, looking as if they had grown up out of a niggardly soil that had stunted and strengthened them at once, as a weed will sometimes grow hardiest among the rocks. He caught glimpses of the people, and his self-approval warmed to a glow. They made him conscious of his clothes and linen and shoes, of his clean, soft hands.

He glanced down at those hands relaxed on his thighs and resented the position of the fingers. After all these years they still seemed to be molded around an invisible ax helve. He could almost feel the wood against the skin, wood polished by the hands that held it. He shut his fists tightly and held them so; but presently, when he had forgotten, he found them once more curving about that ax helve. He laughed under his breath this time. It was funny—his fingers were like these glen people. Work was just a fixed habit with them; they did it because they were used to it, without thinking, without rebelling.

At the station a few men greeted him amiably enough; but with a perceptible awkward reserve, their eyes invariably shifting from his face to the high-belted jacket and the band of crape he had slipped over his sleeve. He knew that they found these things comic, and would laugh about them when his back was turned. Thinking of Donaldson and the quick, easy profits waiting for him at the bucket shop, he was tolerant. Let them laugh; they didn't have much to laugh at up here.

The bus waited, as always, for the down train, due in an easy hour; and he walked across the glen toward the village, resisting a certain excitement at the thought of Ruth Verrill. Better not get to feeling that it amounted to anything—seeing her again. She couldn't patronize him unless he let her see that he was still afraid of her a little. After all, she wasn't so different from the rest; he told himself that Judge Verrill was only a justice of the peace in a hill town no bigger than a minute. He meant to be easy, cordial, with Ruth.

The hills looked strange. They had showed through the woods, here and there, before he had left—patches of bare earth and stone, littered with slash; other, older clearings already beginning to go back to scrub overgrowth. But now there was something indecent in their nakedness. He remembered the timber tracts that had been standing when he had last seen the slopes; now there was just the desolate wreckage of the woods, the skidways where the logs had been dropped into the glen, the splashes of red where fierce, brief spring streams had torn away the soil.

His eye was familiar with all this, and yet it held his attention as something novel. Evidently the price of timber had gone up lately; some of those woods wouldn't have been worth cutting in the old days. He felt a sudden fear; if Michael Blake had sold off the timber there wouldn't be much left for him. And Michael could have sold it legally and left the money as he pleased. He broke into a run toward the corner where he could get a glimpse of the home hill, jutting out beyond the nearer slopes. It was all right; Michael hadn't sold. He breathed deep with relief at the sight of that thick green covering. And he chuckled at the freak of luck that had saved it for him. Michael Blake would have held out cannily for the top price, of course, letting his neighbors sell first, waiting grimly for the buyers to come wheedling for what was left. And while he had waited ——

The thought came to Stephen that the inheritance might amount to more than he had hoped. It was clear that timber was selling, that the lumber people had been lately busy in the glen, might still be buying there. It was possible that he wouldn't have to wait for somebody to buy the farm itself, that he could make a quick cash deal for the timber that would yield more than he had expected for the whole estate.

He remembered, with another grin, that Michael Blake had been a crank about the woodlot; making work for himself and for Stephen to gratify his crotchets; snooping over an acre or two in search of a particular tree instead of felling the first that offered; toiling afterwards to haul out the brush to where it could be burned when wind and weather were exactly right. Even the glen people had laughed at him about it, had poked fun at Stephen for his part in it. He remembered how old Milo Godwin had affected to believe that all the trees in the Blake woods were named; had chaffed Stephen over a load of firewood, inquiring whether it was old Benny that he was selling this time, or Henry W. Longfellow.

Well, the joke had turned, probably. Old Michael's folly would put real money in his nephew's pockets—money that would buy present, tangible pleasure; money that would let Stephen Blake live while he was alive instead of being cheated as old Michael had been cheated.

He reached the Verrill house by a cut across the fields, avoiding the stares and guffaws of the business block at his high belt and his mourning band. He stopped at the gate with a sense of shock. The house had dwindled and grown shabby since he had seen it last. He had thought of it, all these years, as a kind of palace, immense and stately and imposing, and he found nothing but a square frame house, needing paint, set in a half acre of scraggly lawn, one of its upper shutters loose and sagging on its hinges.

His head went up as he unlatched the gate. All that awe of the Verrills had been just a part of his unsophistication; they were big frogs in a very tiny puddle. He wondered uneasily whether Ruth would turn out to be different too. He thought of Miss Burnstine's suède pumps and silk ankles and elaborate hair. Maybe Ruth would look ——

She met him at the door, and he breathed easily again. There was no style to her, to be sure, in that gingham thing; but she—she was better, somehow, than any of the girls at the office. He had no time to analyze his impressions beyond this instant certainty. He'd been wrong about the splendor of the house, but Ruth was ——

Her hands were firm. He liked their pressure on his own; liked the frank pleasure in her level eyes; liked the sound of the glen speech in her warm, brisk voice.

"I was afraid you weren't coming, Stevie. You didn't answer my telegram."

He flushed. That was stupid—that omission. He'd never thought of it; had taken it for granted that they'd expect him.

"Had to hurry to catch the train," he said. "Thought you'd guess I'd come."

She sobered.

"I wasn't sure. I knew how you felt about—him. I hoped you'd come. It seemed so lonesome for him, with only strangers ——"

The suggestion of sentiment displeased him. He shook his head. She mustn't think that he'd come up here to show any respect or affection toward Michael Blake.

"I guess that doesn't bother him a lot, Ruth. If he knows, he'd like it better if I stayed away. But I had to come up to see about the place."

She seemed to study him.

"I don't think he felt that way toward you, Stevie. He was hard, but—but he was harder on himself than on anybody else. He just couldn't help it."

He shrugged. That was the woman of it—forget grudges against a dead man, hunt around for excuses. It didn't matter anyway. Michael was dead, finished, no longer to be considered.

"Good to see you again, Ruth. You look fine."

He was pleased with himself for saying it like that—easily, without any beating about the bush, as casually as if he'd made a remark about the weather. He thought her color deepened a little, and this, too, pleased him. He'd learned how to talk; he remembered how, when he had

said good-by to her the day he left the glen, he had been tongue-tied and abashed and awkward and she had seemed a miracle of self-possession.

"You—you've changed, Stevie."

He chuckled.

"Hope so. Plenty of room for it, I guess." He wagged his head. "I must have been a sketch the last time you saw me."

He had a sudden picture of himself as he had looked that last time in his ugly, cheap Sunday clothes, his heavy shoes yellow with the dust of the road, the shaggy, sunburned hair, the big hands loose-hung below the short sleeves.

Before she answered, her father appeared behind her. He saw Judge Verrill clearly now, and wondered that he should have been afraid of the man in the bagging black clothes, the funny wide-open collar. The judge was cordial, almost eager in his greeting, and he'd been worrying about facing him!

"Very sudden, Stephen, very sudden. A shock to me. I saw him the night before, and he seemed in perfect health." He wagged his white head soberly. "Very sad—alone, as he was."

Stephen nodded. This pretending was a nuisance. He knew that the judge hadn't liked Michael.

"Too late to do anything about that, sir."

Verrill brightened. "Yes, that's true, Stephen. We must think about the living."

He glanced at his daughter, and Stephen fancied that something lessened his composure. He saw that Ruth's lips were straight and close. The judge displayed a sudden bustling hospitality.

"You did right to come straight here, Stephen. If you had let us know we'd have met you at the station. You must consider this as your home while you're in town. It will be good for us. We are out of the world here, and it is dull for young folks. Ruth ——"

"I got a room ready for you, Stevie." Ruth spoke evenly. "Dinner'll be ready pretty soon. You can go right up ——"

The judge seized his new suitcase and led the way, still affable. He stood about while Stephen washed in the painted china basin.

"You know that you take the farm under your grandfather's will, Stephen? Yes, I thought you had been told. It simplifies matters." He hesitated, his head slanted, his eyes narrow and shrewd. "I take it for granted that you will want to sell ——"

Stephen, drying his hands, grinned at the needless question.

"Guess I've had my share of farming, sir. I wanted to talk to you about that. Seems to me they must be buying timber again."

The judge rubbed his hands.

"Exactly! That is your good fortune, Stephen. There has been little sale for farm lands in the glen, and we might have waited a long time for a buyer, except for this activity in the timber market." He cleared his throat. "The fact is that I have been acting as—as a kind of agent for the Caxton people, and they had authorized me to make your uncle a very liberal offer for his trees. It was on that errand that I saw him that last night." He shook his head again. "Poor Michael, he could never see reason where timber was concerned—like his father before him."

Stephen could imagine that interview. He had heard timber buyers argue with Michael Blake in the old days. One of his grievances had grown out of those futile debates. Even then they could have sold at a price that would have made life easier for them both. He could hear Michael's harsh refusals.

"You're wasting your breath. I ain't sellin' my woods at any figger, and that's my last word."

He couldn't remember his grandfather, who had died when Stephen was four. Michael had spoken of him sometimes as a kind of oracle. "My father always said ——" was his way of settling a disputed issue. According to the judge the old man must have been as pig-headed as his son.

"I didn't know grandfather was like that too."

The judge spread his hands. Stephen noticed that they were pinker and softer than his own.

"Oh, he was worse than Michael! In his later years he became a mere fanatic about his trees. He made a religion of it, almost. I can see him yet, scolding at Joe Malkam for selling off a grove of pines as if Joe'd robbed a grave! Once, when he was past eighty, I caught him transplanting pine seedlings on that same land—not even his own. He was childish then." The judge smiled at the recollection. His tone changed abruptly. "I'm glad to hear you haven't inherited that queer streak, Stephen. Not that I thought you would, of course. I can get you a flat five thousand dollars for your standing timber—cash down when you sign the contract."

Stephen started. He had hoped for half as much, perhaps. Five thousand! He thought of Forney and the chance to buy stock in the company. Four or five hundred a year, surely, without labor! And his salary besides! Ruth! Donaldson's friend on the inside!

"Dinner's ready." Ruth's voice seemed to startle her father. He lowered his voice. "Don't speak of this to Ruth, Stephen. She—she felt that it would be more fitting to wait until after the ——' Women are sentimental creatures, my boy."

Stephen frowned. He didn't like to hear even Ruth's father use that tone in speaking of her. He was uneasy under her glance as he took his seat. She looked hot and a little tired, he thought. She had cooked the meal and served it now, moving swiftly between table and kitchen. It was funny that he should have kept on thinking of her all these years as a rich man's daughter. Why, she'd be better off in that three-room flat, on thirty dollars a week! He wondered suddenly whether the judge had ever made any more than that, or as much.

A kind of protective tenderness flooded up in him. He'd take her out of this; he needn't be afraid of the judge. Time Ruth had some fun out of life. Buried alive up in this dead little town, working like a servant! Five thousand dollars! He was startled by the judge's reference to the funeral. He'd forgotten all about that. It annoyed him now. Michael Blake was dead and didn't matter. There were living people to think about.

III

IT WAS a relief when the protracted sermon ended and he was again in the air and sun, conscious of the familiar breath of pines and cedars in the stone-walled plot beside the ugly little church. He had a confused impression of awkward kindliness. The neighbors had given willingly of

(Continued on Page 52)

There Was His Own Name, Cut in the Ugly Stone. Another Stephen Blake—He Noticed the Date Below the Letters, Startled by What Seemed a Significant Coincidence

TACT—By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Morning Mist Fairly Smoked From the Turf and the Boles of Apple Trees Were Moist. Hamish Was Lugging Pails to the Dairy Valiantly

"YOU make me sick," said Mrs. Egg. She spoke with force. Her three daughters murmured, "Why, mamma!" A squirrel ran up the trunk of an apple tree that shaded the veranda; a farm hand turned from weeding the mint bed by the garage. Mrs. Egg didn't care. Her chins shook fiercely. She ate a wafer, emptied her glass of iced tea and spread her little hands with their buried rings on the table.

"You make me sick, girls," she said. "Dammy's been home out of the Navy precisely seven weeks an' two days, an' a hour hasn't passed but what one of you've been phonin' me from town about what he has or ain't done unbecomin' to a boy that's engaged to Edith Sims! I don't know why you girls expect a boy that was champion heavyweight wrestler of the Atlantic Fleet an' stands six foot four and a half inches in his bare feet to get all thrilled over bein' engaged. A person that was four years in the Navy an' went as far as Japan has pretty naturally been in love before, and ——"

"Mamma!"

Mrs. Egg ate another sugar wafer and continued relentlessly in her soft drawl "——ain't likely to get all worked up over bein' engaged to a sixteen-year-old girl who can't cook any better than a Cuban on his own say-so. As for those spiced guavas he sent home from Cuba in March," she mused, "I thought they were fierce. As for his takin' Edith Sims out drivin' in his overalls and a shirt, Adam John Egg is the best-lookin' person in this family and you know it. You three girls are the sent'mentalest women in the state of Ohio and I don't know how your husbands stand it. My gee! D'you expect Dammy to chase this girl around heavin' roses at her like a fool in a movie?" She panted and peered into the iced-tea pitcher. Emotion made her thirsty. Mrs. Egg aimed an affable bawl at the kitchen door and called, "Benjamina! I'd be awful obliged if you'd make up some more iced tea, please. Dammy'll be through pickin' peaches soon and he's usually thirsty about four o'clock."

Her new cook nodded and came down the long veranda. The daughters stared civilly at this red-haired girl, taller than their tall selves. Benjamina lifted the vacant pitcher and carried it silently away. Her slim height vanished into the kitchen and the oldest daughter whispered, "Mercy, mamma, she's almost as tall as Dammy!"

"She's just six feet," said Mrs. Egg with deliberate clarity meant to reach Benjamina; "but extremely graceful, I think. My gee! It's perfectly embarrassin' to ask a girl as refined as that to clear the table or dust. She went through high school in Cleveland and can read all the French in the cookbook exactly as if it made sense. It's a pleasure to have such a person in the house."

The second daughter leaned forward and said, "Mamma, that's another thing! I do think it's pretty—untactful of Dammy to take this girl's brother around in the car and introduce him to Edith Sims and her folks as if ——"

"I think it was extremely sensible," Mrs. Egg puffed. "Hamish is a very int'restin' boy, and has picked up milkin' remarkably when he's only been here a week, and Dammy's taught him to sem'phore, or whatever that wiggling-your-arms thing is called. And he appreciates Dammy a lot." The plate of sugar wafers was stripped to bare crumbs. Mrs. Egg turned her flushed face and addressed the unseen: "Benjamina, you might bring some more cookies when the tea's ready, and some of those cup cakes you made this mornin'. Dammy ate five of them at lunch."

Benjamina answered "Yes, Mrs. Egg" in her slow fashion.

"Mamma," said the youngest daughter, "it's all right for you to say that Dammy is absolutely perfect, but the Simses are the most refined people in town, and it does look disgraceful for Dammy not to dress up a little when he goes there, and he's got all those beautiful tailor-made clothes from New York."

Mrs. Egg patiently drawled, "Fern, that's an awful uninterestin' remark. Dammy looks exactly like a seal in a aquarium when he's dressed up, his things fit so smooth; but a boy that was four years in the Navy and helps milk a hundred and twenty-seven cows twice a day, besides mendin' all the machinery on the place, is *not* called upon to dress up evenings to go see a girl he's known all his life. He's twenty-one years and nine weeks old, an' capable of managin' his own concerns. . . . Thank you, Benjamina," she told the red-haired girl as the fresh pitcher clinked on the table and the cup cakes gleamed in yellow charm beside it. "I do hate to trouble you on such a hot day."

Benjamina smiled nicely and withdrew. Mrs. Egg ate one of the cup cakes and thought it admirable. She broke out, "My gee! There's another thing! You girls keep actin' as if Dammy wasn't as smart as should be! On the other hand, he drove up to Cleveland and looked at the list of persons willin' to work in the country and didn't waste time askin' the agency questions, but went round to Benjamina's flat and ate some choc'late cake. Then he loaded her and Hamish into the car and brought 'em down, all between six in the mornin' and twelve at night. I've had eight days of rest an' comfort for a result. . . . My gee! Your papa's the second biggest dairyman in this state, but that don't keep me in intell'gent cooks!"

The three young matrons sighed. Mrs. Egg considered them for a moment over her glass, and sniffed, "Mercy! This has been a pleasant afternoon!"

"Mamma," said the first-born, "you can't very well deny that Dammy's awful careless for an engaged man. He ought to've got a ring for Edith Sims when he was home at Christmas and the engagement came off. And——"

Mrs. Egg lost patience. She exclaimed, "Golden Jerusalem! Dammy got engaged at Judge Randolph's party the night before he went back to Brooklyn to his ship! My gee! I never heard such idiotic nonsense! You girls act as if Edith Sims—whose ears are much too big even if she does dress her hair low—was too good for Adam Egg! She's a nice child, an' her folks are nice and all the rest of it! . . . Dammy," she panted as the marvel appeared, "here's your sisters!"

Adam came up the long veranda with a clothes basket of peaches on his right shoulder. He nodded his black head to his sisters and put the basket noiselessly down. Then he blew smoke from both nostrils of his bronze, small nose and rubbed its bridge with the cigarette. He seldom spoke. Mrs. Egg swiftly filled a glass with iced tea and Adam began to absorb this pensively. His sisters cooed and his mother somewhat forgave them. They had sense enough to adore Adam, anyhow. In hours of resolute criticism Mrs. Egg sometimes admitted that Adam's nose was too short. He was otherwise beyond praise. His naked dark shoulders rippled and convulsed as he stooped to gather three cup cakes. A stained undershirt hid some of his terrific chest and his canvas trousers hung beltless on his narrow hips. Mrs. Egg secretly hoped that he would change these garments before he went to call on his betrothed. The three cup cakes departed through his scarlet, wide mouth into his insatiable system of muscles, and Adam lit his next cigarette. Smoke surged in a tide about his immovable big eyes. He looked at the road beyond the apple trees, then swung and made swift, enigmatic gestures with his awesome arms to young Hamish Saunders, loitering by the garage. The valuable Hamish responded with more flappings of his lesser arms and trotted down the grass. The letter carrier approached the delivery box at the gates of the monstrous farm.

"What did you sem'phore to Hamish, lamb?" Mrs. Egg asked.

Adam said "Mail" and sat down on the floor.

He fixed a black stare on the pitcher and Mrs. Egg filled his glass. Muscles rose in ovals and ropes under the hairless polish of his arm as he took the frail tumbler. His hard throat stirred fleetly and his short feet wriggled in moccasins of some soiled, soft leather, indicating satisfaction. Mrs. Egg sighed. Benjamina made tea perfectly. She must tactfully tell the girl that Adam liked it. No female could hear that fact without a thrill.

"Package for you," said young Hamish, bounding up the steps. He gave Adam a stamped square box, announced "I signed for it," and retired shyly from the guests to read a post card. He was a burly lad of sixteen, in a shabby darned jersey and some outgrown breeches of Adam's. Mrs. Egg approved of him; he appreciated Adam.

The marvel tore the box to pieces with his lean fingers and extracted a flat case of velvet. Two rings glittered in its satin lining. Adam contemplated the diamond of the engagement ring and the band of gold set with tiny brilliants which would forever nail Edith Sims to his perfections. His sisters squealed happily. Mrs. Egg thought how many pounds of Egg's A1 Butter were here consumed in vainglory and sighed gently.

She drawled, "My gee, Dammy! Nobody can poss'bly say you ain't got good taste in jewelry, anyhow," and shot a stare of fierce pride at her daughters. They rose. She knew that the arrival of these gauds would be known in Ilium forthwith. She said "Well, good evenin', girls," and accepted their kisses affably.

Adam paid no attention to the going of the oldest daughter's motor car; he was staring at the rings, and the blank brown of his forehead was disturbed by some superb and majestic fancy current under the dense smoothness of his jet hair. Hamish Saunders came shyly to peep at the gems and stooped his curly red head. The boy had large gray eyes, like those of his sister, and her hawk nose, which Mrs. Egg thought patrician.

She said, "Hamish, you ain't had any tea yet, lamb. Dammy's left some. Benjamina puts in exactly sugar enough, an' I never heard of mint in iced tea before. It's awful interestin'."

Hamish soberly drank some tea and asked Adam, "Want the motor bike, Mr. Egg?"

Adam nodded. The boy went leaping down the flagged walk to the garage and busily led Adam's red motorcycle back to the veranda steps. Then he gazed with reverence at Adam's shoulders, felt his right biceps and sadly walked off toward the barns. The herd of the Egg Dairy Company was an agitation of twinkling horns and multicolored hides in the white-fenced yard. The ten hired men were sponging their hands at the model washstand by the colossal water tower's engine house. Mrs. Egg ate the last cup cake and looked off at the town of Ilium, spread in a lizard of trees at the top of a long slope. The motor containing her female offspring was sliding into the main street. The daughters would stop at the Sims house to tell the refined Edith that her engagement ring had come.

Mrs. Egg pursed her lips courageously and said, "Dammy, you might change your duds, dear, before you take Edith her sol'taire. It's a kind of a formal occasion, sort of."

The giant pronounced lazily the one syllable "Bunk," and turned his face toward his mother. Then he said, "You've got awful pretty hands, mamma."

"Mercy, Dammy," Mrs. Egg panted, flushing. Her prodigiousness shook in the special chair of oak under the blow of this compliment. She tittered, "Well, your papa—I do hope it ain't so hot in Chicago—used to say so before I got stout."

Adam blew a snake of smoke from his left nostril and surprised her with a whole sentence. He drawled, "Was

a oiler on the Nevada that sung a song about pale hands, pink tipped like some kind of a flower, mamma."

"My gee," said Mrs. Egg, "I know that song! A person sang it at the Presbyterian supper in 1910 when the oysters were bad, and some people thought it wasn't correct for a church party, bein' a pretty passionate kind of song. It was awful popular for a while after that . . . Benjamina would know, her papa havin' kept a music store. I'll ask her. Help me up, lamb."

Adam arose and took his mother kindly out of her chair with one motion. Mrs. Egg passed voluminously over the sill into the kitchen and addressed her superior cook, beaming at the girl.

"There's a sent'mental kind of song that Dammy's interested in which is about some gump lovin' a woman's pale hands beside the shallow Marne or some such place."

Benjamina brushed back her blazing hair with both slender hands and looked at the rosy nails.

She said, "Pale Hands. I think —— No, it's the Kashmir love song. It used to be sung a great deal."

Adam said "Thanks" in the doorway.

Then he turned, jamming the jewel case into his pocket, and lounged down the steps. His shoulders gleamed like oiled wood. He picked a handful of peaches from the basket, which would have burdened two mortals, and split one in his terrible fingers. He ate a peach absently and threw the red stone at a roaming chicken, infamously busy in the nasturtiums. Mrs. Egg leaned on the side of the door. A slight nervousness made her reach for the radishes which Benjamina was cleaning. Radishes always stimulated Mrs. Egg. She ate two and hoped that Edith Sims wouldn't happen to look at Adam's back. The undershirt revealed both shoulder blades and most of the sentiment "Damn Kaiser Bill" tattooed in pink across Adam. It seemed indecorous at the moment of betrothal, and Mrs. Egg winced.

Then she wondered. Adam took another peach and pressed it in a cupped hand. Its blood welled over his shoulder and smeared the rear of the shirt brilliantly. He scrubbed it thoroughly into the back of his cropped hair and massaged his flat abdomen with a second fruit. After some study he kicked his feet out of the moccasins and doubled down in his fluid manner to rub his insteps with black grease from the valves of the waiting motorcycle. Then he signaled his contentment with these acts by a prolonged exhalation of smoke from his mouth, gave his mother an inscrutable glance as he tucked the cast moccasins into the fork of the apple tree and fled down the driveway with a coughing of his machine's engine, barefoot, unspeakably soiled and magnificently shimmering with peach blood.

"My gee!" said Mrs. Egg.

Benjamina looked up from the radishes and asked "What did you say?" gravely.

So Mrs. Egg meditated, eating a radish, on the simple pleasure of talking to the admirable girl about this spectacle. Adam had favored Benjamina with some notice in these ten days, and his approval of her cooking was silently manifest. He had even eaten some veal goulash, a dish which he usually declined. The girl was a lady, anyhow. Mrs. Egg exploded.

"Benjamina, Dammy's up to somethin'! His sisters keep tellin' me he ain't tactful, either! My gee! He simply washed himself in peach juice and went off to give Edith Sims her engagement ring! And left his moccasins in the apple tree where he always used to put his cigarettes when his papa didn't think he was old enough to smoke. But heaven knows, I can't see that anything ever hurt Dammy! He's always been the neatest boy that ever lived, and had all his clothes made when he was in the Navy. It's perfectly true that he ain't dressed respectable once since he got home. Mercy, the other day he went in to see Edith in a half a khaki shirt that he'd been usin' to clean the garage floor with!"

Benjamina pared a radish with a flutter of her white fingers and asked, "How long have they been engaged, Mrs. Egg?"

"He had ten days' liberty at Christmas and was home. It perfectly upset me, because Dammy hadn't ever paid any attention to the child. They got engaged at a dance Judge Randolph gave. It was extremely sudden," Mrs. Egg pondered, "although the Simses are very refined folks and Edith's a nice girl. . . . A boy who was four years in the Navy naturally ought to know when he's in love or not. But men do fall in love in the most accidental manner, Benjamina! They don't seem to have any intentions of it. My gee! A man who takes to runnin' after a girl for her money is within my comprehensions, or because she's good-lookin'. But what most men marry most women for is beyond me. I'm forty-six years of age," she said, "but I still get surprised at things. I think I'll lie down. . . . Do you man'cure your nails, or are they as pink as that all the time?"

"They're naturally pink," Benjamina smiled.

"They're awful pretty," Mrs. Egg yawned, pausing in her advance to the door of the living room. Then it seemed guileful to increase this praise. She added "Dammy was sayin' so," and strolled into the living room, where twenty-five photographs of Adam reposed on shelves and tables.

She closed the door and stopped to eat a peppermint from the glass urn beside the phonograph's cabinet. Excitements worked in her. She brushed a fly from the picture of Adam in wrestling tights and sank on a vast couch. The leather cushions hissed, breathing out air under her descent. She closed her eyes and brooded. . . . If Adam wanted to annoy Edith Sims, he had chosen a means cleverly. The girl was elaborate as to dress and rather haughty about clothes. She had praised the attire of Judge Randolph's second son before Adam pointedly on Sunday at tea in the veranda. Perturbations and guesses clattered in Mrs. Egg's mind. Then a real clatter in the kitchen roused her.

"I milked three cows," said Hamish Saunders to his sister in a loud and complacent voice.

Benjamina said less loudly but with vigor, "Hamish, you got a post card! I saw you reading it! I told you not to write anyone where we'd gone to. Now ——"

Mrs. Egg knew that the boy was wiggling. He said, "Oh, I wrote Tick Matthews. He won't tell Cousin Joe, Benjy."

"He'll tell his mother and she'll tell everyone in the building! I didn't want anyone to know where we'd gone to!"

Mrs. Egg sat up. In a little, the lad spoke with a sound of male determination. He spoke airily. His hands must be jammed into his pockets. He said, "Now Cousin Joe ain't going to come runnin' down here after us, Benjy. You've gone off, so that ought to sort of show him you ain't going to marry him. I was asking Adam if there's any law that a person's guardian can make 'em live with him if they don't want to ——"

"You told him!"

"I did not!"

The girl said, "Don't talk so loud, Hamish! Mrs. Egg's taking a nap upstairs. You told him!"

"I didn't tell him a thing! I said there was a guy I knew that had run off from his guardian and ——"

Benjamina burst into queer, vexed laughter. She said, "You might as well have told him! The day he came to the flat he asked who else lived there besides us. Cousin Joe's pipes were all over the place. It ——"

"Look here! There's a judge in this town, and Mrs. Egg or Adam would tell him we're not children or imbeciles or nothin'! If Cousin Joe came down here lookin' for us ——" Presently he said with misery on each syllable, "Don't cry, Benjy. . . . But nothin'll happen. . . . Anyhow, you'll be twenty-one in October and the court'll give you our income, 'stead of payin' it to Cousin Joe. . . . Bet you a dollar it's more than

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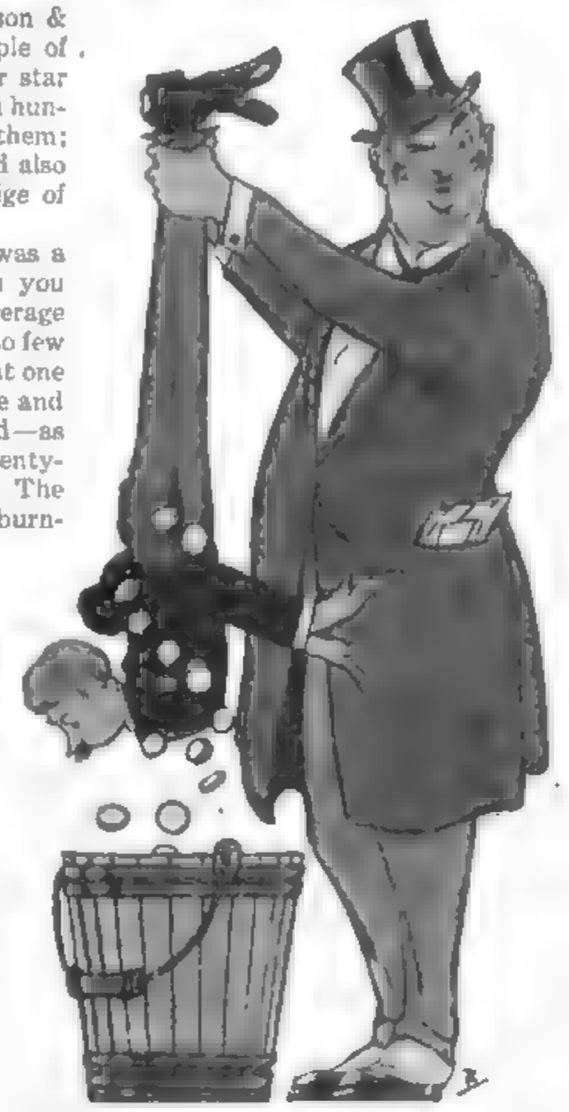
Adam Leaned on the Apple Tree, Turning the Rings in His Hand. After a Moment the Girl Flushed and Walked Away

The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I WAS waiting in Lawrence Livingston's office for the market to close. He made his headquarters with his principal brokers, Williamson & Brown. They had fitted out a couple of rooms for the exclusive use of their star customer. He meant commissions on hundreds of thousands of shares a year to them; directly through his own trading, and also through the business that the prestige of his success brought to the firm.



In the larger of the rooms there was a regulation quotation board such as you see in the customers' room of the average commission house—the record that so few can read profitably. A ticker stood at one end and a boy read the trickling tape and posted the quotations on the board—as Larry Livingston himself had done twenty-five years before in his home town. The board boy was freckle-faced, auburn-haired, agile of limb—and empty-eyed. I could see that all he saw in his job was the need of promptness, the mechanics of the work he did so mechanically. Livingston had seen much more—and it had made him a millionaire. In the middle of the room was another ticker—for Livingston's use. On the side opposite the quotation board were high desks for his confidential clerks and three really sound-proof telephone booths.

The smaller room was used as a private office. The furniture there included a small flat-topped desk, on which there were two silver-framed photographs of Livingston's family. Not a scrap of paper was to be seen. There were two chairs—one for Livingston and the other for the visitor. He played a lone hand and therefore seldom had business with more than one man at a time.

By the side of the desk stood one of those squat, sawed-off tickers affected by men who watch the tape sitting—not because they are lazy or feeble but because they watch it all day long, with the devotion of a wife at the bedside of her stricken husband.

But Livingston was not often in the private office. The sawed-off ticker was there so that he need never have the tape out of his sight. He found use for all three tickers if he walked about. He was accustomed from boyhood to having a quotation board before him during market hours, and so there it was for him to see, in the big room. He reduced friction by not opposing a lifelong habit.

Memories of James R. Keene

THE board served as his military map. He himself often compared the tape to a telescope through which he could perceive the extent of his successes—or it might be the inadequacy of his efforts. Habitually he stood by the center ticker, a cigar in his mouth, his gray eyes unblinkingly fixed on the campaign map before him. It was plain that it told him much that it did not tell the majority of men. It was very curious. I could—literally—see him reading it. From time to time he looked down at the tape—to see what was doing before the board boy could post the changes. The main movements he obviously carried in his mind.

Occasionally the tape said something that made him turn abruptly about and dart into one of the telephone booths behind him. No sound came therefrom. He might be buying or selling or asking for information. Nobody in the room was any the wiser.

The absorption of the man in his work was complete. He did not frown, but you knew he saw every move. His face did not grow rigid, but rather gave you the impression that for the time being it had become insensitive to heat or cold. From ten to three he stood there; on the job, with all he had.

I had seen many of the famous stock operators of the past during market hours, but such utter absorption never, except in James R. Keene, and that only in the memorable spring of 1901, when he was creating a world market for the untried and unproved securities of the hydrant-headed monster, as an Irishman called the United States Steel Corporation. Keene planned his effects in the London and Amsterdam markets as carefully as a dramatist, and daily laid out the work for his brokers to do in New York. He sent me word he wished to see me. The market had not yet opened when I called the next morning at his office. He raised his head and stared at me unseeingly. Then he came slowly toward me, held out his hand, mumbled something and ceased—utterly unable to bring his thoughts back to his office. Whatever it was that he wished to see me about had gone completely from him.

But Livingston was not disturbed by interruptions. Clerks came in and whispered to the impassive figure by the ticker, who listened without frowning, and either nodded once—or shook his head once; returning instantly to the scrutiny of the tape.

His imperturbability did not seem deliberately assumed. It struck me that his nerves were nonexistent rather than under firm control.

That was a valuable asset. To test it I went up to him and said abruptly, "I want to feel your pulse."

His eyes were on the quotation board with that uncanny effect of seeing so much that was invisible to me. He did not see me approach. But when I spoke he did not even look surprised. He simply held out his left wrist. I may have made a mistake, but I counted sixty pulse beats to the minute!

It would take a great deal to make this man lose his poise. Small wonder that he never argued with the tape or cherished grudges against men or market movements that had cost him money.

I went back to my seat and he to his watching, without another word. His curiosity, if he felt any, was suppressed effortlessly. His concern was with the market.

The window at which I sat looked out on Trinity Churchyard. To the east, through the pickets of the iron fence, I could see the Broadway sidewalks black with the gold-seeking insect hordes that inevitably suggested a dismal futility. On the west was the Elevated with its nerve-racking rumbling, and the senseless arrival and departure of trains at that hour—the epitomized vulgarity of the time and place. To the south the old brown church faced the great street where the money is—and where the money stays. And between the church and the office of the most successful stock operator of the day were the mounds and monuments of scores of men whose success in other fields had been even greater.

But I did not moralize. The whirring ticker made me think of the churchyard in terms of the stock market. I thought of a story of James Fisk, Jr. The picturesque Prince of Erie was walking with a friend down Broadway on his way to the Stock Exchange.

Just before they came to Wall Street the friend said, "What do you think of the market, Mr. Fisk?"

"It reminds me of that," answered Fisk, pointing to the churchyard.

"Ah," said the friend with a smile to hide his disappointment over not getting the desired tip. "So quiet, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. The stock market is like that because those that are in it can't get out and those that are out don't want to get in."

He meant that the pools had the stocks, and the public was not in.

A picturesque figure, this breezy buccaneer of boodle, flamboyantly theatrical, incredible as one of those imperial buffoons of history that always puzzle us. In his early life he was a peddler in New Hampshire. His father was in the same business, and fairly successful. James, Junior, was not only shrewder than a Connecticut Yankee but had a showman's instinct for dramatic effects. His wagon, drawn by four prancing horses, was as gaudy as a circus, and his wit made him as welcome as the clown bringing family passes. One day a woman complained to him that his father had lied to her about some calico.

"How much calico?" asked Jim sympathetically.

"One yard."

"And how much was it a yard?"

"Twelve and a half cents," she replied.

James, Junior, shook his head.

"He did so! He lied to me," persisted the woman indignantly.

But he told her, gravely, "I know father mighty well. I've done business with him and I assure you he wouldn't tell a lie for twelve and a half cents." Then he added with conviction, "He'd tell eight for a dollar. But just one, no. Really, he wouldn't."

When the Clock Struck Three

THE things he and Jay Gould did fifty-odd years ago could not be done today, and never should have been done. But then, neither could J. P. Morgan and E. H. Harriman, who were of a different type, do some of the things that nobody dreamed of reproaching them for doing when they did them a few years ago. The methods of high finance have undergone salutary changes and there are more laws and restrictions designed to protect the public. And still the public loses money as easily as ever, because, though methods change and laws multiply and predatory wealth is curbed, the sucker is still the sucker. He is protected against everybody—except himself; and against everything—except the delusion of easy money.

Trinity's chimes struck three. A minute or two later the tape printed "Closing" and Lawrence Livingston ceased to be a stock operator, because there was no stock market until the next day at ten A.M. I rather expected that he would receive visits from his chief brokers—as Keene did, and most of the great stock operators of earlier days. But he didn't. He completely ceased to concern himself with the stock market after three. It was as a race that is run or a cigarette that is smoked. Such instant submission to the inevitable is a rare accomplishment. It is necessarily possessed by all great generals who do not

count their dead, by all great statesmen who must not think exclusively of today, and by all great stock operators who are more concerned with winning than with the actual dollar profit. To be sure, it wasn't a very active market.

"Come into the office," he said. I went in and sat down in the one guest chair. The ticker was perfunctorily printing the bid-and-asked prices in a changed tone of voice.

Just notice the difference the next time you are in your broker's office.

Livingston sat down at his desk and looked at me expressionlessly, but I affected to see a query in his eyes.

I nodded and said, "After you got back from St. Louis with a fresh stake did you materially modify your system of trading?"

"Yes, of course," answered Livingston. Then he added: "After a while."

"What kept you from changing at once, after you saw it wasn't successful?"

"Oh, it takes a man a long time to learn all the lessons of all his mistakes. They say there are two sides to everything. But there is only one side to the stock market; and it is not the bull side or the bear side, but the right side. It took me longer to get that general principle fixed firmly in my mind than it did most of the more technical phases of the game of stock speculation.

"I have heard of people who amuse themselves conducting imaginary operations in the stock market to prove with imaginary dollars how right they are. Sometimes these ghost gamblers make millions. It is very easy to be a plunger that way. It is like the old story of the man who was going to fight a duel the next day.

"His second asked him, 'Are you a good shot?'

"'Well,' said the duelist, 'I can snap the stem of a wineglass at twenty paces,' and he looked modest

"'That's all very well,' said the unimpressed second. 'But can you snap the stem of the wineglass while the wineglass is pointing a loaded pistol straight at your heart?'

"With me I must back my opinions with my money. My losses have taught me that I must not begin to advance until I am sure I shall not have to retreat. But if I cannot advance I do not move at all. I do not mean by this that a man should not limit his losses when he is wrong. He should. But that should not breed indecision. All my life I have made mistakes, but in losing money I have gained experience and accumulated a lot of valuable don'ts. I have been flat broke several times, but my loss has never been a total loss. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here now. I always knew I would have another chance and that I would not make the same mistake a second time. I believed in myself.

"A man must believe in himself and his judgment if he expects to make a living at this game. That is why I don't believe in tips. If I buy stocks on Smith's tip I must sell those same stocks on Smith's tip. I am depending on him. Suppose Smith is away on a holiday when the selling time comes around? No, sir, nobody can make big money on what someone else tells him to do. I know from experience that nobody can give me a tip or a series of tips that will make more money for me than my own judgment."

I took advantage of Livingston's pause to ask him: "How long was it after you came to New York before you made big money; say, your first million?"

"About five years, I should say."

"That is a long time."

"It takes some people much longer," said Livingston simply.

"I meant, it is a long time for a man like you, with your natural aptitude and your remarkable start. How did it come about?"

"It came about from my having to play the game intelligently. It took me five years to learn. I can't tell you in five words, unless I say: By learning how to trade."

"Take as many words as you wish," I told him kindly.

The Test of Rightness

"I DIDN'T have as many interesting experiences as you might imagine," said Livingston. "I mean the process of learning how to speculate does not seem very dramatic at this distance. I went broke several times, and that is never pleasant, but the way I lost money is the way everybody loses money who loses money in Wall Street. Speculation is a hard and trying business, and a speculator must be on the job all the time or he'll soon have no job to be on.

"My task, as I should have known after my first reverses, was very simple: To look at speculation from another angle. But I didn't know that there was much more to the game than I could possibly have learned in the bucket shops. There I thought I was beating the game when in reality I was only beating the shop. At the same time the tape-reading ability that trading in bucket shops developed in me and the training of my memory have been extremely valuable. Both of these things came easy to me. I owe my early success as a trader to them and not to brains or knowledge, because my mind was untrained and my ignorance was colossal. The game taught me the game. And it didn't spare the rod while teaching.

"I remember my very first day in New York. I told you how the bucket shops, by refusing to take my business, drove me to seek a reputable commission house. One of the boys in the office where I got my first job was working for Harding Brothers, members of the New York Stock Exchange. I arrived in this city in the morning, and before one o'clock that same day I had opened an account with the firm and was ready to trade.

"I didn't explain to you how natural it was for me to trade there exactly as I had done in the bucket shops, where all I did was to bet on fluctuations and catch small but sure changes in prices. Nobody offered to point out the essential differences or set me right. If somebody had told me my method would not work I nevertheless would have tried it out to make sure for myself, for when I am wrong only one thing convinces me of it, and that is, to lose money. And I am only right when I make money. That is speculating."

Dearly Bought Experience

"THEY were having some pretty lively times those days and the market was very active. That always cheers up a fellow. I felt at home right away. There was the old familiar quotation board in front of me, talking a language that I had learned before I was fifteen years old. There was a boy doing exactly the same thing I used to do in the first office I ever worked in. There were the customers—same old bunch—looking at the board or standing by the ticker calling out the prices and talking about the market. The machinery was to all appearances the same machinery that I was used to. The atmosphere was the atmosphere I had breathed since I had made my first stock-market money—$3.12 in Burlington. The same kind of ticker and the same kind of traders, therefore the same kind of game. And remember, I was only twenty-two. I suppose I thought I knew the game from A to Z. Why shouldn't I?

"I watched the board and saw something that looked good to me. It was behaving right. I bought a hundred at 84. I got out at 85 in less than a half hour. Then I saw something else I liked, and I did the same thing; took three-quarters of a point net within a very short time. I began well, didn't I?

"Now mark this: On that, my first day as a customer of a reputable Stock Exchange house, and only two hours at that, I traded in eleven hundred shares of stock jumping in and out. And the net result of the day's operations was that I lost exactly eleven hundred dollars. That is to say, on my first attempt, nearly one-half of my stake went up the flue. And remember, some of the trades showed me a profit. But I quit eleven hundred dollars minus for the day."

"Did it worry you?" I asked.

"Oh, no," answered Livingston. "It didn't worry me, because I couldn't see where there was anything wrong with me. My moves, also, were right enough, and if I had been trading in the old Cosmopolitan shop I'd have broken better than even. That the machine wasn't as it ought to be, my eleven hundred vanished dollars plainly told me. But as long as the machinist was all right there was no need to stew. Ignorance at twenty-two isn't a structural defect.

"After a few days I said to myself, 'I can't trade this way here. The ticker doesn't help as it should!' But I let it go at that without getting down to bedrock. I kept it up, having good days and bad days, until I was cleaned out. I went to old Fullerton and got him to

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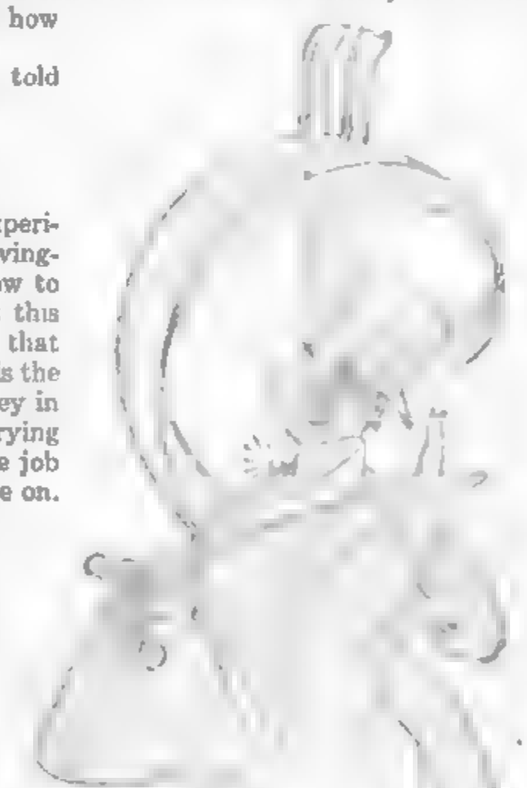

They are Wonderful Little People

By GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

DURING the two months after his father's rather sickeningly disastrous failure young David Goodwin worked literally twelve hours a day in an endeavor to collect the pieces. He, at least, felt some shame, some decent sense of responsibility toward his father's creditors. Perhaps that was because he was only twenty-nine and had not yet acquired his father's cynical insouciance.

"Don't worry so much, my boy," his father urged airily. "The jackals will take all there is to take in any case. What do you suppose a receiver is for, anyhow, eh? Well, he's receiving all I have in the world, so from now on I shall take a much-needed vacation, and I advise you to do the same. If we're going to be poor the rest of our lives we might just as well be as lazy as the poor."

"It was lucky," observed David, "that they found a purchaser for Good Winds. That'll about square us, I should think—maybe a little over."

Peter Goodwin regarded his son with a gleam of paternal amusement in his handsome eyes. "There is always a little over in cases like this," he said. "If there weren't how do you suppose we could afford to be living even here?"

"Even here," to which he referred with a contemptuous sweep of his hand, was an ugly little house of the Irish-contractor period, that stood on the Connecticut shore of the Sound not more than half a mile from Good Winds—the magnificent French Renaissance Good Winds, with its garage and its lodge and its gardener's cottage, and its lawns and its greenhouse, and its terraced gardens sloping down to the water. Good Winds had cost Peter Goodwin a vast sum of money, and its construction had occupied years and an army of workmen.

"What's the name of the chap that bought it?"

"Armitage," said David; "Mr. J. Stanley Armitage."

"Some swine of a profiteer, I've no doubt. But so much the better; they're the only ones now that have any cash left. Paid a good price, didn't he?"

"Handsome," agreed David. He picked up the evening paper listlessly, partly because he had already scanned the headlines on the train out from New York, and partly because he was very tired and his head ached abominably. "Equipment stocks are up a little again," he said, yawning.

"Well, that ought to please my creditors. You can't expect me to be interested. You look all in, David. Anything the matter?"

"No, I guess not."

"You worry too much, I tell you. Better lay off tomorrow and not go into town. Stay out here with me and help me water the three geraniums. Moreover, the lawn needs mowing."

Peter Goodwin crossed over to the window and pointed with a magnificent gesture to the unkempt little plot of grass that stretched from the cement entrance walk to the neighbor's fence.

"You see," he said, "that enormous breadth of beautiful turf needs mowing; mowing or an application of mange cure, I don't know quite which. You'd better, as I say, stay out tomorrow and help me with it."

A Man is Never So Susceptible to Feminine Influences as When He is Weak and Suffering and Flat on His Back

David shook his head.

"'Fraid not. I promised I'd meet our receiver, Carney, and go over with him to see the people at the Emerson Trust. With a little persuasion I think they'll be reasonable, and if they'll be reasonable we'll get out with a clean slate. I mean a hundred cents on the dollar."

His father laughed cynically.

"Sterling fellow!" he said. "All right, David; have it your own way, and don't mind if it isn't exactly my way. I figure that they sweated us and that it's about time they did a little sweating themselves. Henceforth my pores are closed—and you can tell them so if you want to."

A girl with stringy black hair hanging across her eyes pulled aside the red plush curtain that screened the dining room from the living room and said "The soup's on the table."

"Ah," said Peter Goodwin, "and what about the caviar?"

II

THE following day was for David one of vague, dull pain—pain that was vague and dull only because he was so feverish that his senses did not register acutely. There were moments, however, when, the fever lifting as a fog lifts, he was aware of a terrific pounding in his temples and of a binding sensation about his head as if his brow were filleted with hot iron. He had shivered in the train all the way to the city—shivered in mid-July. That was strange, he thought. But once arrived at Carney's office the shivering had ceased and the burning began. Carney cast him a worried glance.

"You don't look well, Mr. Goodwin," he said briefly.

"I'm all right, thanks. Touch of grippe, maybe; nothing serious."

"Just as you say; only I'd recommend you go to bed if I were the doctor. Well, shall we go over to the Emerson?"

"Yes," said David, "of course."

They had gone over to the Emerson Trust and had talked with the president and several other officials. They had talked endlessly, it seemed to David. Talk, talk, talk, and no decisions reached. He himself spoke as if in a dream, surrounded by hazy dream faces. The hazy dream faces asked him questions and he answered mechanically, like a drunken actor playing a well-learned part. Then more talk—wise-sounding phrases that got nowhere; irrelevancies uttered Delphicly; figures and statistics recited in a monotone by an obsequious secretary; and then presently the hazy dream figures produced gold watches almost simultaneously and agreed that it was luncheon time.

"Come back about three o'clock, if you will, Mr. Goodwin"

He came back about three o'clock, and the only decision that had been reached was that more time was required before a decision could be reached. "Come back in about three days, Mr. Goodwin."

At that something seemed to snap in his brain—his self-control, perhaps—and as he stood up preparatory to leaving, steadying himself with his hands on the back of a chair, he said very slowly and distinctly to the grave, fossilized bank president:

"Come back in about three days—hell! You won't see me again in three years!" And with that he put on his hat and coat and stumbled out of the reeling room.

When he reached the sidewalk the heat of it came up and struck him in the face like a blow from a hot fist. Men hurrying along, coatless, with handkerchiefs inside their collars and sweat on their foreheads, jostled him ruthlessly but heedlessly, except for a few who looked back at him with a grin, thinking him drunk. Two pretty stenographers with transparent silk waists and over-powdered noses nudged each other and giggled; and a policeman, having eyed him seriously for a space, shook his head and passed on, smiling benignantly.

"This won't do," said David to himself. "If I'm not careful I'll collapse or something. Come now, you ass, pull yourself together and walk straight! The Subway—that's where you want to go. Subway, corner of Wall. You've done it often enough before, so it ought to be easy. Just because you have a headache——"

He lurched into the crowd and the crowd practically carried him to the Subway entrance. Somehow or other he managed to board an express, and found himself jammed into a corner of the platform vestibule, a fat, red-faced man beside him and almost on top of him. The fat, red-faced man wore a great many rings and kept telling a thin, pale-faced man that there wasn't a better buy on the market than Cowboy Oil at anything under seven.

"Cowboy Oil isn't worth two cents," said David aloud, much to his surprise.

He had not intended to say it aloud. Oh, well, it was true, anyway; and what did he care even if the fat, red-faced man was vexed? He couldn't be bothered with such trivialities when all the time he must concentrate on getting himself off at the Grand Central. It would never do to be carried past his station, and subways were tricky—very tricky. He wished conductors would enunciate more distinctly. Fourteenth Street, for instance—that might have been anything, the way the conductor announced it. Suppose he wrote a letter to the Subway Sun on the subject of clearer enunciation on the part of conductors.

"Grand Central!" yelled the conductor almost in his ear.

All right. So far so good. Now all that remained to do was to locate the 4:49 train for Beechmont. Well, that of course was quite a problem; but he could do it, he was sure, if only they'd stop banging away at his temples with those hot hammers. There was a sign somewhere, he remembered, that indicated the way to the Grand Central Station. He looked about him vaguely and discovered that although there were plenty of signs he could read none of them. Strange! Yes, that was very strange! He must consult an oculist at once. Eyes failing him—astigmatism—myopia—cataract—something like that. It was damnable at his age.

"It's damnable!" he exclaimed aloud.

A man beside him turned and laid a friendly hand on his arm.

"Which way are you bound, old man?" he asked.

"Beechmont, on the 4:49," answered David as distinctly and earnestly as he could.

The stranger laughed a little.

"Well," he said, "you'd better stick along with me. I'll see you as far as the station and then turn you over to a redcap. Come on, my lad."

David followed him obediently, explaining—for he felt some explanation was in order—that New York was very confusing and that he was not feeling exactly on his toes.

The man only laughed again and said, "Well, it happens to the best of us."

At the entrance to the station he hailed a porter and left David in his hands.

"Go easy on it, my boy," was his parting injunction. "The stuff they sell nowadays is poisonous."

David only stared at him; and then, as the man's meaning percolated through his dizzy brain, he commenced to laugh—overloudly, perhaps. It was funny that the man should think he was drunk when he had had nothing to drink for days. People were so suspicious! But laughter, he found, aggravated the throbbing in his head, so he very shortly desisted from it and followed the porter meekly enough to the train.

His recollection of that trip from New York to Beechmont was very dim. He remembered leaning over toward the window that he might press his hot brow against the comparatively cool glass; he remembered sleazy, undulating snatches of landscape, as contorted and unnatural as if painted by some extremely modern artist; he remembered the intensified roar of the train as it slipped by the way stations; he remembered the persistent howling of a baby in the car; and he remembered very little else.

He did not remember, it is certain, how he came to be lying in what is known as a Nantucket hammock, swinging gently in the shadow of a chestnut tree at the sea limit of the garden of Good Winds. Habit, perhaps, had directed him there, for that hammock had been his favorite resting place, after an exhausting day in the city, during the years when he and his father had lived in seigniorial state in the French Renaissance palace. At any rate it seemed to him perfectly natural and right that he should be where he was. To his fever-bitten brain the two months of exile had ceased to exist, and the dingy little cottage half a mile down the road, where his father was now waiting for him, would have seemed the house of a stranger. Good Winds was his home, as, indeed, it had been for over ten years; Good Winds was his home and he was the son of the master of the house.

He was aroused, but by no means recalled to his normal senses, by the sound of light footsteps on the grass terrace behind him. That annoyed him—annoyed him beyond all reason. He was very tired and he did not wish to be disturbed. All he wanted was to be left alone to rest and sleep in peace, fanned by the early evening breeze from the Sound and lulled by the murmur of bees beside him among the roses. That his simple wish was not to be granted was proved when a figure stepped between him and the sun.

He opened tired, reluctant eyes, and before they were fully open he said querulously, "What do you want?"

"I might ask what you want," was the reply, delivered in a woman's voice in which indignation and amusement fought to a draw.

David pulled himself up into a sitting posture, and the exertion started the hammers beating in his head again.

"I beg your pardon," said he rather ungraciously. "I thought it was one of the servants."

"You thought it was one of the servants," she repeated, with no mark of interrogation at the end of the sentence.

He noted, even in his wholly unbalanced condition, that her voice was pitched low for that of a woman—exceptionally low for that of a young woman; and indubitably she was a young woman.

She stood looking down at him critically, her back to the sun. In one hand she held a brassy and in the other a net bagful of mortally wounded golf balls. She was of medium height, but slender, and she was as straight as the shaft of her brassy. She had black hair, most of it concealed under a mannish straw hat, and she had amusing eyes that were almost black. It looked as if she had rouged her lips, but if so she had done it artistically.

"How did you get in?" he inquired. "This isn't visitors' day, is it?"

She continued her calm appraisal of him for a while before she answered; and she must have found in him something not unpleasing, for she said cheerfully if ironically, "It seems to be visitors' day." Then she extracted a battered golf ball from the net bag, placed it advantageously on the grass at her feet and swung at it viciously with the brassy in an endeavor, apparently, to drive it over the Sound to Long Island. The result was a miserable top, and she said, "Damn!"

"Damn is right," he agreed; "you are pressing."

"My friend," she observed, "I don't know who you are or what you're doing here, stretched out in the Nantucket hammock; but I do know that I'm not employing you to be my golf instructor."

Struck by what he considered the humor of the situation, he commenced to laugh; but as he laughed he stood up, a little unsteadily, for his knees were as tissue paper, and removing his hat bowed low.

"My friend"—he borrowed her mode of address—"my friend—my very lovely and charming friend, my name is David Goodwin, and I am here because my father happens to own the place."

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"How Did You Get In?" He Inquired. "This Isn't Visitors' Day, Is It?"

Communist Accommodations

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

IT IS a mistake and an injustice to think of Russia as being a country inhabited chiefly by Bolsheviki. It is not. It is a country suffering under a scourge of Bolshevism and inhabited chiefly by people who abhor the plight they are in and hate everything connected with the system that has been imposed upon them.

My wish now is to present a few pictures of things as they are, a few proofs of the pudding, so to speak, and I can think of no better way to do this than by telling in some detail about my own adventures.

Among the many interesting questions that a visitor in Russia has to ask himself is, What did they do with the beds?

And this is merely by way of choosing a question to ask, because it would be as natural and quite as reasonable to ask what they did with any number of other things or what they did with everything. But a bed is a thing one misses unless it is available when required, and I had not been in Moscow many hours before this question occurred to me. After which it occurred to me wherever I went.

When it comes to a wondering contemplation of the echoing emptiness of Russia it makes very little difference upon what city or locality one's mind may happen to dwell; all cities and localities are alike. But they are alike with various dissimilarities, and it seems to me that poor old Moscow presents the sorriest spectacle of them all.

What did they do with the beds? Some such simple question as this actually helps one in the midst of the Russian chaos. It can be clung to as a sort of mental anchor. What did they do with the tables and chairs; the sideboards and cupboards; the cabinets and carpets; the lounges, the draperies, the linen and the bric-a-brac? All the belongings of everybody that were worth confiscating were confiscated "nationalized" I believe is the proper word; "stolen" is the word the former owners use—but where are they? What became of them after being nationalized?

Take just one street in any city in the United States and imagine if you can what it would mean to empty its dwellings. It might even be a very humble street. How many ordinary vans does it take to move the average family? And when such a family has to store its accumulation of encumbrances, how much storage room does it ordinarily require? It is not very difficult to picture to oneself the sacking of a city, but did you ever picture to yourself the sackers of a city as carrying off bedsteads and mattresses, linen cupboards and rolls of hall carpet? Art treasures and jewels, silver and gold and precious things generally—yes, to be sure; but not the simple and necessary but cumbersome articles of everyday utility.

Three Views of the Interiors of a Bolshevik Propaganda Train

Where Class Distinction Was Overdone

ONE day I asked a Russian—himself a Bolshevik—what had become of all Russia's household furniture, and he treated me to an exceedingly cynical smile when he answered: "Most of it is in Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania, Poland, Finland, Sweden, Germany, even France and England. Dealers came in and bought up everything that was good."

"But who did the selling?" I asked.

"Oh, everybody!" said he.

Which was not true; and his answer, moreover, did not answer my question, because having before my vision a looted empire, not just a sacked city or an emptied street, my inquiring mind was far from being satisfied.

When I arrived in Moscow the room to which I was assigned had a bed in it, so I am not wishing to convey an idea that there are no beds at all. But I shall elucidate as I go along.

In the old days there were several very smart hotels in Moscow, as well as some restaurants that were famous the world over. The great difficulty with Russia was that her upper classes knew how to do themselves just a bit too well while they paid too little attention to the needs and desires of the laboring and producing classes underneath. This being rather a loose statement at that, because large numbers of men belonging to what we are in the habit of referring to as the upper classes labored and produced no less necessarily and no less valuably than the best in the so-called laboring and producing classes. One of the things that happened to me in Russia was that I got overwhelmingly annoyed at the idea that the only people who have a right to live are people who work with their hands.

A Gala Evening

BUT the upper classes did do themselves exceedingly well. In fact they were a fairly adequate reproduction in a different setting of the class Louis XV had in mind when he said: "*Après nous le déluge!*" Without them Russia could not continue to function; with them Russia could not continue to function: therefore, as a historical interlude, the triumph of Bolshevism. There were sharper social contrasts in Russia than in almost any other country on earth, but at the same time no casual observer from the world outside could fail to note a general atmosphere of well-being and a mutual good feeling between the classes which expressed itself in a never-failing spirit of kindness.

How many times I was reminded of one wonderful evening I once spent in Moscow. Little did I dream then that it would ever be my painful pleasure to provide for some of the people with whom I spent that evening just a measured ration of American flour and bacon and beans in order that they might continue for yet a little while to live.

It was the kind of evening that comes to an end along about six o'clock in the morning. It was by way of being a great show of hospitality to some American guests, and we stayed with it because getting out of it and going to bed like Christians would have meant losing it and the impression it offered us of the manner in which a most interesting people amused themselves.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard once said: "Thank God you suffer; it's a sign you are alive!" But would it not be better to be able to say: "Thank God you are happy; it's a sign you know how to live!" It seems to me that the world today is in great need of some such cheerful and encouraging gospel as this. But, anyhow, so far as we were concerned they were happy days.

The evening I remember so particularly was an evening at an out-of-town restaurant called the Strelna. There had been a preliminary entertainment in the form of a special and gala performance by the Imperial Ballet in the great Ballet Theater, which is to Moscow what the Grand Opera House is to Paris. This lasted until along toward eleven o'clock,

leaving nothing to be imagined with regard to the beauty and magnificence to be achieved in the physical interpretation of poetry and music, and it should have been enough for the close of one full and eventful day. But when it was over our Russian friends announced that the evening was about to begin. Whereupon they bundled all of us who had neither excess dignity nor specially valuable lives to lose, into troikas, and off we jingled.

Somebody said once of some proud locality just north of the St. Lawrence River that he objected to its climate because the sleighing was bad in July and August, but I have never been in Northern Russia except when it lay under a thick mantle of snow, so I have in my mind no objection at all to the climate of Northern Russia. It may be that then I was just so much younger, that snow was whiter and more feathery, that fur rugs were snugger and cozier, that moonlight was brighter and everything lovelier and more alluring than anything could possibly be to me now, but in any case I have never forgotten a single detail of that troika ride.

Old-Time Splendors

THERE was the perfect highway under its soft blanket of snow; there were first streets of stately houses, then picturesque suburban villas with lights in their windows shining out into gardens draped in snow; there were clean forests of slim pines and silver birches, silent as the moonlight that flooded the soft whiteness of them; sleighbells jingled, people laughed and sang in the procession of troikas, and my heart was filled with delight by my sleek handsome horses, three of them, the one in the middle a fine big dappled gray, the two on either side of him coal black and slender, holding their heads sidewise as they galloped along as though they knew they were a necessary part of what had to be made a perfect and symmetrical picture.

Strelna was mostly under glass, or so I remember it. There were charming grottoes and long hothouselike corridors filled with palms and ferns and flowering orchids, while in rooms here and there were many handsomely gowned and sleek-looking parties. We had rooms reserved for us—a ballroom and a big dining room—and all laid out on side tables, waiting for us, was a surpassing supper. Such things to eat! But of course that was the way Russia lived! Everything in Russia was in the superlative degree!

The deep sea and the sands of the seashore had been seined and delved for their richest and best—all these, in their iridescent colors done in jellies and aspic; there were Fujiyamas of perfect caviar crowned and surrounded with snow made of feathered onions; there were breads of every imaginable variety; there was roast suckling pig; there were turkeys and chickens, salads of one kind or another, roasts of beef and saddles of lamb—all decorated and set forth in beds of red roses frozen in blocks of ice.

All wrong, says you! No wonder they had a revolution in Russia! Well, yes, of course! But you wouldn't have everything reduced to dull drab monotony, would you?

Russian Refugees Coming in [redacted] an Empty Countryside to Look for Food in the City. Above—A Typical Russian Country Place Now Devoted to Educational Purposes

There cannot be a dead level of life. When you produce such a level you produce a terrible and unlivable condition. That was what the Bolsheviki did in Russia, and now they are trying slowly to get back to some of the enjoyments of other days. The boss Bolsheviki can get back easily enough because they have the materials at their command, but the occasional attempt at social gayety on the part of the people is too pitiful to be described.

There was vodka with the zakushka, and there was a plentiful supply of what the Russians call good green wine, to say nothing of the best that the cellars of France had to offer.

It used to be an American boast that the United States got all the best champagne that France produced, and the French producers made a specialty of catering to the American taste for the dry variety. If it was not sec it would not do for the American market, so a fine propaganda in the interest of sec was put over on us along with excellent brands of champagne at which the Russians laughed. It was a notorious fact that they had the French champagne product cornered for years ahead and that the only country on earth in which French champagne of the first quality was to be procured was Russia.

The Party at Strelna

NO WONDER they had a revolution! *Après nous le déluge!* But our little party at the Strelna was innocent enough, I assure you it was. I don't know why I should suddenly feel apologetic in recalling it, but I suppose the prunes and prisms of our American social code have puckered my thinking processes considerably as time has gone on. I do not remember feeling that night as though I were somewhere where I hadn't ought to be, though it is likely enough that, true to our puritanical breeding and upbringing, we Americans looked upon everybody in the place outside our own select and properly introduced little circle with the kind of interest that expresses itself in aloofness and disdain.

We sipped a little vodka and giggled at the wickedness of it; that I do remember. But afterward I forgot everything else and went up into a high place with the soul of Russia.

They brought in to meet us and entertain us a gypsy orchestra and a band of about forty singers of folksongs. The singers were all dancers as well, and they wore the national dress of the wild lands of the Caucasus. They were superb. They sang great lusty choruses of sobbing sadness and soaring cumulative tidal waves of joy that simply lifted one off one's feet. Then they danced. They were Fair Sun Vladimirs and princesses out of

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An American Dining Room Anywhere in Russia

LESS THAN THE DUST

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

III

MR. THORN!" The soft peremptory voice of Sarah Anne Carstairs, threaded with mirth and protest, floated down as lightly as thistledown, and Rod lifted his black head alertly, though he did not turn. "Mr. Thorn, truly I think that you go mad! Will you be so good as to get up at once from my stairs, but at once, you understand, and go to your home quickly and dress yourself for my dinner party? I remind you that it will be in one half hour—no more."

"I'm afraid I'm going to be a little late for it," replied Rod pleasantly, settling himself more comfortably against the banisters. "Do come down—you have taken a long time! I was afraid that Patterson would give out entirely with apoplexy before he delivered my message; he seemed pretty severely stricken when he got it. Did he die on the way?"

"When Patterson told me that you had sent word to me that you had seated yourself at the foot of the stairs in my aunt's hall, Mr. Thorn, and would continue to sit there until I came down and spoke to you, I thought how it was sad that a servant in whom my aunt placed so great confidence should drink himself into so appalling a delirium."

"Well, we've both been wronging Patterson, it seems, and I for one am ready to apologize for the apoplexy theory. He's the treasure that Mrs. Carstairs thinks him, and he has an absolutely flawless memory. I don't want to hurry you, but you're making me frightfully late, you know, and if Babbie comes in and finds me curled up on your front stairs she'll go practically out of her head with excitement. Sisters are just the least little bit high strung about that kind of thing!"

"No—no—I dream this—it is not possible! I am not, I assure you, in either a frame of mind or a costume to talk to maniac young men who sit on my stairs and are stubborn like pigs. How, may I ask, did you arrive there in the first place?"

"To indulge in your delightful idiom, my dear mystery, that was simple as good day. I waited for about three minutes after you decided not to finish the charming little song that you were singing to me, rang the doorbell, and when Patterson very naturally opened it I very naturally walked in. These aren't particularly comfortable stairs. I've been trying them out for the last half hour, and I think that Mrs. Carstairs ought to know that ——"

"Mr. Thorn, this cannot go on, truly and really! What is this matter of which you desire to speak?"

There was a decided leaven of impatience through the softness of the voice, but Rod's imperturbable calm remained unshaken.

"Of course it can't go on!" he agreed cordially. "I'm delighted that you're so sensible about it. It won't take us five minutes. Come on down, and I'll overlook any temporary deficiencies in your costume. I've seen Babbie in get-ups that would terrify any sensitive child into convulsions, so I'm fully prepared! Sometime I want you to tell me, though, just why it is that when an attractive girl wants to look her best she has to go through such a blood-curdling process of transition."

The thistledown voice floated a breath nearer.

"Again you make me believe that I have forgotten my native tongue for all and good. You are saying?"

"I Have No Heart," Continued Rod Firmly, "Because I Lost It. Seven Years Ago, in the Dirtiest Canteen in Paris"

"I'm saying that you couldn't possibly look worse than Babbie is probably looking at this precise minute. I ran into her night before last scampering through the hall, and I give you my word that I shake from head to foot whenever I think of it. She looked like a cross between a demented goblin and the leader of the Ku Klux Klan, with just a dash of Sis Hopkins, thanks to a lot of little spikes that she'd wrapped her hair around. Two inches of white paste all over her face, and some kind of oily circles around her eyes, and a nice gauze bandage wound round and round her head, and black rubber gloves four sizes too big for her—I assure you that I get cold all over when I remember it—and she calmly informed me that she was taking a balsam ice pack so that she'd look pretty at the poker party! So you can see that nothing that you have done to yourself is going to agitate me much. You can advance freely."

"Oh!" breathed the outraged voice above him.

There was a brief pause, then a swish of silk, a swift patter of feet, and his reluctant hostess stood before him.

Whatever that lady had been doing during the brief time that he sat waiting on the stairs, she had obviously not been taking a balsam ice pack. Some alchemy less clumsy and unsightly had apparently been at work, however, and Rod, rising hastily to his feet, stood staring down incredulously at the results. Was this shining creature the small pale Sarah Anne who had cast her nets with weak and fragile hands?

To be sure, she was at present arrayed in a distinctly arresting and slightly informal costume in which to receive importunate young gentlemen in front halls—something green as water, that floated and clung and swirled about her feet in their high-heeled lace-and-tinsel absurdities. It swept away in great wings from her bare arms and throat, and over it fell the shining veil of her hair, a pale mist showering down almost to her feet, incredibly soft, fantastically airy and light, fine-spun as dreams. Out of its drifting magic her eyes shone so dark, her lips shone so bright, that her glib and audacious visitor remained transfixed, a flood of incredulous delight illuminating what he was pleased to consider an inscrutable countenance. It was both flattering and becoming, but the lady seemed profoundly unimpressed.

"You are a most extremely impertinent and a most extremely tiresome young man," she remarked in a cold and gentle little voice that should have chilled him to the marrow of his unworthy bones. "And if I did not even more dislike scenes than I dislike you I should tell Patterson to take you by what you call the scruff of your neck and put you out of that door by which you most unwarrantably entered—and I should not for a moment request that he do it gently."

"I doubt whether Patterson could make it," replied Rod, once more in possession of all his faculties, including the power of speech, though the light still lingered on his dark face. "What I call the scruff of my neck, I mean—though on my honor I can't remember calling it that! Patterson's a bit too short and fat to make the grade, so it's just as well that you detest scenes. You've really been wasting a lot of our valuable time, Mystery, considering the fact that you had firmly made up your mind to come down to see me from the very first instant, judging by that incredibly ravishing costume."

"You go madder each minute. I had no intention of coming down to see you ever—none. I was brushing my hair."

With a gesture of regal disdain she held out an enormous silver-backed brush for inspection, but Rod's interest in it was not even perfunctory.

"Well, it's a distinctly good get-up for hair-brushing. I'd recommend it to anyone! If I were you I'd brush my hair most of the time. When I think of what you've kept tied up in a lot of dull-looking brown braids it shatters my faith in human nature—it does indeed. I don't suppose that it could possibly be as soft as it looks?"

"It could be much softer," replied its owner severely. "It is. And I will tell you that I have many more-pretty things than this that I wear when I am brushing my hair—and at other times. Once I was told by someone very wise that it was not of so great importance how one looked after one had been preparing for three hours for a great

ceremony, but that it was of the greatest possible importance how one looked if taken by entire surprise in one's room."

"It's a nice idea," concurred Rod enthusiastically. "Especially nice for ghosts and burglars. One of Sœur Marie Veronique's?"

There was a momentary flicker of rebellious lips before they were reduced to a proper state of austerity.

"No," she informed him; "it was not. And it was not, perhaps, to discuss the ideas of Sœur Marie Veronique that you force your way into this house and me down those stairs? No? Then what? I have two minutes to give you; do not waste them."

"God forbid! I forced my way in, as you so aptly put it, because I gathered from the little song that you were singing to me that you were making a sword sharp and bright in order to put an entire end to your career tonight, since, in the well-chosen words of the lyric, you were nothing unto me. So I came in to try to stop you."

"Mr. Thorn!"

Mr. Thorn did not turn a single smooth black hair at the outraged amazement of that cry.

"You see, it was only fair to stop you, since there had obviously been a mistake somewhere! Let the sword rust, Mystery. You are far, far from being less than the dust beneath my chariot wheels, or less than the weed that grows beside my door, or ——"

"Be silent!" The voice cut through his words like a whip, and he was silent. "This is enough of mockery this is too much, I think; now you can go!"

The eyes that flared at him in the uncertain light were brighter even than anger or scorn or indignation could make them; they were suddenly and amazingly bright with unshed tears.

"I'm sorry," he said gently, "that you feel that way about it, because I can't go just yet. After all, you've been indulging pretty freely in mockery yourself for the last ten days, haven't you?"

"Never, never would I indulge in mockery of so execrable a taste—never if I died! I do not see how it is possible that you should dare to say to me that you believe that I sat in there singing little songs to make you believe that I —that I cared for you in any way —in any way at all whatever. It is most intolerable impertinence, and it is even more intolerable stupidity."

"Did you or did you not tell me that you were going to sing to me alone a most sad, beautiful and true song?" inquired Rod relentlessly.

"But my good lunatic, I laughed—I laughed!"

"Well, you laughed once too often. You know you've been letting what is undoubtedly a very nice sense of humor run away with you these days. You've managed to fix it so that every last one of us has been making a monkey on a stick look like a superman—and that's not a nice thing to do! As a matter of fact, however, I didn't come in here to indulge in mockery. I gathered from what you said on the veranda that you were leaving almost at once, and I thought that you were perfectly capable of not giving me another chance to talk to you."

"If ever again I give you a chance to talk to me," she said with exquisite precision, "it will be because I shall be quite entirely dead or quite entirely mad."

"Yes; well that's one reason why it seemed imperative to talk to you now, especially as I'd have no means of tracking you down later, even to a cemetery or a lunatic asylum. The only thing that I know definitely about you is that you're a rank impostor—but that wouldn't help me much, as it isn't a very concrete description."

"No?"

"No. I couldn't exactly tell the police that I wanted them to find me a lady who was a nice, pale, old-fashioned little frump—and a cross between a strayed pixy and a Lorelei with a sense of humor—and a silver-voiced singer of ribald songs with a hat straight from the Rue de la Paix and eyes that laugh and cry and dance and pray like Puritans turned gypsy. That kind of a description, while vivid and more or less accurate, might throw the police off the track. Possibly they'd be led to believe that I was looking for an entire harem, instead of one rather quiet young person with ordinary brown hair and gray eyes."

The young person in question smiled at him angelically, suddenly and mysteriously appeased by this none too flattering description.

"Those police of yours," she remarked, with a scornful flourish of the silver-backed brush, "are, I understand, of a truly incredible stupidity. In Paris all that would be necessary to do would be to beckon the nearest gendarme, and say to him, 'Monsieur, I beg of you to assist me. I have lost a young woman—oh, quite an ordinary young woman. She is — —' And the gendarme would cry '*Oui, oui, entendu*—she is a little devil and a little saint, and a child and an adventuress, and a *Hausfrau* and a *mannequin* and a singer of street songs and of lullabies, and a great coward and a greater martyr and a greatest diplomatist. She is, as you say, just an ordinary woman, but it will be a little difficult to find her, unless you can tell me in what she differs from other ordinary women. Paris is entirely full of them just like that.'"

"Is it indeed?" inquired Rod. "No wonder it's acquired such an international reputation! Every ordinary woman her own harem; it must be fairly stiff work to sustain the rôles indefinitely, isn't it?"

"But it is no work at all!" she replied with entire candor. "It is a pleasure. It is not only Paris that is full of ordinary young women like that—it is the whole world. What amusement could it possibly be to stay all the time the same? As well be an oyster!"

"I see. However, the idea doesn't seem to have any iron grip on the ladies in this particular part of the world."

"No," she said softly. In the circling shadows of the hall and the shining shadows of her hair she shone as mysterious and alluring as a strayed fairy. "No—as you say, not in this part of the world. But this is so small, so small a part of the world, Mr. Thorn!"

"Well," acquiesced Rod with a grim tightening of the lips, "it happens to be the small part that I live in."

The fairy vanished in a highly Gallic shrug of shoulders.

"True—but how true! And it is you, therefore, who have made it what it is. You are very, very cruel to these

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"Here!" Interposed the Statuesque Paula Sharply. "Are You Telling Me That That's the Kind of Get-Up That You Men Want?"

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

XVIII

THERE'S nothing to be done, Saville," said Mr. Diplock, Senior. "Either the worst has happened or it hasn't. I don't pretend to understand the telephone message telling me not to worry privately, nor what you and Butterwick say about Wedderton. Very mysterious, the whole business."

"Notify the Ministry?"

"First thing this morning. They expressed official concern, but nothing more. Apparently the fellows only took one negative. S'pose there's no doubt it was the right one."

Martyn shrugged his shoulders.

"Pretty sure to have been, but it's almost impossible to say. The glass was in powder."

"H'm!"

Butterwick had already retired. His usual smiling calm had deserted him altogether; indeed, he had so far forgotten himself as to crack walnuts furiously throughout the interview and to strew the broken shells on Mr. Diplock's Turkey carpet.

"It is very tragic, Saville; very tragic indeed. I am getting an old man, and the thought of being embroiled in a second world war is an uncomfortable reflection for declining years." He tapped a pen slowly on the surface of the table. "Curiously enough, though, I cannot help feeling that there is an explanation behind all this."

"Come to the worst," said Martyn blithely, "I shall have to evolve a new machine that'll knock this other fellow to blazes. Pity, though, 'cause I wanted to get some winter sports. Thought of honeymooning at Davos."

Mr. Diplock nodded.

"You were starting for the south to-morrow?"

"I was."

"I think I would go. After all there is nothing you can do. I had Wallingford, of the Ministry, on the phone an hour ago and asked, in view of what's happened, whether we should start building a fleet straight away for counter-work."

"Then you'll want me?"

"No. He said there was to be no change in the program. We were to stick to the old order. Make a test machine in the spring and, if satisfactory, destroy it after the trials and lodge the designs in a government strong room. They're queerly apathetic—queerly apathetic."

"Funny birds," said Martyn.

"So I don't see what's to prevent your going."

"If you say so."

As he moved toward the door Mr. Diplock recalled him.

"You're sure in your own mind Wedderton is all right?"

Martyn scratched his head.

"Always thought him sound as a bell. But frankly I'm a bit puzzled about last night. If he's swung it on us there'll be a mix-up when we meet."

"Ah!" nodded Mr. Diplock, and his fingers closed round a black ruler. "As I said a minute ago, I'm an old man, but—oh, well." He replaced the ruler on his desk. "Leave your address with my clerk."

"Righto!"

On returning to his rooms Martyn found a wire awaiting him.

"You Speak as Though I Were an Old Woman." "So You are—in Knowledge—Older Than the World, and Not Half So Kind"

"Cheer up," it read. "Hope to see you at the La Rhone. George."

Martyn sat down and laughed.

"This fairly beats the band," said he.

A moment later Mr. Butterwick clattered up the stairs and hurried in.

"What you think of your friend now?" he cried.

"Something new?" Martyn asked, crumpling the wire into his pocket.

"Very new and very tasty. Your precious George Wedderton was paid two thousand pounds for his share in last night's transaction."

"You're crazy," Martyn laughed. "Wherever did you buy that yarn?"

"I got it from that little rat of an anarchist cashier, Mr. Saville.

"He was so utterly scared that I haven't a doubt that he spoke truth."

"Good Lord! Get any other information from the blighter?"

"I did. I did. Oh, yes. A certain important agent, named Otto Weisenberg, is leaving Moscow this afternoon for a meeting place in the south of France. He is the man to whom the plans will be delivered."

"The devil!"

"If he ever reaches that meeting place it will be no fault of mine. Good day."

"Here half a sec. Where's your hurry? You're getting interesting."

"I am going to cable some instructions to the Swiss authorities. Our friend from Moscow is traveling towards trouble."

The door slammed. Martyn fixed his eyes on the ceiling. Presently he took the telegram from his pocket, reread it thoughtfully and muttered: "A gentleman from Moscow to a meeting place in the south of France—and old George Wedderton is hoping to see me at the La Rhone Hotel."

With sudden determination he sprang to his feet, threw open the door and bawled over the banister rail: "Playdell! I want my car *toute suite*, and the touter the sweeter. Ac dum—prestovitch. Get a move on!"

He darted back into his bedroom and began recklessly heaving clothes into a bag.

XIX

THE Honorable Mrs. Conyngham was not the woman to postpone a duty, however unpleasant. Having caught Cyril kissing Alma Ferraros she retreated a bare twenty paces from the embracers and stopped. The screen of aloes concealed her. She filled her lungs and pitching her voice to a traveling note fluted, "Cyril! Cyril!"

"Stand clear," Cyril entreated, "it's the aunt!"

They were half a dozen paces apart when Mrs. Conyngham reappeared. Alma was laughing a naughty little laugh that sounded like water gurgling in a culvert. Cyril's face was a veritable record of betrayal.

Mrs. Conyngham paused and looked first at one, then at the other. For the inspection of Alma she employed starers on a tortoise-shell stick. It took a long time, and when it was over she turned to Cyril.

"Why did you not reply to my call?"

Cyril kicked at a daisy.

"Didn't hear you, dear old aunt. Matter of fact. Awfully sorry, and all that."

Mrs. Conyngham, who was standing beneath a eucalyptus tree, inhaled vigorously.

"Your nephew was talking to me," said Alma.

Mrs. Conyngham inclined her head.

"You have the advantage of me."

Cyril leaped into the breach with enthusiastic introduction.

"Ferraros?" said Mrs. Conyngham. "I seem to remember the name in connection with an electric poster outside the Alhambra. Someone who followed the profession of dancing, I believe. But naturally it would not be the same."

"That is me all right," Alma smiled.

"How curious," said Mrs. Conyngham.

"But, aunt," Cyril expostulated. "Madame Ferraros is a very famous *ballerina*."

"Notorious—I have no doubt. Notorious!"

Alma broke into a light laugh.

"I am taking a promenade before tea. You will join me, Mr. Cyreel?"

But such familiarity could not be tolerated.

"Our surname is Conyngham—yes"

Again Alma laughed, but there was a touch of east in the wind that made it.

"So kind of you to tell me. Coming, Mr. Cyreel? I will read Browning to you." And she held up the book.

"No, thanks very much," replied Cyril with a meaning glance. "I want a word with the aunt."

"As you will. *Au 'voir*, Mrs. Conyngham. We must see more of each other. Your nephew and I, oh, we were great friends in Paris!"

"In Paris," came the rejoinder. "That is so different, is it not?"

Alma accepted the challenge gayly.

"I thought perhaps I might join you at your table."

Mrs. Conyngham shivered.

"That would be charming," said she, "but unfortunately impossible."

"Impossible?"

"We are going out to every meal."

"Breakfast too?"

"Breakfast, in future, we shall take upon a tray."

Some natures are impervious to satire. Alma Ferraros merely grinned insolently, kissed the tips of the fingers at Cyril, and departed with a snatch of song upon her scarlet lips.

Mrs. Conyngham sank down on the tree stump. She recovered her presence of mind only just in time to frustrate an effort on the part of Cyril to efface himself from the landscape.

"Do not dare to retire," she ordered him. "You affirmed you had something to say to me. Say it."

"Oh, there's nothing really. That was just a ruse to escape from her society."

"There seems better reason to suppose you seek to escape from mine. Come now. Who is this dancing person with whom you have become entangled?"

"Don't be absurd, aunt."

"It is useless to build on my lack of perception, because I have no lack. My conclusions are formed, and nothing will alter them."

"Just because I show a little civility to a lady I once met in Paris"

"Civility! My dear Cyril, one does not kiss persons with whom one is civil."

The unhappy young man winced.

"Oh!" said he. "So you saw her kiss me."

"I saw—the kissing," retorted Mrs. Conyngham. "And it was evidently no maiden effort on either side. Rather I should say the fruit of a long and, I have no doubt, highly discreditable intimacy."

"Now look here," said Cyril desperately. "D'you know why I did it? I'll tell you. I did it to get rid of her."

Mrs. Conyngham looked upward reverently.

"A most ineffective tactic. Improbable to the verge of lying."

"My dear old aunt. I've no wish to be rude, but really you don't know everything."

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful. But one thing is clear: You must abandon all further association with this woman."

"But that's precisely what I'm doing."

"Lies, Cyril; lies. I hoped you had finished sowing these wild beanos. I mean oats. I hoped you were beginning to realize your birth and upbringing"

But Cyril cut her short with a gesture.

"I don't care a damn for my birth or upbringing," he exploded, "but I care a great deal for something else."

"That woman."

"No. I care for Leslie Kavanagh, and now you know the truth."

Mrs. Conyngham rose and with closed eyes swayed gently upon her heels.

"I have always known you were a liar, Cyril," she said, and her voice sounded as though it were governed by divine inspiration, "but I never thought you would fall as low as this. To stand before me with the kisses of that harpy printed in scarlet across your lips, and to screen these misdemeanors behind an assumed affection for our mutual guest. No—no. I would never have believed it."

"I love her and mean to propose to her," said Cyril doggedly.

"I forbid it. You disgust me, Cyril."

"I'm going to marry her."

"You are not a fit person to marry anyone. You are a degenerate and you have no money."

"You would help in that way," he suggested with a touch of sweetness.

"After what I have seen? Never! The subject is closed, and I may add that Leslie is practically affianced to someone else."

Cyril swung round savagely. "That's not true."

"You question my word?"

"I do. It's a family failing."

"The subject is closed. I have plenty to occupy me in rescuing you from your present predicament."

"I don't want rescuing."

"That is of no consequence. The work of salvation will go forward just the same."

Cyril clenched his hands.

"How dare you say Leslie is engaged!" he stormed. "I challenge you to give me the man's name."

"Martyn Saville," replied Mrs. Conyngham.

"Martyn? What rot! They've known each other for years. If they'd been going to get engaged they'd have done it ages ago."

Mrs. Conyngham drew an iced breath.

"Everyone is not so woefully precipitate in their amours as you."

"Then I can tell you this," said Cyril. "She'll have to break it off. We were boy-and-girl lovers before ever they met."

"Cyril, this bluff is wasted upon me."

"Can't you recognize the truth when you hear it?"

"I have already done so—and ——"

It is probable this argument would have proceeded indefinitely had not Leslie, smiling, pink and sun-dappled, burst excitedly upon the scene, clasping a foreign telegraph form to her breast.

"Hello, you two!" she sang out. "Couldn't find you anywhere. Read this," and she thrust the telegraph form

(Continued on Page 36)

"I Should Say You Could Afford Quite a Lot on That Two Thousand Quid," Said Martyn

J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

XIV

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Sh-h-h!" I Says. "Please, Suh, Sh-h-h! Keep Yore Voice Down. This Ain't No Time to be Tawkin' Loud," I Says

WHEN you is engaged in going to and fro in the world doing good deeds you certainly can cover a surpassing lot of ground in a short time. It's striking ten when I knocks at the lady's door; it ain't eleven yet, by the lacking of a few minutes, when I is home again and has handed over the note to Mr. Dallas and is watching his face whilst he reads it. He's got one of these here open faces, and I can tell easy enough exactly what thoughts goes through his mind. Mostly he's full of a great relief—that's plain to see—but mixed in with it is a faint kind of a lurking regretfulness that she should 'a' broke loose from him so abrupt thisaway. If folks has got the least crumb of vanity in 'em it shows forth when a love affair is going to pieces on 'em. And Mr. Dallas is not no mite different in this matter from the run of creation. Even so, he's displaying more joysomeness than anything else when he comes to the end of what she's wrote him. He reaches out after my hand for to shake it good and hearty.

"Jeff," he says, "my hat's off to you! You're the outstanding wonder of the century. I judge it's hardly necessary for me to tell you what's in this note."

"I been able," I says, "to mek my own calculations, suh. I reckins ef I wuz put to it, I could guess."

"How did you ever do it?" he says.

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "the main p'int is 'at it's done—ain't 'at so, suh?"

"Agreed," he says; "but there are hints here—'hints' is a mild word—at things I don't in the least understand. Now, for example ——"

"Mr. Dallas," I says, "ast me no questions, please, suh, an' I'll tell you no lies. Lyin' don't come natchel to me, ez you knows. I has to strain fur it."

"Very well," he says, "have it your own way; I won't press you. The proof is in my hand that you accomplished what you set out to do; and seeing that I had no part or parcel in it, I figure it's up to me to show less curiosity and more gratitude."

"Nummine the gratitudes part yit awhile," I says. "Us is got a heap more to 'complish 'fore the sun goes down tonight. It's only jest a part of the load w'ich is been lifted—bear 'at in mind, suh. The case of Mr. H. C. Raynor is yit remainin' to be 'tended to."

"You've already shown me what you can do, even though I'm left in the dark as to the exact methods you use in these big emergencies," he says. "I'm still following your lead. What comes next?"

All through this he's been walking up and down the floor like he was drilling for the militia. So I induces him for to set down and be still and I proceeds to specify further.

I says to him, I says, "Mr. Dallas," I says, "these here chronic Noo Yawkers is funny people—some of 'em. 'Cause they knows they own game, they thinks they ain't no other games wu'th knowin'. 'Cause they thinks the Noo Yawk way of doin' things must be the only suitable way, they don't concern theyselves 'bout the way an outsider mout tackle the same proposition. To be so bright ez they is in some reguards, they is the most ign'ant in others ever I seen. Now, 'cordin' to my notions, w'en you gits 'em on strange ground—w'en you flings a novelty slam-bang in they faces—they ain't got no ways an' means figgered out fur meetin' it, an' they's liable to git all mommuxed up an' be swep' right off they feet."

"Jeff," he says, "you have gifts which I never fully appreciated before. You are not only a philosopher but a psychologist besides."

"Boss," I says, "you does me too much honor. So fur ez I knows, I ain't nary one of them two things w'ich you jest called me. I only merely strives fur to use the few grains of common sense w'ich the good Lawd give me—tha's all 'tis. Tubby shore, I got one 'vantage on my side: I can look at w'ite folkses' affairs frum a cullid stan'p'int, whar'as they kin only look at 'em frum they own. Ef the shoe wuz on t'other foot you doubtless could he'p me, but in the present case it's possible I kin he'p you. Ise on the outside lookin' in, whilst you is on the inside lookin' out, ez you mout say; so mebbe I kin 'scover things w'ich you'd utterly overlook. The fly beholes whut 'scapes the elephant's eye, an' the minner gives counsel to the whale. Mebbe I ain't gittin' the words routined right fur to spress my meanin's; but, even so, I reckin you gits my drift, don't you, suh?"

"I follow you perfectly, with an ever-increasing admiration," he says. "Go ahead. This looks like our lucky day anyhow. Let's press the luck!"

"Yas, suh," I says. "Now, f'rinstances," I says, "you tek the 'foresaid Mr. H. C. Raynor. W'en you spoke to him of lawsuits yistiddy he mouty nigh laffed in yore face, didn't he? Well, 'at shows he ain't got no dread of lawsuits. Prob'ly he's been mixed up in 'em befo'; most doubtless he knows the science of lawsuitin' frum startin' tape to home stretch. An' lakwise he'd have the bulge on you w'en it come to makin' figgers wu'k out lak he wanted 'em to, so he'd 'pear to be inside his rights an' you'd 'pear to be on the wrong side of the docket. I persume he's had a 'bundince of sperience in sech matters, w'ich you ain't. He knows his own system, an' he knows you don't know it, w'ich fortify him yit fu'ther. All right, suh, so much fur that. But s'posen' now, on the other hand, we wuz to layway him an' jump out of ambushment at him wid a brand-new notion. I jedges he ain't got no ripperta-tion to speak of, so losin' whut li'l' scrape of it he mout have left wouldn't keep him 'wake nights worryin', specially effen he'd already salted away the cash w'ich he craved. But he do own somethin' w'ich he do prize most highly, or elsewise I misses my guess—he's got a skin w'ich he's managed some way, by hook or crook, to keep it whole up to now. An' ef right out of a clear sky he suddenly wuz faced wid a prospect of havin' it all punctured up in mebbe fo', five or six places, I figgers he mout start singin' a diff'unt song frum the one w'ich at the present 'pears to be his fav'rit selection.

"There's jest one thing more," I says. "Prob'ly it's 'scaped yore 'tention, Mr. Dallas, but Ise been steddyin' Mr. H. C. Raynor off an' on, an' has took note 'at he's got some very curiousome idees in his haid 'bout the kind of folkses you an' me is. Didn't it never occur to you, suh, 'at he thinks practically all Southern w'ite gen'elmen is a heap more hot-haided an' fiery-blooded 'en whut the run of 'em really is? Didn't it never occur to you, frum his talk, 'at he figgers 'at 'most ev'ey thoroughbred Kintuckian is prone to settle his argumints wid fo'ty-fo' calliber ca'tridges? Well, Ise read his thoughts 'long them lines, even ef you ain't, an' I'm shore I've got him placed right. Tha's whut I'm countin' on now, suh," I says; "tha's whar'in lays our maindest dependince. Does you see whut I'm aimin' at, suh? Or does you don't?"

He ain't needing to answer. His face is beginning to light up and his eyeballs is starting to dance in his head. So I knows the time is come for me to cease from preambling and get right down to cases. Which I accordingly does so.

I tells him the greatest part of what I aims to do. I tells him what-all he's to do. I tells him what'll be the signal for him to bust into the picture. I tells him how he should deport himself after he has done done so. I can tell him what should be done up to a certain point, but past that, as I says to him, he'll just have to let the cards run the way they falls.

I labors over him until I can tell he's getting his mad up. His hands begins to twitch a little and his jaw sort of locks and there's a kind of a reckless spunky look stealing onto his expression. That suits me. I wants him to be even more nervous than what he is now, when the performance starts—the nervouser he is the better for our purposes.

When his dander is worked up to suit and getting more worked up and more danderish every minute, I leaves him there and I goes out into the hall and I rings up the oil office. One of the help answers to my call and I tells him to get Mr. Raynor on the line right speedy. In about a minute his voice comes to me over the wire.

"Hello!" he says, very sharp like. "Hello! Who is it?"

"Mr. Raynor," I says, "this yere is Jeff Poindexter, speakin' fur Mr. Dallas. He desires 'at you will please run on up yere to our place soon ez you kin git yere. He ain't seemin' to be hisse'f today, an' so he ain't aimin' to come downtown. In fac', right now he's layin' down, but he p'intedly insists on seein' you 'mediately. He says it's most highly important. 'At's the message he tells me fur to convey, suh."

"Well," he says, sort of grumbling, "it's getting on toward my lunch time; but I suppose I could come. Tell him I'll be there in half an hour from now."

"Yas, suh," I says, "thanky, suh. . . . Hole on, Mr. Raynor! They's jest one thing else." And now I lets my voice slink down sort of cautious like. "Mr. Raynor," I says, "I done deliver Mr. Dallases' words to you; now I wishes fur to say a li'l' somethin' on my own 'count. W'en you gits yere, please, suh, come straight on up to the 'partmint widout bein' announced frum downstairs, an' walk right on in widout knockin' or ringin' the bell. The do' 'll be onlatched.

"I'll be waitin' fur you in the privit hall to 'scort you into the front room. I craves to speak wid you there a minute jest by ourselves."

"What's the big idea?" he says.

"I can't splain over the phone by reason 'at I mout be overheared," I says; "but I allus has lakked you, suh, frum the fust, an' mebbe I mout give you a few p'inters 'at you sh'd oughter know befo'hand."

"Oh, I see!" he said. "There's been some loose talking going on up there and you've heard something you think might interest me, eh? Fine and dandy!

"Well, Jeff, you're wise to line up with me. It shows you've got sense. You won't lose by it either. I'm always willing to pay the top market price for valuable inside information."

"Yas, suh," I says, "thanky, suh. 'At's partially whut I wuz figgerin' on. I'll be hoverin' 'bout on the lookout fur you, suh, 'cause it shorely is mouty essential ——"

Right here I breaks off sudden, like as if I'd suddenly got scared that I might be eavesdropped on or interrupted or something.

Well, the fruitful seed has done been planted. Almost before I has time to hang up and get up from that there

telephone it seems like to me I can almost feel 'em organizing to sprout under my feet.

XV

I HAS fully half an hour to wait, and I puts it in going over the program, as it has already done been mapped out, just to make absolute sure nothing ain't been left out. There's one switch in the plans which I decides to make it right at the last minute, mighty near it. This here decision is that I'll shove things along powerful brisk once we gets going good and under way; which naturally this means I've got to change my Riverside Drive system. But circumstances alters cases, and what's sidemeat for one is cold poison for another. The way I looks at it, it all depends on the anigosity* of the occasion.

Now with the lady, the best scheme, seemed like to me, was not to crowd the mourners, as the saying is, but just to lazy along in a weaving way, letting the specifications sink into her one by one and thereby thus giving her time to brood over each separate point as it come forth. But with him I figures the best plan is the quick-rushing plan. I figures I've got to take him short from the go-off and keep on shocking him so fast and so hard with promises of devastations that he won't have time to catch up with his thinking, and then at the proper time dash the mainest jolt of all right bang in his face.

But before that proper minute comes he's got to be rightly prepared in his mind for it. He's got to be hearing that mournful music and them muffled drums beating in his ears. He's got to feel an icy-cold breath blowing on his overhet temples. He's got to have a raging fever in his forehead, but a heavy frost congealing of his feet. And most of all he's got to have a sad picture dancing before his eyes of from six to twelve of his most intimate friends getting measured for white gloves.

Just let them things come to pass, sort of simultaneous, and it's sure going to be a case of Sukey bar the door, for our gentleman friend.

Leastwise, that is the way I organizes it in my head whilst I'm setting in that there little hall of ours waiting watchfully. Before a great while I hears one of the elevators stopping at our floor and I hears cautious kitty-cat steps coming along towards our door. So I knows that must be him, and I gets back and sort of squats in the side passage leading off into the service wing so I can come slipping out like as if I was in a hurry to meet him as he come in but had been detained.

The door opens right easy and in slides Mr. Raynor, same as a mouse into a trap. I can almost see his nose wrinkling up like he's smelling of the cheese and craving to start nibbling at it. He looks round him and sees me and he gives me a meaning wink. I makes motions to him to be quiet, which that ain't necessary, but it helps the play along for me to be plenty warnful; and then I tiptoes on up the hall towards the setting room, leading the way for him; and he takes the hint and tiptoes along behind me. But at the setting-room door I slows up and steps to one side to let him pass on in first, and that gives me a chance to spring the catch bolt on the door behind unbeknownst to him. I takes his hat and coat, all the time rolling my eyes round on every side like I'm apprehentious somebody else might be breaking in on us from the back part of the apartment.

* Note: The word is believed to be one of Jeff's own coinage. It is left as written. Its meaning may be doubtful, but who will deny that it is a good word?

And then I says to him in a kind of a significating whisper, I says, "Oh, Mr. Raynor, I been truly oneasy in my mind 'bout you! I'm mouty sorry 'at you come!"

"Sorry?" he says, sort of startled. "Why, you telephoned me yourself!"

"Yas, suh, I knows I did," I says; "but I wuz only obeyin' awders—an' anyways 'at wuz befo' things begun to tek the more serious turn w'ich they has took. I'd 'a' halted you at the front do' yonder an' turned you back ef I could've, but I wuz delayed back in the boss' baidroom tryin' to argue him out of his notion, an' tha's how come I didn't git thar to give you the warnin' word. Or," I says, "ef they'd 'a' been time an' I'd 'a' got the chance—both of w'ich I had neither—I'd 'a' ketched you on the telephone an' stopped you befo' ever you got started uptown frum the office. So this move—tollin' you in yere an' fortifyin' you up, suh—is the onliest other one I could think of," I says; "an' so, no matter how it may turn out," I says, "I want you to carry wid you the 'membrunces 'at I done the level best I could fur you."

"Say," he says, "what's all this palaver about?" He's speaking quite bluffy, but even so I can tell that the oneasiness is beginning to seep into his ankles. "Why shouldn't I come here? I was sent for, wasn't I? For that matter, why shouldn't I come without being sent for? I'm not worried about my position in this issue—I'm safe."

"Sh-h-h!" I says. "Please, suh, sh-h-h! Keep yore voice down," I says, "whutever else you may do. This ain't no time to be tawkin' loud," I says.

"I'll swear I don't get you!" he says. But he's took heed and now his notes is low and more worried like. "I'm asked to come up here on a matter of business, as I suppose. I gather from your hints over the telephone you think you've found out something which I might be willing to give money for as an advance tip. So far, so good; I'm always open to reason. Then I get here and you behave as mysteriously as a ghost and go sh-h-hing about as though somebody was dead on the premises. What's the ——"

"Oh, Mr. Raynor," I says, "don't speak of nobody bein' daid on these premises! It soun's too much lak a dreadin' perdiction. Mr. Raynor," I says, "fur the sakes of all, please lissen an' lemme say my say whilst they's yet time."

"All right," he says, "go ahead; I won't interrupt again, although I still don't know why you should take the matter so seriously." But in spite of the fact that when he says this he's grinning at me I judges that by now the oneasiness has started crawling up his legs. It's one of them sickly, pestered grins.

"Well, suh," I says, "all last night an' th'ough the early parts of this mawnin' Mr. Dallas is been carryin' on lak he was mouty nigh distracted. Frum words w'ich he lets fall, partly to me an' partly w'en he's tawkin' to hisse'f, I meks out 'at the trouble is on 'count of business dealin's 'twixt you an' him, an' also 'at he's harborin' a special pet gredge ag'in you on 'count of somethin' or other. Fur a spell he talked right smart 'bout a compermise settlemint, an' 'at wuz whut I wanted to tell you pussonally in privit—'at the idee of a compermise settlemint wuz floatin' in his mind.

"He didn't sleep none las' night, but he walked the floor stiddy till pas' daylight; an' all th'ough these mawnin' hours, seemed lak to me, he's been gittin' mo' antagonized ez the time went by. Frum the symptoms I should 'a' knowed whut wuz brewin'. But I reckin I must 'a' been blinded, whut wid things bein' so out of kelter round the 'partmint. W'en he bidden me fur to call you up an' invite yore presence yere right away I still didn't suspicion the true facts. But right after I'd got th'ough telephonin' down to the office I went back to his room to say you'd be comin' shortly, an' 'en, ez I stepped in the do' an' seen him fumblin' in 'at dressin'-table drawer an' seen the rampagious look w'ich wuz on his face—oh, Mr. Raynor, suh, right 'en wuz w'en my heart upset itse'f insides my chist!

"'Cause I done seen 'at look on his face befo' now; I seen it fo' yeahs ago the time w'en 'at electioneerin' fuss wid the late Mr. Dave Townsend come up. At leas' oncet I seen it on his paw's face, an' I seen it mo' times 'en oncet on the face of his uncle, Mr. Z. T. Pulliam, w'ich they called him Hell-Roarin' Zack fur short. It runs in the blood an' it ripens in the breedin'—'at look do. You don't never want to tamper wid a Pulliam—they comes untamped too easy! They goes 'long jest ez peaceable an' quiet ez a onborn lamb up to a suttin p'int, an' 'en 'at look comes over 'em an' the bystanders starts removin' to a place of safety. They calls it the deadly sign of the Pulliam fambly down our way, 'cause they knows whut it means—they's seen it loomin' th'ough the pistil smoke too offen. An' so ——"

"What sort of a bluff is this you're trying to hand me?" he says. But his face all of a sudden has turned just the color of chalk, and his voice is quivering so the words comes forth from between his lips all sort of broken up. The man's looks don't match his language. "Are you trying to tell me there's a gun play threatening around here? Well, that's not done any more!"

"You's right!" I says. "Wid the Pulliamses, after the fust crack, it ain't necessary fur it to be done any mo'. Jest oncet is ample! They lets go frum the hip an' they don't rarely nor never miss. I reckin it comes natchel to 'em. Oh, Mr. Raynor, I knows whut the danger is better'n you possible kin! An', oh, Mr. Raynor, Ise skeered on yore 'count—you havin' been alluz mouty friendly to me an' you still so young too! An' Ise skeered on Mr. Dallases' 'count lakwise, 'cause these cotehouse folks up yere, they prob'ly won't 'preciate whut is the custom of our locality fur the settlin' of privit misunderstandin's betwixt gen'elmen.

"I'm most crazy in my mind, ez you kin see! Ef only I could 'a' got him cooled off an' ca'mmed down befo' you got yere! I tried an' I tried, but 'twuzn't no use. It never is no use tryin' wid a Pulliam. An' even now, ef only we could onduce him to hold off an' lissen to reasonable argumints frum you befo' he cuts loose! Oh, Mr. Raynor, I do hope an' pray he see fit to give you a chancet to splain 'way the diffe'nces! But, oh,

(Continued on Page 48)

"Don't Shoot Yet! Give Me a Minute! Give Me Time to Explain! I'll Do Anything You Say"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 1, 1922

Friends, Lawyers and Countrymen

IN POLITICS a man's friends have a tendency to turn into liabilities. It is quite as important to keep unfit men out of office as it is to get good ones in. Usually, the greatest proof of friendship that the intimate of a President can give him is to refuse an appointment at his hands.

A personal friend may be the best man for a public office, but the odds are strongly against him. The taint of favoritism, the suspicion of private rather than public considerations, always lies against such an appointment. Its burden is a heavy one to bear, for while the failure of an official who has been selected on his character and public record may be viewed by the country as a pardonable error of judgment on the part of the appointing power, the faults and blunders of a friend in office are, in the estimation of the public, personal to the man who chose him for the place.

President Harding applied the test of supreme fitness to Secretary Hughes, and he has proved to be the biggest asset of his Administration. But in appointing Daugherty—no doubt an able man, but not, in the judgment of the public, a happy choice for the place he occupies—the President allowed personal considerations to sway him, and his Attorney-General has proved to be a heavy liability.

Americans have been disposed to applaud the politician of every rank who "stands by his friends." That, of course, is a fine thing to do, so long as it is not done at the expense of the public service. But no official should pay his personal debts of friendship, even when they have contributed to his own political advancement, with public office. This has been more or less customary and the voter has accepted the practice as a necessary corollary to our political system, but it rarely works out to the advantage of the country or to the glory of the appointing power.

It is only human to wish to be surrounded by old friends, and it is easy to believe that the man who helped boost one up has unusual qualifications for the job into which he, in turn, wants to be boosted. But when it comes to his friends, an official should distrust his judgment, unless there is an independent and overwhelming public demand for these friends to hold office. A President, a governor or a mayor is kept fairly busy explaining his own mistakes. To shoulder those of his friends, as he must when his appointments are purely personal, is too much of a burden for even the most popular of executives.

It seems impossible for the average American, in office and out, to get any concrete conception of his Government as a great business, needing experience, expert knowledge, special aptitudes and, above all, business brains in its many departments. We run to lawyers in government, forgetting that lawyers are not primarily business men and that the conduct of their own profession is, on the whole, dilatory and unbusinesslike, and that the courts are almost inextricably cluttered up. The leaders of the bar, from Chief Justice Taft down, are aware of these conditions and are striving to correct them, but the fact remains that they have persisted for years, and still persist. Today the national business, as well as the courts, is lawyer-run, lawyer-delayed, and, like them, functioning too slowly, too cumbrously and too expensively.

Pennsylvania has just nominated two lawyers for the Senate, both able men and distinguished leaders of the bar, but the greatest industrial state in the Union should be represented in the Senate by one business man, at least, with first-hand and expert knowledge of manufacturing and commerce. Why, too, a preponderance of lawyers in both Houses, instead of a majority of business men? And why, in nine appointive positions out of ten, are men taken from lines of work that have not the remotest connection with the government jobs for which they are slated? Even when we pick business men for business departments we rarely select those who have special experience in the particular line of work with which the department is concerned. The theory on which we proceed in government is that a legal training fits a man for any and every kind of office.

Now we do not underrate the importance or the need of a fair proportion of lawyers in government, doing the work for which lawyers are best fitted by training and experience. But we should retire the great surplus of lawyers now in office to private life, until such time as they have proved, by introducing clean-cut, expeditious business methods in their own profession and by reforming judicial procedure, that they are as a class better fitted than any other to manage the business of the nation.

Of course, government is wasteful and inefficient and always will be until we apply to it a fraction of the common sense that we use in our personal affairs. President Harding has done much to correct the waste and sloppy methods of the departments, perhaps as much as he can do under present conditions, but there is still a long ways to go. Primarily the blame for governmental methods and abuses rests with an uneducated, indifferent and lazy electorate, that has a double standard, one for private and another for public business, not grasping the fact that they are one and inseparable, and that our business ills—and they are made concrete for us in our tax bills—are the result of highly infectious political diseases. No group needs education so much as those business men who go along with corrupt organizations on the theory that they can profitably exchange public advantage for private gain.

Once Americans fought because they had taxation without representation. Today we stand for taxation with misrepresentation. Nor can we have lower taxes until we remove the causes of high taxes, which means the removal of a lot of incompetents from office. Half-asleep voters have always been ruled by wide-awake spenders. There is no magic in the polling place that transmutes second-rate candidates into first-rate officials. But the men who work at politics are entitled to the rewards of politics. And the man who is too lazy to protect his pocketbook has no real cause for complaint when the bill is charged to him. There is nothing to prevent his organizing before the primaries, to interfere with his putting up candidates who will protect his best interests, except his dumb indifference. So long as this lasts, not even the best-intentioned President, governor or mayor can do much to improve present conditions.

Before politics can be reformed the average voter must reform. On the whole, he is now getting rather better government than he deserves. When he wants something different he can have it, provided he is willing to work to get it and to fight to keep it.

The average voter, including the run of business men, is a hick in politics, gaping open-mouthed at the performing elephant; exclaiming "I swan!" over the trick donkey; munching political peanuts and persuaded by the barkers and ballyhoo men to accept as genuine the freaks and fakes of the political midway. Even when he finds that he has been frisked by the light-fingered and free-handed followers of the circus he runs around aimlessly, emitting loud cries of rage, instead of starting in methodically to clean out the show.

Politics begins in compact organization before and careful selection at the primaries, and it ends in keeping alive and watchful before and after elections. There are no seasons, no slack times in the business of getting and keeping good government.

Our Distinguished Visitors

WE OWE a debt to England that we can and ought to pay. Ever since the war, and particularly during the past two years, an avid and pressing throng of articulate emotionalists has come from Britain to these hospitable shores. Every single one of them has told us what was wrong with us. They have been cordially received and handsomely paid for their service. Some of them, amounting to nothing much at home, were so cheered and flattered and dazzled by their reception here that they came a second time. They didn't make so much money the second time, nor was so much made of them. Still the newspapers gave them generous space.

Our visitors lectured to us and at us, told us how much better we could manage our national and domestic affairs if we took their advice, how hopeless American literature and art appeared to their sophisticated view, told us just what our duty to Europe was, complained of the ice water and of the lack of facilities for tea, and then went home and wrote a book about us—designed primarily for sale in the United States.

We have done nothing to repay the obligation these eager and absorbent sojourners have thrust upon us. We could so easily do it too. The Europeans come to us to criticize and to make money. We go to Europe to admire and praise and spend money. It would be a novel and enriching experience for both continents to reverse the process. We have among us those who know how to pick flaws and criticize and find fault as well as any foreign practitioner. It would be an invidious compliment to name some of them and not name all of them. Anyhow, everybody knows them.

Why would it not be an unselfish idea to send some of our best abroad, when the lecture season begins, to tell Britons what is wrong with Britain and how much better lives are ordered elsewhere? They would have much to talk about and many comparisons to make. Some of them could take one aspect of Britain's failure to manage her daily life and affairs according to our notions, and some another.

As for talking and writing ladies, we have a supply for the export trade that few can equal and none excel. We can send ladies to Britain who can cover as many subjects and touch as many topics as Mrs. Asquith or Lady Astor or Mrs. Sheridan, and still not be half started. Britain undoubtedly would be glad to hear them tell how badly Englishwomen dress, how they neglect the teeth of their young, how the lower classes drink too much, how their female factory operatives are underpaid, how the English home is not adequately heated and how the lack of bathtubs denotes a backward civilization.

Much could be done along these avenues of thought to make closer the entente between our two countries. Why only hands across the sea? Why not words of advice and frank criticism of each other's purely private and personal concerns and habits? We are always being told that the peoples of the world are becoming closer knit every day. The idea seems to be to put your arms around your neighbor's neck and then tell him he doesn't wash behind the ears. We should be able to do that sort of thing as well as anybody.

We have national associations for every sort of purpose and object. Now let some of our hardy patriots band themselves together to go abroad, tell the disagreeable truth to Europe—and pick up a little money.

A DEAL IN EXCHANGE

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. CLARK

OUTSIDE the Gare du Nord, upon the busy pavement of the Rue Lafayette, he stopped suddenly, a snag in the busy current of the foot traffic, and made a wide-armed gesture of furious anger and helpless despair. One of the outflung arms took a stout Parisian business man across the chest, who at first was unwilling to receive apologies. It was the offender's meekness, his figure of a timid, rather shabby and aging man, a stranger a drift in Paris, which softened him. He grunted incoherently and strode on, leaving Samuel Lawrence to wander upon his way.

For it had come to this with him: Save for something under two hundred francs in his pocket and the clothes he stood in, he had nothing left in the world, not even the rights which are common to all men. Two days before he had been a clerk in the London office of the Beach Camera Company, poor and unconsidered enough, yet with a livelihood, the liking of some few friends, the toleration of many. And the previous day, fetching the factory wages from the bank, he had turned in one moment of dazzlement, in some grand climacteric crisis of nerves and morals, into a thief; and only an hour or two previously he had been robbed of his spoil. Nothing remained.

He wandered on. Evening was at hand and he was bitterly weary. It was needful that he should find a roof somewhere. And as he went his aching brain drummed forever on the manner of his loss. The plump middle-aged gentleman who had shared his first-class compartment with him from Boulogne—he was the gainer. When the train reached Paris the man had been prompt to get up, claim the services of a porter and pass his two suitcases through the window to him. Then briskly, like one accustomed to arrivals and departures, he had descended from the train and disappeared in the wake of his porter. It was not till he was out of sight that Lawrence discovered that the suitcase he had left behind was one of his own and the one he had taken in its place contained over three thousand pounds, the property of the Beach Camera Company.

Lawrence had charged wildly and vainly after him, only to find himself bumping into the *octroi*, the municipal customs of Paris. He thought at first that it was the police he had to deal with and was thrown into a panic. He came free to find himself in the street. He had not even brought away the substitute suitcase which the stranger had left behind. And he knew that he dared not make inquiries through the only channels that were likely to be fruitful. It was when he had first realized this that he had thrown out his arms in the first sincere and unfettered gesture of his life.

He came abreast of a café, with seats and small tables under an awning. He hesitated, but he was weary to the point where shyness breaks down, and he found himself a chair. A waiter brought him a glass of beer. He would have preferred tea, but everybody else seemed to be drinking beer, and he had not the energy to argue about it. He slouched down in his tiny iron chair to take what repose its barren contours could give him, and sat thus till an English voice at his elbow roused him to attention. It was only two young men, clerks in some English agency in Paris, chattering idly. Samuel Lawrence drank his beer and awaited his opportunity.

"Excuse me, I'm a stranger here." The young men turned to him. "Could you kindly tell me where I can get a bed tonight? I've -er—lost my luggage and I want I'm afraid I want a rather cheap bed."

"Heaps of places," said the youth nearest to him indifferently. "Little hotels are scattered all over the place. Of course if you want something very cheap you'd better go up to Montmartre."

"Montmartre!" repeated Lawrence. "Er—could you direct me?"

Together they gave him a general indication of the route he must take. They were not entirely agreed about it, and disputed over it, forgetting him the while. But in the end he had a vague idea of the way and departed to grope it out.

It was scarcely stranger or more incongruous that Samuel Lawrence, bending under those stresses which are prone to bear upon the man of fifty, fearful of being discharged, suffering a little from the after effects of influenza, should become of a sudden a thief than that night, sweet with the breath of a ripe spring, should find him climbing the hill towards the more sinister slums of the quarter. He brought to that incubator of the more violent sins his mild, vague face with its gold-rimmed pince-nez, his graying mustache with its drooping ends, his shoulders that stooped with much bending over a desk. Inhabitants of the place, flitting by as noiselessly as bats or standing at zinc-topped bars open to the street, turned to look at him. He passed among them, unconscious of all save his own trouble.

At a death trap of a house which called itself a hotel and produced a fat, hairy proprietor, collarless and coatless, who spoke English, he got himself a bed at last. For ten francs paid in advance he was granted a cupboard of a room, with a narrow bed in it, a deal table bearing a ewer and basin about the size of a cup and saucer, and a chair.

"It will do," he said as he inspected it. "I am very tired."

"You want a drink?" inquired the proprietor. "I got whisky, cognac, wine, everything."

Samuel Lawrence shook his head.

"Not tonight, thank you," he answered.

The gross man looked at him closely.

"I t'ink you sleep all de same," he said, and departed.

Lawrence could never be sure afterwards whether he locked the door or not before he lay down on the stony bed in the room. Despite his weariness, it was some time before he could sleep; the ramshackle house was alive with noises. First, people below were singing; then there was an altercation outside his door between people who seemed to speak the same language as firecrackers; and then a woman screamed continuously for five minutes and thereafter sobbed rendingly. But at last he fell asleep, to wake later with an irresistible impression that he was not alone.

He found his matches and lit his candle, the room's only illuminant. There was no one in the place but himself, and the door, which he had imagined to be open, was closed. He sat up in the bed and stared about him. He was about to put it down to a touch of nightmare when he heard the unmistakable creak of footsteps on ill-laid boards outside his door. He rose and, candle in hand, opened the door. It was not locked now at any rate. Without, the narrow passage extended to left and right; the stairs descended in the middle of it. But there was no one in sight.

He returned to his room, closed and locked the door and was about to go to bed again when his eyes fell on the clothes he had folded upon the chair. With an inarticulate cry he picked them up and hurriedly searched them, first in feverish haste, then methodically, garment by garment. Both quests yielded the same result. His pockets had not been so much robbed as gutted; it was not only his money that was gone, but everything they had contained. Not even his handkerchief remained to him.

From some church near by a clock struck four. It was then, sitting on his bed by the light of his candle, that he knew the true quality of the life of the man who has made himself an outcast. He had no recourse; to appeal to the police or the

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He Slouched Down in His Tiny Iron Chair to Take What Repose its Barren Contours Could Give Him

TRAILING THE PROSPECT

By an Insurance Agent

THE best insurance agent in the world is the first baby. The next best is a spell of sickness. One works through a newly born sense of responsibility, the other through fear. Except where a man has a lot of money and wants to be sure of a living in case he loses it, I have never known of a person who really took out insurance as an investment.

We preach investment to them all the time and try to get away from the thought of death or misfortune. Just the same, they usually take out a policy because they are scared.

The first baby is always the most important child in the world and it is not difficult to convince the father that its future must be assured. After a long spell of illness it is quite easy to make a man feel that he should take no more chances. I don't take much stock in man's logic and reason when he can't see the answer right in front of him.

All our educational campaigns have not lifted the average American much above the trifling Arkansas farmer who argued that he couldn't put new shingles on his house while it was raining, and when the sun was shining there wasn't much use of it. In saying this I have life insurance in mind.

In this country we are inclined to look upon business insurance and odd risks as new stuff. As a matter of fact, seagoing ships were insured a century before life insurance was ever thought of. The first life-insurance policy of which particulars have been preserved was written in London in 1583. They wrote marine policies as far back as the days of Demosthenes.

They didn't have regular companies in those days. The risks were taken by individuals of a speculative nature. In this connection it may be interesting to some to know that Lloyd's is not the name of a man who organized an insurance company. Lloyd's was a little coffeehouse in London where men used to gather and organize pools to insure a vessel about to go to sea, each bidding on a part of the risk at a certain percentage.

It got to be a saying that "They will do so-and-so at Lloyd's." In time the name and its associations came to mean insurance.

Life and accident insurance are entirely different from property risks. A business man will take steps immediately to protect his property from loss, but he won't exert himself to get protection on his life or limbs.

There have been some, of course, but personally I have never known a person to seek a life or accident policy voluntarily. It must be taken to them and, figuratively, rammed down their throats. The ease of the ramming depends upon how fresh in their memory is the new baby or an accident to some friend.

People have funny notions about their insurance. One of our most tiresome tasks is to laugh at the old joke, "Well, I've got to die to win." They all pull it.

Another thing: I have never personally known a man to repay a loan that he got on his life policy. They will even borrow more when the policy gets older, and keep paying interest until they die. They would not hypothecate their property that way. Still, the hard-up ones will borrow right up to the last dollar on their insurance, knowing that it will have to be paid in cash out of their estate when they die. I guess the answer is too far away for the average man to see it.

The Agent Who Overplayed His Hand

THE one difficult task for the modern insurance salesman is to keep from being considered a pest. His predecessors made it mighty hard for him.

When a little boy I lived on a ranch out in Montana. One day a strange man came there in a red buggy, driving a fine-looking horse. He sold fruit trees, lightning rods and life insurance.

My father being away the man talked to my mother in the parlor, a place we children seldom went. Presently he called us in, all four little shavers being lined up in a row.

"Just look at those beautiful children," the man said to my mother, as we stood on exhibition, wide-eyed and curious. "Now suppose you and your husband should be struck by lightning tomorrow—it has happened to others—what would become of them? This house should be protected by lightning rods and the future of these wonderful children should be protected by life insurance."

With that the man unfolded a big important-looking paper. The top of it was decorated with a drawing that impresses me to this day. It was the picture of a bird's nest full of little birds with their mouths open, clamoring for food. But there was no mother or father bird to feed them.

"Suppose," said the man, calling attention to the picture, "that the old father bird had taken out life insurance so as to keep those little mouths fed. That picture wouldn't seem quite so sad, would it?"

In a moment my mother began weeping. Seeing her tears all of us started to bawl. It broke up the learned lecture. The man had overplayed his hand. He promised to come back when my father was at home.

When our father got home that night he found a weeping red-eyed family. We children were still crying about the poor little birds. Mother was crying about us and the danger of dad being hit by lightning.

"The man promised to come back, though," mother told dad, between sobs.

"Well, if he does," declared my father, "I've half a notion to kill him."

The next day was bright and clear and dad seemed to be in good health. Gradually the family regained its composure. After that, though, life-insurance agents were taboo at our house. The affair so prejudiced my father that he never did take out insurance.

I was almost grown before I could think of a life-insurance agent without shuddering. To my mother's dying day her mind associated insurance with sorrow and tragedy. I've sold a lot of insurance in the past few years and I have profited extensively by the lesson of that fool agent. By upsetting our family and angering the old man he had killed off what might have been a lot of business in that neighborhood.

Hampered by Past Blunderers

THE early life-insurance agents worked in a very similar way to some of the backwoods preachers in our section. By picturing horrible consequences instead of common sense they scared people into submission. That type of agent did not consider himself a responsible business man. Nobody else considered him that way either. He was regarded as a pest, a reputation that he came pretty near earning. As a consequence he became the butt of stage jokes and quips in the comic weeklies.

All of you remember how the comic insurance agent used to come on the stage, pull out his little book and run around saying to everybody who would listen: "Take your life! Let me take your life before it's too late!"

That used to be a sure-fire laugh. The insurance agent was fixed in our minds as a pest—a nuisance to be avoided. They made it tough for those who have taken up insurance selling as a serious, constructive business. To this day men occasionally look on me as a pest and attempt to use me for coarse comedy. I really can't blame them though. The old idea has not entirely worn away. Any time I feel myself growing indignant I think of that picture of the little birds with their mouths open, and my sense of humor checks me.

The first real headway came when the intelligent salesmen began to realize that they were agents for the policyholder as well as for the company. More important still was for them to make their clients realize it. In those early days it never occurred to the agent that he had any interest or responsibility toward the policyholder after he had paid the first premium. I even have known ignorant salesmen to think they had done a nice trick for the company when a policy lapsed and the premiums paid had been sacrificed. Nowadays the insurance agent who does not keep in personal contact with his customer and look after his rights and interests is soon out of business.

While on a fishing trip in the Southwest a few years ago I met a traveling agent selling lightning rods. As a side line he sold the same people insurance against lightning—or tried to—after they'd put up the rods.

"To save my life," he said to me, "I can't understand why my business is falling off."

After having a laugh for ourselves we tried to explain to the man that if he guaranteed his rods to prevent lightning the average man could see no reason why he should also take out insurance. One scheme or the other might do, but we could never make him see that if he tried to sell both at the same time he was shaking the confidence of his client in either the rods or the insurance.

Unless the agent keeps track of his customer's affairs and takes advantage of any beneficial clauses in his policy many opportunities and privileges are likely to be overlooked. Neighborhood knowledge of a policyholder having been benefited that way is what helps to make insurance popular, easier to sell. The big companies do not frown on such activities as that. They encourage it because it helps the business. They have good lawyers and are able to protect their rights. They like policyholders to do the same. In all legitimate controversies it is the duty of the agent to protect his client rather than the company. The successful salesmen are those who have sensed that duty and obligation. They must be human.

The most natural agent I know is a picturesque young fellow in New York who was formerly a newsboy and a boxer. As a kid half of his time was spent in doing favors for men of importance, or celebrities, as they are called among his associates. He knows nearly everybody in the sporting game, in the theatrical business and in Newspaper Row. Skippy, as they call him, has run errands for most of them.

One day an insurance salesman, a boxing enthusiast, suggested to Skippy that he could make a little change for himself by helping to sell a policy to a prize fighter. To his surprise the boy took the suggestion seriously and got away with it—sold a big policy too. Today that boy is one of the best salesmen that I know, has built up a good paying business. Skippy has little education—schooling, I mean—and he knows little about the theories of business. But he is intensely human. Everything to him is personal. He nags his own company in the interests of his clients all the time, and at the same time does a big business for it.

Skippy bobs up at the most unexpected moments and on the most unusual missions. Always his main purpose is to do a kindly turn for some actor, writer or fighter.

One of his fads is to keep track of the newspaper notices of any person he happens to know. He clips these out and carefully assorts them. When he meets the person who has figured in these notices he gives him or her the clippings. Anybody appreciates a thing like that. Skippy's pay is the sincere pleasure he feels in having made them feel good. He never forces himself on people, but is always around the edge ready to get taxicabs for them or see about railroad tickets if they are going away. Long before he got to be an insurance agent Skippy was a sort of institution along the Great White Way.

Among Skippy's friends is an elderly woman, prominent in the theatrical business. He used to bring her newspapers, and he knew that she had a grown daughter who had to live in the West for her health and whom the mother supported.

Miss Effie, as the mother was known, often attended boxing matches, as many New York women do. One day Skippy brought her some Annie Oakleys—complimentary tickets, so-called because they are punched with holes resembling bullet holes—for the next match at the Garden.

"Well, Skippy, this is nice of you, indeed. What in the world can I do for you?"

"Nothing for me, Miss Effie," he said, "but I was thinking you ought to do something for your sick daughter out there. Look at my card, Miss Effie, I'm in the insurance business."

The upshot of it was that Miss Effie, though highly amused, took out a policy.

Looking After Miss Effie's Interests

A YEAR or two later the daughter, whose health had improved, ran away and got married without letting her mother know. Miss Effie felt very much hurt. Later the mother herself became seriously ill and the faithful Skippy went to see her after getting several prominent professional people to sign a page of cheery greetings. This he presented.

"Miss Effie," he said, "you let your insurance policy lapse while you were so sick, but I paid it for you."

"I wish you hadn't done that," she replied. "I wanted it dropped. Cancel it. I'll never pay another cent on it. Why should I be carrying insurance for a daughter who does not appreciate me?"

Miss Effie is still bedridden. Not long ago old friends started a movement to see that her hospital expenses were paid. This started Skippy to thinking. He understood her pride and independent spirit. The fact that she had let that insurance policy lapse also bothered him. He got one just like it and studied it laboriously.

"You know, Miss Effie," he said when calling at the hospital the next day, "your insurance lapsed a long time ago."

"I know," she said irritably, "and it's going to stay lapsed. I don't want to be talked to about insurance and premiums."

"Yes, ma'am, but I've got a notion. You just sign this and tell me who is your doctor. . . . No, no, Miss Effie, I ain't payin' nothin' for you."

Two days later he came back, unfolding an important-looking document.

"Get out of here with that insurance stuff, Skippy," she ordered.

"All right, Miss Effie, but just put your John Hancock on this."

She agreed to sign as directed.

With a grin on his pugilistic face Skippy handed her a check for five hundred and ninety dollars.

(Continued on Page 36)

CHILDREN LOVE GOOD SOUP

The best-fed nation on earth—
That's the test of what we are worth!
We're leaders in wealth
Because of our health.
Our hustle, our vigor and mirth.

The best-fed nation on earth

Campbell's Soups prove it. In no other nation on the globe can you find such a City of Kitchens as the famous Campbell's plant. It is unique, serving a unique country. Americans will accept "none but the best," which explains the enormous popularity of Campbell's Soups.

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21 kinds **12 cents a can**

No meal is complete without soup!

No other article of food can take the place of good soup, either for the enjoyment or the benefit you get from it. Soup is delicious—a constant and varied delight to the taste. Also—and this is very important—soup stimulates appetite, makes you eat more food and digest it better. Thousands of people have added soup even to the daily breakfast menu!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

"Guess that's bad, eh," he chuckled, as she looked at him in amazement, "and I thought it up out of my own noodle."

He had discovered a sick clause in Miss Effie's policy. Not only was she entitled to the benefits of that clause with back pay but so long as she was sick the premiums did not have to be paid.

The point I make is that neither the policyholder nor the company would ever have known of that had not Skippy, acting as a personal agent for Miss Effie, looked it up. He had run across the clause while trying to find a way for restoring the policy to good standing.

Moreover, the company did not regret making that payment. It added ten times that much to the goodwill of all insurance business, especially throughout the theatrical district.

I had been in the insurance business but a short time when I learned that it differs from all other forms of business and salesmanship. It is the only business in the world, I believe, that has no market. Buyers never take the initiative. It is a rare thing for anyone to seek investment in a policy. The seller must do all the work.

If a man has some idle money to invest in securities, for instance, he will look over the lists, study the market and then make his purchases. He goes shopping. But nobody shops for insurance. Clients must be looked up and told that they need insurance. They all admit that they ought to carry it, but for one reason and another they have neglected to do it.

My First Customer

Of late years it has become quite the thing in the different trades to give exhibitions, such as business shows, electrical shows, building shows, cement shows, and so on. All these prove successful. I am very curious to know, though, what would happen if a lot of hustling agents got up an insurance show. Often I have suggested it, but nobody will take me seriously.

I was a newspaper man and I think I have a certain amount of imagination. More imagination would do a lot for the insurance business. I know it has been responsible for the moderate success I have had. I am not so sure that a cleverly designed insurance show would not prove an attraction. Some day I may get somebody to help me try it.

They wouldn't believe me when I sprang the idea on veteran agents that I could sell insurance by telephone, either; but I convinced them that it could be done by leading my territory in sales the second month I tried it.

I got into the business in a rather odd way. I was working as a newspaper reporter. In an effort to buy myself an automobile I hustled around to pick up what money I could during my off hours, corresponding for out-of-town papers and doing odd jobs. Finally I got the automobile—a flivver.

A friend of mine in the business office of the paper insured my car. That gave me an idea. If he could make a little money on the side that way why couldn't I? Certainly I knew a great many more people than he did. Also, I knew more people who had money—men who had made successes in their business or profession.

Rumor got around in the office that the sporting editor also had bought an automobile. He was at home when I first heard it. On a gambling chance I called him up.

"Say, Ed, have you had that new car insured yet?" I asked him.

"Hadn't thought of it yet," he answered. "Guess I'll have to."

"All right, I'll insure it for you. Don't do anything till you see me to-morrow."

He agreed to that. I hadn't the slightest idea about selling a policy, the commission or anything. But I had taken a chance and had to go through with it.

I got in touch with the company that had insured my car. They encouraged me to go ahead, gave me a little book of prices and everything. Later, the man said, I would have to get a license. This time, though, I could work through him.

Well, I sold Ed that policy and got him to take it for fire, theft and accident.

At first everybody in the office kidded me about talking insurance.

Then my friend Ed had an accident to his car. I heard about it before I saw him and, anxious to give service to prove that I was on to my job, I got in touch with the company. I reported the accident and got full directions as to what I should do. When Ed came to the office he had not thought of the insurance. His interest was centered on punishing the driver who had run into him.

"That's the trouble about your insurance business," he said to me. "I've got a policy for something, but I don't know what to do about it."

"You don't need to," I said very wisely. "It's all fixed. Just sign this."

In three or four days I handed him a check for sixty-five dollars.

With that my side business began to grow. Men in the newspaper and sporting business came to me, not because I had the best policy, but because I actually collected the money, which was the main idea—gave service.

The company was very much pleased, also amused, at my odd progress. The manager told me that in a few months I should have a license and be a full-fledged agent. He also advised me to study up life insurance and other forms.

I did. While doing so one of the copy readers on the paper came to me one night with a hard-luck story. His wife had been ill, the rent was due, and the situation looked hopeless unless he could get hold of a hundred dollars somewhere.

"Haven't you got any life insurance?" I asked, remembering what I had read in the little book.

"Sure, I have," he said gloomily, "and I don't know how I am going to pay it this time either."

I suggested that he let me see the policy. The next day he brought it down.

With what I intended for him to consider an expert eye I read through the important clauses. He had been carrying the policy for five years, and already it had a loan value of two hundred and fifty dollars.

I explained this to him and had him sign an application for a loan. In thirty-six hours he had the money and was a happy copy reader. He thought me a mighty smart fellow. It seems strange that a man like that should be so childish as not to have read his policy, but that is the way they are. Somebody has to look out for them, and that is an insurance agent's great chance if he only knows it.

You must remember that newspaper men, artists and actors are not business men. In many ways they are as simple as children. My fame quickly spread in the office. It was not the importance of life insurance as an investment or as protection that excited them. It was the fact that a fellow could get hold of some money when he needed it badly, and that I knew how to do it.

Soon I was selling life insurance as a new side line.

By the end of my first year I was making as much money out of my insurance side line as I was out of my newspaper work. Also I discovered that I was building up a real business. In the second year I was getting the benefit of renewals. It dawned on me that I was establishing for myself a permanent income. Also I liked the idea. Finally I was persuaded to step out as a regular insurance agent, giving up my writing work altogether. I have never regretted it.

I Become a Specialist

After getting my license and a desk in the district manager's office, where all the agents have headquarters, I decided to make a specialty of accident insurance, though I would keep up my work in the other lines.

On accident policies the agent gets a commission of 30 per cent of the premium, but these policies are written for one year only and have to be renewed annually. On life-insurance policies the agent gets about 50 per cent of the first premium and 5 per cent of each renewal for the next nine years.

One lasts longer, but the other comes quicker. If a man is a hustler the chances are that he will make more money out of the accident policies, but he has to do more work. He has to keep in constant touch with his clients and protect their policies. Many policies lapse through inattention of the agent. Clients will disregard notices sometimes, but they will usually attend to the premiums when the agent takes the matter up personally.

I felt very awkward and nervous that first day. For the first time in my life I was cut loose from a salary and working for myself. All I had was my little card to prove that I was an insurance agent. I was not at all sure of myself. I had taken such a big step that I wanted to confide in someone—wanted to talk about it.

In the same office building was an elderly friend, head of an engineering and contracting company, who had been an engineer in the Army, now retired. Often I had interviewed him for my paper. I called on him.

"Well, colonel," I announced with affected breeziness, "you are now looking at a full-fledged insurance man—no longer a reporter. What do you think of it?"

"Fine," he said. "Insurance, eh? Oh, by the way, maybe you are just the man I wanted to see. I have an accident policy that got mixed up some way during the war. I'd like to get it straightened out, but have neglected doing so. Maybe you can attend to it for me."

He reached in a drawer and showed me the policy. My temperature rose several degrees. It was a form of the largest accident policy that is written—in my own company. It called for seventy-five thousand dollars in case of accidental death or two hundred and fifty dollars a week during disability from accident. The annual premium was two hundred and fifty dollars.

I grabbed that policy and in just two days had it all straightened out. My commission was seventy-five dollars.

You can imagine the impression I made when I walked in among those veteran agents with an application for the biggest policy issued, the very first day! It wasn't always like that, I assure you, but that start gave me a lot of courage. I have renewed that policy five times.

It developed that such a start was a little too easy. Following it were many lean, discouraging days. Away from the newspaper office I was out of my element. It took a long time for me to find myself.

The Wrong Approach

A veteran agent volunteered to help break me in. He started by introducing me to what I know to be the toughest job in the business—cold canvassing. That is to say, we would simply walk around town. At any place of business that happened to strike his fancy he would direct me to go in and attempt to sell insurance. In case I made errors in approach or in figures he would stand at my elbow ready to straighten me out. He told me that if we got one nibble out of ten men canvassed he would consider that good. My case, I imagine, was considered very bad. We didn't get a nibble out of the first twenty men.

The very first man, the head of a plumbing establishment, insulted me. He got so livid at my persistence that he threatened to throw me out of his office.

"Listen," I said to this big bruiser, after another insulting remark; "you've got enough men here to throw me out, I reckon, but if you'll step outside that gate I'll give you a bust in the nose."

My horrified instructor hastily withdrew, pulling me with him. That, he explained in a funny attempt at delicacy, was not altogether a good start.

Regardless of my friend's kindly advice I quickly saw that was no way to sell insurance—not for me, anyway. As a reporter I had been accustomed to being received with a certain amount of consideration. Always I had been trained to be independent and to maintain my self-respect. This kind of canvassing was worse than cold. It froze on me.

The next day I sneaked out alone. I had a vague sort of idea that I should size up people and attempt to read their character before making an insurance proposition. Like most newspaper men I had the belief that I knew and understood people. I found out, though, that there is a lot of difference between knowing men when you go to them for news and when you go to take their money.

Passing a garage I stopped, then went in and looked around at the cars awhile. Some chauffeurs were gossiping about an accident. This struck me as a good chance and I asked to see the manager. I went into a little office to wait for him.

I had the figures pretty well placed in my head, but while waiting I made out on paper a little diagram, according to directions given me by one of the older agents. It is a simple way of showing what accident insurance means. Like this:

For $25 a year we pay:
$7500 for accidental death.
$25 a week for disability.
And so on.

It looks more impressive when blocked out in pencil, but I can't make the drawing or line up all the figures here.

The figures I have given represent the smallest policy. Higher ones are written in proportion, up to seventy-five thousand dollars for accidental death. The twenty-five-dollar-a-year one is usually written for men who work for wages or who are in ordinary circumstances.

The selling art is to size up your man and show him the policy that suits his particular case. The first impression counts. That it counted much more than I had imagined I was to find out in a very few minutes.

The garage man came in, wearing soiled overalls, his hands smeared with oil. I was a little disappointed at his appearance.

"I am the manager," he said. "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes, we were just talking about the accident out there and it struck me that you would be interested in an insurance proposition that I have."

"All right; shoot!"

I laid my diagram before him, showing what protection he could get for twenty-five dollars a year. The weekly disability amount, though, seemed to interest him most. The corners of his mouth curled.

"Why, twenty-five dollars a week would mean nothing to me," he said. "A week's lay-up would cost me a lot of money. You see, I own this garage, building and all—also operate it. I'd need better protection ——"

"Oh, sure," I hastily interrupted. "We write that policy for any amount on up to two hundred and fifty dollars a year for seventy-five thousand dollars. That was just a basic way of figuring."

"Say," he said thoughtfully and coldly, "why didn't you show me the big one first and let me figure it down?"

"Oh, that means nothing—just wanted to give you an idea." But I knew that I had made a fatal mistake. He was offended because I had rated him too low, and I could feel it.

The man was polite and considerate, but I had lost. The unintentional wound to his vanity was too deep. That taught me a lesson. It would be better by far to overestimate a man's ability to pay than to underestimate it. At the same time I realized that a man might be frightened off by sizing him too high. I had run into a hard problem, simple as it may seem.

Even if a client does feel a little weak financially he does not like to think that the salesman so considers him. That is where a salesman must prove his knowledge of human nature—be a quick thinker.

Learning by Experience

A few weeks after that I was in a bank to cash a check. On a closed door leading to a private office I saw the name in small gold letters: "Mr. Allen." Nobody but the president could be so modest, so private as that, I thought. It gave me an idea.

From my office I called up the bank and asked for Mr. Allen, saying that my business was personal. He answered immediately. I explained that, knowing how busy the head of a bank must be, I did not want to disturb him during the morning hours. He seemed to appreciate that and pleasantly agreed with me. Mr. Allen cordially made an appointment to discuss insurance with me. I shook hands with myself all afternoon.

To make sure of this big prize I had a policy made out in complete form—the biggest one we wrote—in advance.

Mr. Allen received me very politely, listened attentively. I noticed that he shied a little at the figures. Then I got a shock of chagrin by glancing at a letter that lay on the desk. He was not the president, but the auditor. Again I had balled things up, but I didn't let on that I was wise to the situation. At that it came out better than you would suspect.

"My affairs—my investments—are in such shape now," he explained, half apologetically and still acting president, "that I would hardly feel justified in taking a policy for that higher amount ——"

"And, of course," I helped him, "the chances are that you have many other policies. I hadn't thought of that. Of course, though, I can write this policy for you in any multiple of the twenty-five-dollar premium, the base."

"Yes," he said. "Perhaps, under the circumstances, you had better write me one for one hundred dollars a year."

(Continued on Page 28)

C A D I L L A C

A woman's confidence in her Cadillac is reflected in her deep *peace of mind.*

She approaches the car each day absolutely certain that it is the same ready and reliable Cadillac it was the day before.

As one owner happily phrases it, the Cadillac is the car that one can think *in* and not *about.*

After all, isn't this perfect reliance of women in the Cadillac the highest compliment that can be paid to an automobile?

The beauty, the comfort, the unparalleled gliding-smoothness of the Cadillac will ever rank high in the appreciation of the owner.

But we believe these traits are surpassed in her esteem, and their own charm heightened, by her car's sure reliability.

The Cadillac owner achieves the highest form of motoring enjoyment because she is enabled to forget utterly about the mechanism of her car.

In the Type 61, this dependability is so pronounced that noweven more than ever the Cadillac is the car of peace of mind.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 26)

Mr. Allen, feeling complimented at having been mistaken for the president, tried to make good the impression by going as high as he did. I was delighted. If I had shown him the twenty-five-dollar form that's what he would have taken.

Since that day I never make a low diagram for a man until after he has asked some questions.

My plan of calling up Mr. Allen on the phone had worked so successfully that I decided on a telephone campaign of my own. I was laughed at.

"Nobody ever has sold insurance by telephone like they do stocks and bonds," one of the old-timers told me, but I couldn't see why not.

Instead of going to the little book of prospective clients that is kept in all good offices I began compiling one of my own. Every time I went into an office building or into a business district I looked for those names on the private doors. For instance, The Excelsior Chemical Company meant nothing, but if I saw on a door "John J. Smith, General Manager," that was my meat.

The next day I called up and asked to speak to Mr. Smith personally.

Big business men will grant an interview about five times out of ten. If they are not interested they will quickly end the interview, but always I find them polite. The bigger and more important they are the more polite as a rule.

After one month of this telephone campaign I led my entire office in applications for policies. The manager could hardly believe it. He paid me the compliment, though, of bringing my plan to the attention of the first big meeting of the agents.

I found, after a month of experience, that the best time to talk with a business man over the phone is between the hours of three and four o'clock in the afternoon. Very few of them feel inclined to make appointments when called up in the mornings. Never do they make an appointment for the morning hours. I guess that is due to the fact that they are too busy then. After luncheon they feel easier and more friendly, more interested in their own personal affairs.

There are hundreds of big business men who would take out insurance if it were brought to their attention in their more leisurely hours. As I said at the outset, no man ever goes into the market looking for insurance. They want it, but they must have somebody attend to the details for them. I am quite willing to be that fellow.

I have been talking mostly of accident insurance because it is my pet. I also write life insurance, but I like the quick action of the other. In either case I made up my mind, after seeing Mr. Allen that time, never to be a piker. Instead of going after the twenty-five-dollar boys why not go after the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar fellows? They are just as easy once you get a chance at them.

Pleasing a Big Banker

In my telephone campaign I picked out the big successful men. I got half as many of them as my office mate did of the twenty-five-dollar fellows. But I got two hundred and fifty dollars a man while he got only one-tenth of that.

One day I called on the president of one of the big Wall Street banks to warn him that his accident policy would have to be renewed in a few weeks and to let him know that I would take care of it in case it slipped his mind.

I make a point of doing that, and it is usually appreciated.

When I was admitted to his office I saw that his hand was wrapped in a bandage.

"Golf," he said. "I blistered my hand while using a new driver. On a big swing I burst the blister and it became infected. It's not serious, but a darn nuisance. I won't be able to play for ten days."

"Did you think about your accident insurance?" I asked.

"Why, no. What about it?"

"Give me your doctor's name. If the infection was the direct result of accident they'll pay you for that."

He laughed at the idea, but gave me the particulars that I wanted.

Ten days later I called and handed him a check for something like two hundred dollars for doctor's bill, partial disability, and so on.

The bank president was as tickled as a child.

"Say, young man," he said, "you just keep this check and write me out some more insurance when the time comes. That makes me winner, doesn't it?"

I have had some rather interesting experiences with the big financiers. One I shall not forget. There are times, you know, when a fellow can get too smart.

On a chance shot I called up the head of a bank in Wall Street one day, having seen his name on a door. He answered the phone immediately. Something told me that he knew I didn't know him personally, still he was unusually cordial. He said he would like very much to talk life insurance with me.

"Oh, drop in any time you feel like it," he said, to my amazement. "I'm always here."

When I reached the reception room the next afternoon I rather expected to undergo a rigid cross-examination. But nothing of the kind happened.

"You wanted to see Mr. Jones?" asked a young lady. "Well, he is in."

Why Mr. Jones Was Cordial

All I had to do was walk right into his private office. There was no obstacle of any kind in my way. It looked too good to be true.

Mr. Jones was seated in a comfortable chair near the window, alone. My feathers fell. His hair was snow-white. Hanging to the arm of the chair was a cane.

"Young man, I'm glad to see you," he said cordially. "Come over and sit down. So you would like to write me some life insurance, would you? Well, I'm interested. Think you could fix me up with a hundred-thousand-dollar policy?"

He offered me a cigarette and lighted one himself. He was the finest old gentleman I ever saw.

"I don't know, Mr. Jones," I said doubtfully.

"What is the age limit for insurance?" he asked.

"About sixty-two years," I told him.

"Well, that's too bad. I'm seventy-eight! Looks like I played a joke on you, doesn't it?" Cackling joyously he slapped me on the knee.

I assured him that I was just as delighted to see him as if I had written a policy.

"It's too bad to have you come all the way down here after calling me up. I guess I should have told you on the phone," he said. "I knew you didn't know that you were talking to a very old man. That's a bad practical joke. But don't you worry, I'll make it up some way. You come back here tomorrow afternoon and bring your figures. We are figuring on taking out insurance on a lot of our employes. How would that suit?"

It suited fine. I went back and got the lion's share of the business.

But I have never forgotten my sheepish feeling when I discovered that my nervy approach had resulted in my trying to insure a man seventy-eight years old. You can bet also that I never told that one on myself in the office.

When I said a while back that nobody ever seeks insurance, I meant nobody ever seeks it who can get it. Men who have been declared physically unfit or those who are over age are always in the market for a policy.

By studying that phase of human nature and applying it to his business my office mate has put over some big sales. I have also taken advantage of his idea.

One day he got in touch with the head of a printing concern who was interested enough to be considered a prospect. My friend wrote out a policy for him and got him as far as taking the physical examination. That, though, does not mean a sale—not by a jugful. Often our blackboard is filled with notices of applications which make the agent look good—temporarily. But they don't count until the first premium is paid. On a rough guess I should say that 30 per cent of those who have signed applications fail to go through with it. That means a lot of wasted work and disappointment for the agent.

"Better be sure and nail that fellow before you put it on the board," I said to my friend. "He's wriggled off several times."

"Just watch me," he said. "I'll make him think he's that old banker."

The doctors passed the man all right. Their report was filed with the policy and laid on the agent's desk. Instead of going to his client, though, he merely stuck the whole thing in a pigeonhole and waited. For several days I could not figure what he was driving at.

A week later he called up the client, the printing-house manager.

"Say, Mr. Jones," he asked, "did those doctors ask you any questions when you were being examined—any odd ones, I mean?"

"Why, no, not that I think of. Why, is anything the matter?"

"I don't know," the agent said, "but it seems to me they're taking a long time. They didn't examine you a second time for anything?"

"Why, no indeed. You look into that and see if you can hurry it up."

"I'll call them up. And I'll call you back in a couple of days."

Still he made no move, just looked across at me and laughed.

Two days later the printing manager himself called up. He was getting anxious, fearing that something was wrong with him.

"There has been a little delay about it," my friend told him, "but I think I'll have it straightened out in a couple of days. May be a little trouble, but don't you worry. I'll attend to it."

The next day the heretofore uncertain prospect called on the phone again.

Accident Policies

"Everything seems to be all right," the agent told him. "They've just phoned me that the papers will be up today."

That afternoon he took the policy over to the customer.

"Well, we put it over," he said.

Without a second's delay the man wrote out a check for the premium, insisted on a regular form of receipt, and breathed a sigh of relief.

That man was as sound as a dollar. The mere suspicion that he might be declared physically unfit made him jump at the chance to get insurance.

To my mind that was about the smoothest bit of salesmanship I ever saw.

The principle of frightening people is not a good one as a rule. It has done much to hurt the insurance business. But there is a difference in picturing terrible consequences to a man and in letting him think he is acquiring something that is hard to get. One touches his fear, the other his vanity.

In the old days, if you will remember, nearly everybody took out a two days' accident policy when going on a railroad trip. As a matter of fact, statistics show that the average active man is just as safe on a train as at home. That is why an additional amount is allowed for a death claim due to accident on a common carrier. The risk of accident on a street car, a train or an elevator in a public building is practically nothing. People are beginning to understand that to be properly insured against accident they must take a policy for the year round.

Though most men seem more eager to insure themselves against illness than against accident the chances of a person having a spell of sickness are about one-tenth as great as being laid up from accident. Insurance claims for periods of illness are comparatively rare.

You will notice I have referred to policyholders as men. Women do not go in much for insurance. A woman policyholder for life or accident insurance is unusual. In fact, the companies have never encouraged the canvassing of women for insurance on a big scale. Statistics show that they live as long as men, but the ills to which women fall heir are so many and so fraught with immediate danger—such as childbirth—that such insurance has never been actively sought by the larger companies. There seems to be a sort of natural feeling, anyway, that man should be the provider, and it goes right through all walks of life. It is a part of the psychology of existence, I guess.

Insurance Against Rain

Women policyholders can furnish more problems for the companies in one year than men could in ten. In that connection the insurance people have been gossiping for a month or more over the case—or cases—of the Siamese twins who died late in March. They—or she—were insured for one hundred thousand dollars. One of the twins had a child, the beneficiary. Now the question has arisen as to whether they were one or two; whether the child was the offspring of one or both; whether he is the beneficiary of one-half the insurance—or what.

That must have been what we call a freak policy. I mean no play on words. And freak policies, by the way, are getting to be quite common in the United States. Formerly these odd risks were all written by Lloyd's, of London. They will insure a person or a concern against anything, provided the premium be large enough.

In America we have begun to go in for some of that sort of thing. Within the last few years the major-league baseball clubs have taken out insurance against rain on their big days, such as Saturdays, Sundays and holidays.

A benefit game was played for Christy Mathewson, the famous pitcher, who is now ill. But for the ball club taking out insurance he would have lost the benefit. The grounds were practically sold out when, at game time, a heavy rain started, making the game impossible. The insurance was something like twenty-five thousand dollars.

In fixing a rate for this kind of insurance the companies figure the weather reports very carefully and then practically make a bet that it won't rain once in four days. On that basis they fix a premium rate at about 25 per cent of the amount that would be taken in at the gate. To insure against a loss by rain of twenty thousand dollars, we'll say, they would charge five thousand dollars. It is a sort of sporting proposition that but few companies will take a hand in. Lloyd's offered to do it, though, and the Americans decided they could be just as good sports.

Last year, I understand, the companies made money out of the baseball and open-air-boxing-show insurance.

I am now making 50 per cent more money than I did as a newspaper man, and I feel that I am doing some good for other people. Also I was beginning to think that I was wiser than the average fellow until I was tripped up last fall.

I wanted to buy a little home out in the suburbs and needed a thousand dollars in cash. I consulted a friend about where I could borrow it.

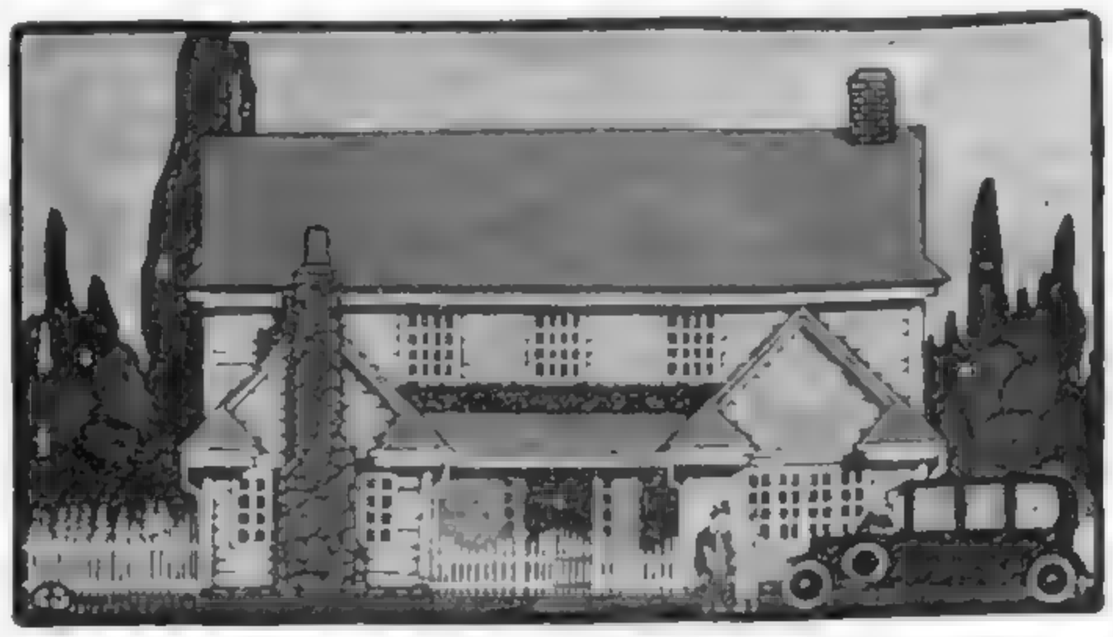
"Why don't you borrow it from yourself?" he asked. "That's what you've been preaching to me."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, you've got insurance, haven't you?"

I felt myself blushing, had to laugh. It had never occurred to me to do what I had been using as an argument to sell insurance to other newspaper men.

I was able to borrow eight hundred dollars on my own policy—and had never thought of it!



The friendly feeling which the public is displaying toward the good Maxwell is no doubt prompted, in part, by its great beauty.

But the deeper, more significant phase is the profound admiration, shown everywhere, for the substantial qualities demonstrated by the reliable and notably fine performance of the good Maxwell.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; Alemite lubrication; motor driven electric horn; unusually long springs; deep, wide, roomy seats; real leather upholstery in open cars, broadcloth in closed cars; open car side curtains open with doors, clutch and brake action, steering and gear shifting, remarkably easy; new type water tight windshield. Prices F. O. B Factory, revenue tax to be added: Touring Car, $885; Roadster, $885; Coupé, $1385, Sedan, $1485

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

The Good

MAXWELL

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

New Trend in Salesmanship

By Floyd W. Parsons

A BUSINESS man recently remarked: "Talk, and the world talks with you; sell, and you sell alone." The scarcity of goods that existed during the war and immediately afterward caused salesmen to go stale. The men who traveled for the big firms were order takers, not salesmen. Selling organizations have been suffering from mental laziness and inertia. This was the natural outcome of a situation where goods sold themselves.

Conditions have changed, and the million traveling men in the United States are being asked either to produce or to get out. Salespeople behind counters must now show courtesy, attention and efficiency, or make way for others who will. Normal times are returning and competition is becoming keen. Thousands of salesmen are again sitting up nights thinking up reasons why purchasers of merchandise should buy. A lot of corporations are writing out prescriptions and preparing doses of ginger for their sales forces to swallow.

The curse of salesmanship has been the idea that it is a profession anyone can undertake, with or without preparation. This is not the case. Selling is one of the most important occupations of man, and in recent years has become more or less of an exact science. Just as a medical student would not get far in his chosen profession if he attempted to obtain proficiency through practicing on patients without first studying the technic of the subject, so the salesman will not attain success unless he first secures a knowledge of philosophy and psychology, and masters the accepted methods and rules of selling. This is particularly true in case a man takes up salesmanship without having any inherited aptitude for the calling.

The young man who would succeed in selling must have personal appearance. A look of prosperity is an asset, but flashy clothes and jewelry are fatal. The salesman must dress to fit the locality. If he assumes an air of superiority to the people of any section he visits he will meet resentment and fail to get orders. A salesman's clothes may be in the height of fashion on Broadway, but if they appear to be newfangled to the merchants in outlying communities he will find the selling game a slow and difficult job. The sales manager of an Eastern concern sent a new salesman into a rural territory, and was greatly puzzled over the young man's failure to get business. An investigation showed that the new salesman had acquired the habit of carrying a cane, which gave him a dudish appearance that didn't make a hit with the firm's country customers. In selling certain lines of goods to merchants in various communities, even an unusual manner of speech or pronunciation may prove a handicap. A salesman who pronounces "been" in the English way, "bean," or who uses the broad *a*, had better not be assigned a territory where the people are plain folks, who frequently are prejudiced against any mannerism of speech that differs from their own.

One company makes it a rule to select its salesmen from what might be called the vital type of men. This concern gives as much weight to personal health as to mental and moral qualities. The management holds the belief that physically large men possess greater physical magnetism, and that other things being equal the big man makes the best salesman. The scientific thought back of this idea is that "a large body has greater attraction for a small body than the latter has for it." Large men exercise mass attraction for small men.

In building up an efficient selling organization the first and most important move is to pick a sales manager who is a winner. A selling force may be made up of men who possess exceptional ability individually, but if such an organization is not directed by the right kind of sales manager it is like a healthy body with a half-witted brain.

One sales manager who has made an enviable reputation has acquired an interesting philosophy of selling. He has adopted the plan of having the prospective salesman interviewed by three of his associates before being engaged. A past record marked with no marvelous degree of success does not bar a man from his employ, for some of his best salesmen were practically failures in other lines. He appreciates the fact that young salesmen seldom make conspicuous successes for the first few years, but they can build up experience and loyalty, and while doing this they are creating a clientele of value to the company.

It is the policy to have an understudy for every important salesman, to provide against that salesman's resignation, promotion or ill health. A competitive spirit must be developed among the men, but this plan must not be carried to a point where a salesman becomes discouraged and loses interest in his work. It is just as much a mistake to oversell the company's proposition to the salesman as it is to oversell a customer. One large company made this mistake, and although the men started out on the road with high hopes less than half of them stuck to the job. An investigation showed that the men had been oversold. The company had placed emphasis on the big commission the sellers would receive for every order they obtained. But no mention was made of the fact that there would be discouraging experiences and many days without sales. The men had been filled with tales of what unusual salesmen had accomplished, and they naturally became disheartened when they fell short of the goal that had been pictured to them.

It is far better to be honest with new salesmen and disclose to them the hard work and disagreeable features of the job, as well as the bright side. Tell the men the truth about what they are likely to earn, and post them on the difficulties as well as the advantages of the work. When salesmen fail to attain their expectations they commence to think about getting another job, and resignations are an expensive proposition in the operation of any company, for it always costs money to break in recruits. Start the salesman out fully prepared for a run of bad luck, having him at the same time well informed concerning the splendid opportunities that lie ahead.

After a prospective salesman has satisfactorily passed the interviewing stage one good plan is to give the promising applicant a quantity of literature and selling data covering the product he will have to handle. Let him take this information home with him and make a study of the facts. Have him come to the office the following day and let him present his idea of a good talk for selling the goods. In this way the sales manager can easily pick out the live applicants from those who are not qualified.

It is often a good plan to keep salesmen informed concerning the results being obtained by their fellow salesmen. Let each seller know what arguments netted orders elsewhere. It is not a bad plan when one salesman sells a substantial order to a new customer to transmit the news of his accomplishment to all the other salesmen, together with a brief description of the method employed in landing the business. Banish the theory that the customer is always right. Insist that the complaints of buyers be carefully heeded, investigated and rectified wherever possible, but instruct salesmen that they must not make concessions where they are not wise or necessary and where they constitute a deviation from company policy or perhaps disloyalty to the house. Any customer who is worth having will not resent investigation of his complaint, and eventually he will respect the salesman all the more for his firm and consistent stand.

The sales manager should have at hand newspaper clippings of financial and business conditions and bank clearings in the territories covered by his men. He should receive and study the Government's weekly weather reports. Information of this kind makes it easy for the director of sales to weigh and understand the excuses of the salesmen in the field. Bad weather and slack business conditions may be responsible for a slump on the part of an efficient seller.

Daily report cards for salesmen are far more convenient and effective than the old-fashioned method of having the men in the field write a long personal letter each day. Report cards are easily handled, and should be designed to fit into a card index. Such a card should be arranged to show the names and addresses of the merchants called on; the amount and kind of sales made to each; reasons why no sale was made; total amount of sales for the day; expenses; mail addresses for coming days; and comments such as a reminder to send a catalogue or a memo stating the kind and style of goods each of the prospects is interested in. Most concerns now have report cards, but too often they use one style of card to report visits and sales, another card or form for expenses, and sometimes still other forms for comments, and so on. Much office work is eliminated by having one complete and concise report card for salesmen.

Generally speaking it is a bad practice for salesmen to follow the plan of trying to make all appointments in the towns they visit over the telephone. It is far better to call personally at the prospective customer's store or office. When a man is busy he is more likely to refuse an appointment over the telephone than when the salesman calls personally. If the phone is used it should be employed after the personal visit has failed.

It is not unusual for salesmen to fail to see 20 or 25 per cent of their prospective buyers on each trip. It is a good plan to have the salesmen hand in lists when they return from a trip showing the men called on but not seen. Then the sales manager can write a letter expressing regret that the representative of the company had failed to get an interview, and suggesting that a trial order for certain goods be placed with the company. It is well to increase the attractiveness of the suggestion by offering a cash discount of 2 per cent or more, provided the order is received within a certain time. In two cases where this plan has been in effect for more than a year it has netted orders from 8 per cent of those written to in one case, and 12 per cent in the other. Even this small return more than paid the company for its effort.

A number of concerns have adopted the ironclad rule of answering every inquiry from prospective purchasers inside of twenty-four hours after receipt. Experience has shown that nothing alienates trade more quickly than a lack of attention to inquiries. As one sales manager says, "The strongest nerve in sales anatomy is self-interest." All letters to customers should suggest something the prospective buyer can do without too much effort. The letter should stir the prospect to a renewed belief in his personal ability, and should say to him, "You can."

The salesman of one company held the belief that customers who sent in inquiries were only shopping for prices. A new sales manager took hold, and after investigating this condition in his force he insisted upon prompt action, and required a report from each inquiry handed to a salesman. After several months a survey was made, and it was found that more than 70 per cent of sales were made from inquiries. Quick service is one of the most convincing of all closing arguments.

A few ideas of one topnotch salesman are worth repeating: A prospective buyer will nearly always resent any attempt of the salesman to do his thinking for him. If the buyer notices that such an effort is being made to force his decision he is sure to become mentally aggressive if not antagonistic. The salesman must be sure of his ground, and not lightly assume certain conditions. The story is told of one young fellow who was out selling a new variety of dainty wafer.

Said he to his prospect, "Wouldn't that be a delicious cake for Mrs. J. to serve at her delightful afternoon teas?"

"I must confess it wouldn't," came the disconcerting reply, "for Mrs. J. passed away in 1913, and has been partaking of angel cake for seven years."

As a matter of fact Mr. J., the prospective buyer, was a bachelor, but he couldn't resist the temptation to have a little fun with the careless salesman. As a result the seller's talk was completely disorganized and the effectiveness of his sales talk was destroyed.

Negative suggestions constitute the reef on which thousands of promising sales are wrecked. After having made a very good talk, which has nearly persuaded the customer to buy the article, a salesman will often say, "Now, Mr. Smith, have you or have you not decided to buy this useful device?" In a majority of cases the negative suggestion so implanted bears fruit, and the sale is lost. The really clever salesman would say, in the same situation, "Now, Mr. Smith, will you carry the device with you, or shall we send it to your office by our special-delivery service early this afternoon?"

Each salesman should make a real study of his territory—know the kind of people who live there; their average earning power, and in what occupations they are employed; the amusements in which they indulge, and the general situation respecting savings laid by. Wise salesmen cultivate the newspaper men, bankers and officers of the local chamber of commerce in the towns they visit. They scan the newspapers of each town for advance information, for the small-town merchant is usually flattered and pleased when a salesman shows a familiarity with local affairs. If possible, find out at what time a customer's bank account is at high-water mark. If a merchant pays his bills on the eighth of the month he is not likely to be in a receptive mood to incur new obligations on the ninth.

It always is best to ask for officials by name instead of by title. It is easy to get such information over the telephone or in some other way. Seek to meet and hold the prospect's eye throughout the interview. Every salesman should remember that whatever it may be, there is some psychic force in meeting and talking to a man eye to eye. Don't talk too glibly; your prospect may misunderstand and mistake you for a fresh guy. Don't talk too rapidly, for this gives the impression of nervousness and fidgetiness.

Up-to-date merchants seek to be original in their methods. They wish their store to be different from all others, and as a result they view with disfavor all cut-and-dried campaigns of manufacturers which have been designed to fit any one of thousands of dealers. In keeping with this new trend of business the salesman today must work on the principle that his chief concern is to assist his customers in selling their goods, rather than to live and work with the idea that his only function is to get orders. When a manufacturer renders service which increases the merchant's sales of a product, he is following the most effective method of enlarging the market for his goods.

Your increasing consciousness of the Peerless as one of the finest eight-cylinder cars in the world is directly due to two vital, determining factors.

Every expert connected with the new Peerless organization has been steeped in eight-cylinder study and eight-cylinder construction continuously over a long period of years.

All of them have labored together in eight-cylinder development, first as pioneers, then as foremost authorities, throughout that same long period of time.

Acquiring the Peerless plant under the direction of R. H. Collins, with whom they had been associated for years, they found a sound, substantial eight-cylinder equipment, and a splendid eight-cylinder car ready to their hand.

The two factors—a beautifully balanced and beautifully blended eight-cylinder organization, and a finely developed eight-cylinder plant and product—rendered it certain that Peerless would forge further and further to the front than ever in its history.

That is precisely what has happened—that is precisely why you are increasingly conscious every day of the prestige, the progress, and the power of the Peerless.

The Peerless of today is the Peerless of this new organization.

It is not only holding all the allegiance it acquired under the preceding administration, but is pushing itself more pronouncedly forward day after day in the eyes of all motordom.

Peerless excellence will enforce itself more and more upon your attention, as you hear from day to day the delighted reports of enthusiastic owners in all parts of the country.

Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2790; Four Passenger Roadster, $2790; Four Passenger Coupé, $3500; Five Passenger Sedan, $3650; Seven Passenger Sedan, $3790; Seven Passenger Sedan-Limousine, $4000; F. O. B. Cleveland

The Peerless Motor Car Company has been acquired and is being operated by R. H. Collins and his associates

PEERLESS

"All that the name implies"

JULY 1922

The pattern illustrated is *Gold-Seal* Art-Rug No. 396. In the 9 x 12 ft. size the price is only $16.20.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Look for the Gold Seal

Be sure to look for this Gold Seal. Read the guarantee and don't forget the seal is printed in green on a gold background. It is pasted on the face of the goods; none others are genuine.

"I love your rug, Betty"

"It is a beauty, isn't it? You'd be surprised how little it cost and how easy it is to keep clean."

Modern women everywhere have recognized the beauty, economy and ease-of-cleaning of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs. Rooms that have lacked the essential touch of an artistic rug have been made bright and cheery by this modern floor-covering.

And these rugs are so amazingly practical! Water never harms them. Just run a damp mop over their firm, sanitary surface and away goes the dirt!

Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs lie perfectly flat on the floor, with never a ruffled edge or turned-up corner for unwary feet to stumble over.

Note the Very Low Prices

6 x 9	feet	$ 8.10		1½ x 3	feet $ .50
7½ x 9	feet	10.10	The pattern illustrated is made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with it.	3 x 3	feet 1.00
9 x 9	feet	12.15		3 x 4½	feet 1.50
9 x 10½	feet	14.15		3 x 6	feet 2.00
9 x 12	feet	16.20			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia Boston New York Minneapolis Chicago Kansas City San Francisco Pittsburgh Dallas Atlanta Montreal

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

LESS THAN THE DUST

(Continued from Page 17

poor ladies who are your wives and sisters and sweethearts and fiancées, you and Peter and Mr. Grahame and all the rest. It is to me a wonder that you have not been more punished!"

"Cruel?" he echoed blankly. "What do you mean, cruel? You know perfectly well that we spoil them within an inch of their lives!"

"As you say, within an inch of their lives—almost, almost to their death! You think that is not cruel? You think that is not cruel, to let them be so rude, so bored and cross and foolish and tired and cheap? You should be stronger than they—no, do not laugh, you should, you should! We have in us every one a hunger to worship, a hunger to adore and to serve; you think it right to starve that desire to death? It is wrong that no one shows them how to be gentle and soft and gay and lovely to the heart; it is wrong and cruel, I tell you. You cheat them when you do not show them that that is what you need and that is what you demand. You cheat them when you go with them into this dull madness of excitement that you call living. 'This is the life!' you say. 'This is the life!' No, no, no, I tell you—this is not the life."

Rod cut ruthlessly into the soft rapid torrent of her words:

"Oh, God help me, I think that I'm going out of my head! Just when I begin to think that I have you pigeonholed forever as an unscrupulous enchantress and destroyer of homes, you turn into a broken-hearted missionary trying to save us all from our sins! Are you going to tell me that your entire performance this past ten days has been a noble endeavor to bring light and beauty into the lives of a lot of young idiots?"

The lady suddenly abandoned the rôle of prophet for a mischievous and lovely mirth.

"No, I am not going to tell you that. It would be a most lamentable untruth if I tell you that! No, the reason for what you cal. my performance was because I was very displeased—oh, but very greatly displeased—to find how unmannerly a lot of little disagreeable cats were sitting sharpening their claws about the tennis court that first afternoon. You see, I do not like it when people are rude to me; I do not like it at all. I find it entirely a pleasure to teach them how foolish a thing it is to be rude—most especially to me."

Rod met her gay smile with a somewhat twisted one.

"Well, I don't know that I blame you, though you've managed to do an almost incalculable amount of harm in your quiet way."

"Wait now, and you shall tell me! What harm?"

"Oh, come, you know perfectly well what harm, without my telling you anything. You've about broken up the Grahame ménage for life."

"Was it, then, so fast together before I came, the Grahame ménage?"

"You've entirely busted up Peter Leeds' engagement to Joan."

"They were so happy before I came, were they not? Were they not, Mr. Thorn?"

"You've reduced Mendoza to a state where he doesn't know whether he's coming or going."

"You do not think, perhaps, that it is better for all that Mendoza should come to me than go with some that he went with before? No?"

"You've driven poor old Tolliver to the verge of suicide, and Babbie ——"

"Ah, yes, Babbie." The sparkling face was suddenly as gravely sweet as some small medieval saint's beneath its shining veil of hair. "For that little beloved goose we must see what we can do! For your Tolliver, he is like a great ball of rubber—he will bound straight from that verge of death and despair into any kind hand that stretches out to him; we must see only that the right hand is stretched out. Then ——"

"There are any number of others, you know."

"Hush, hush! You will turn my head twice around; already I feel so vain that I could die with joy!"

"That's hardly the effect that I was aiming at!" he assured her. "However, the whole crew undoubtedly deserve all they've got, and a little bit more. I'm not holding any brief for them, you understand. Taking them by and large they're about as vicious a crowd of young fools as you'll find between here and kingdom come. I know that, God help me."

"Then you know wrong—but quite entirely wrong. Vicious? No, no; they are not vicious. They are like children using ugly words that they do not at all understand, but that are new to them and that they think therefore are, oh, most terrible and, oh, most wicked, so they shout them out very loud and very, very often, to shock the poor passer-by. Me, when I hear children making that kind of a noise I am not shocked, but I am very dreadfully bored, and a little sad too. It is not a pretty noise to listen to."

"You haven't the most remote idea what you're talking about," he said sternly. "Permit me to assure you, once and for all, that this is no collection of innocent infants that you've wandered into. It's a group of extremely hard, sophisticated, reckless young lunatics, as you'll find out if you stay in it long enough."

"Oh, I have stayed in it long enough!" she replied, lightly disdainful. "I have stayed in it too long—and I tell you that at real viciousness they would be so shocked and sick as they are pleased to think that your good bourgeoisie is shocked at them. Viciousness—it is something old and tired and very still—not this shrill clamor that they make all day and all night. They are not bad, I tell you; they are silly."

"And I tell you that they're harder than any nails ever cut—that you couldn't shock them in a thousand years."

"My poor friend, I could shock them in five minutes."

At the strange gentle smile with which she said it Rod felt suddenly chilled and tired.

"Oh, may I be eternally damned if I understand a single atom of the whole rotten business! You're talking now as though you'd been steeped in unmentionable crimes from your cradle! I haven't any right in the world to let you go on playing this game, and you know it. If I had a grain of sense I'd stand up at this infernal party of yours ——"

"Oh, oh, the party!" She stood transfixed, her eyes fantastically round. "Monster that you are, you let me forget it! Quick, quick, what time?"

"Ten minutes to eight. No, wait a moment! Listen ——"

"If Gabriel blows his horn I do not listen! *Marie—vite! Marie, ma robe, vite, vite!*"

She was halfway to the stairs, a small whirlwind of flying green, before he caught her.

"I don't care whether you die of rage where you stand, you're going to listen to me! There's no good doing that. Here, give me that hairbrush. Are you listening?"

"No!" The muffled voice was a raging defiance.

"Well, versatile as you are, I hardly imagine that you can go stone deaf to order, so you're likely to hear this. I wanted to tell you that Babbie was right."

There was no reply; the late whirlwind might have been a statue for all its response.

"It's not polite of you to take so little interest, when I've gone to so much trouble just to inform you of the fact. Babbie was right, my dear. I have no heart—none, none."

"Oh—oh!" The statue was once more a whirlwind. "Let me go! Let me go now, I tell you! You have no shame? You have no disgrace?"

"I have no heart," continued Rod firmly, "because I lost it. Seven years ago, in the dirtiest canteen in Paris. Please stop pulling like that; you can't possibly get away, and it's not polite."

After a long pause the small voice said faintly, "You—lost it?"

"Exactly. I lost it. And I thought that you might be able to help me find it again, since you were there at the time; so I sent Patterson to look for you. You can see that it upset me pretty badly when you informed me that you intended to sharpen up a sword and do away with yourself tonight, because you'd somehow gathered the impression that you were nothing unto me. I simply couldn't have you dying with the guilty knowledge of where that poor lost thing might be! I'm going to find out if I have to take to old-fashioned methods like boiling oil—are you listening, you little demon? boiling oil and thumbscrews ——"

"Rod!"

At the horrified cry from the doorway the executioner and his victim were wrenched as violently apart as though a typhoon had descended on them. They stood staring blankly at the two petrified countenances framed in the door, and for a full moment a veritable paralysis of silence reigned unchallenged in the dim hall. Then the late victim recovered her voice in a soft rush of words, hurled straight at the fiend who had so recently and outrageously menaced her.

"You think you can stop me like that? But no, I tell you —no! You make me see her for what she is, that most wretched Sarah Anne Carstairs—a danger and a menace and a sorrow to all who know her, coming to this so happy place like a blight and a curse. Very well then, she dies; she dies tonight, and it is as though your two hands had killed her. Not for one hour more could she live knowing your thoughts of her. Give me that thing!"

With a small pounce she wrenched a glittering object from the executioner's nerveless fingers; there was a whisk of silk and flying draperies, a lightning patter of feet, and a hall with three people standing in it instead of four.

Babbie was the first of them to come to life. She flew across the space between the open door and her immobile brother as though she had wings at her heels.

"What are you standing there goggling for?" she demanded frantically. "Stop her, stop her, you idiot! Didn't you hear what she said? She's going to kill herself, because she thinks we hate her! What was that horrible glittering thing she got away from you? Here! Someone ring for the servants. For Pete's sake, where's a bell? No, no—the doorbell's no good, Tolly—didn't we ring the blamed thing for five minutes without raising an echo, much less a servant? Rod, for heaven's *sake* don't just stand there like that!"

"I must have broken it," explained Rod, emerging from what was apparently a profound trance. "I kept my finger on it for a good bit too; oh, for quite a good bit. Here, Babbie, what time should you say it was?"

"It must be after eight. I came over early and found Tolly prowling round the veranda."

"After eight?" shouted Rod, galvanized into sudden and violent action. "Then what are we all doing standing here chattering? That whole crowd will be here in two minutes more!"

"Rod! Rod, didn't you hear what she said? Have you gone perfectly crazy? Aren't you going to even ——"

The hall's population was somewhat abruptly reduced to two, and Babbie's impassioned invocation trailed off into space.

After a moment she lifted a hand to her head and took an uncertain step towards the staircase, casting one dazed look at Tolly over her shoulder.

"Good *night!*" she remarked inadequately but fervently.

Tolly stirred himself from lethargy.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to get help. For heaven's sake, didn't you hear that girl say ——"

"I wouldn't pay any attention to what she said," advised Tolly calmly.

"No attention!" Babbie gaped at him, incredulous, her eyes two saucers. "No at—— Why, La Rue Sinclair Tolliver!"

"I most certainly wouldn't. She hasn't any more idea of killing herself than I—than—than you have. As a matter of fact, she's got some pretty darned frivolous ideas about suicide."

"Who told you so?"

"She told me so. Laughed as though ——"

"Will you tell me what in the world she was talking to you about suicide for?"

Tolly's honest countenance became suffused by a whole-hearted flush.

"Oh, we were just gabbing along." He stared darkly up the stairs that the green whirlwind had used as an exit. "She and your woman-hating brother seem to be getting good and intimate, I'll say. Playing around halls in wrappers with your hair down is pretty speedy, even for this gang's indoor sports, isn't it?"

Babbie's round eyes grew a little rounder.

(Continued on Page 35

Jim Henry's Column

Is Mennen's the finest Shaving Cream ever made?

I know a millionaire who smokes nothing but seven cent cigars—formerly a nickel. And he is not a tightwad.

I don't want to give the idea that I move in wealthy circles, but I know another plutocrat who owns a Rolls-Royce and a Ford—and uses the Ford half the time.

Mr. Mennen thinks I am the best salesman in the world—for Mennen Shaving Cream.

Mennen's is the best Shaving Cream in the world—if your face so rates it.

It's purely a matter of personal judgment.

The argument seems to be getting a bit tangled, but what I started to write is this: It is just barely possible that you will like Mennen's a lot better than any soap you ever used.

A great many men do prefer it.

I met a man once who didn't care for Mennen's, but he mixed up the lather in his shaving mug—a victim of habit. He loves that mug. It was his grandfather's. His father was a modern shaver, at that. It was a case of what breeders call a "throw back."

It's queer the way I drift from my point. The idea is that it might pay to try Mennen's. Not recklessly, of course. Just a ten cent demonstrator tube to start. I send it to you by mail.

I really have no ulterior motive in suggesting that. There's very little profit in this demonstrator tube, considering that it costs over a dollar to get you to write for it and that I throw in a sample of Kora-Konia just so you won't get sore if you don't like the Shaving Cream. The Kora-Konia will keep your skin from getting sore, anyway, where muscles chafe. Keep it in your locker and use before a game of golf or tennis. Kora-Konia is great for babies—prickly heat, rashes and that sort of thing.

But to get back to Shaving Cream. After one trial, I feel pretty confident what your answer will be to that question I ask in the headline.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Gruen Guild Creations for Sports Wear

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

IN the Gruen Strap Watches for men and women you will find that convenience and dependability so essential to complete watch satisfaction.

Equally invaluable in the office, on the street, or in the country, the sturdy masculine models make ideal gifts for men. There are also pleasing feminine models for women.

Although moderately priced, they are products of the same fine craftsmanship which has made Gruen Watches pre-eminent among the world's best timepieces. And in each one of them is a beauty, a distinction which will give you real pride in its possession.

The sale of Gruen Watches is confined to the best jewelers in each community. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem displayed by leading jewelers.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

GRUEN Guild Watches

Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN"

MEN'S STRAP WATCHES

No. 71—Solid green gold, adjusted movement $75.00
Sterling silver, adjusted movement ..... $25.00 and $35.00

No. 72—Solid green gold, adjusted movement $65.00
Sterling silver or Ultra filled green gold $42.50

No. 73—Solid green gold, Precision movement ..... $125.00 to $135.00
Sterling silver, Precision movement $70.00

No. 74—Solid green gold, Extra Precision movement $175.00

No. 75—Sterling silver, adjusted movement, for doctor's use, $25.00 and $32.50

WOMEN'S STRAP WATCHES

No. 76—Solid green gold, Precision movement $65.00
Sterling silver, Precision movement $40.00

No. 77—Solid green gold, Extra Precision movement $175.00

No. 78—Solid green gold, adjusted movement $85.00
Sterling silver, adjusted movement $50.00

No. 79—Solid green gold, adjusted movement $85.00
Sterling silver, adjusted movement $50.00

No. 710—Sterling silver, adjusted movement, for nurse's use $32.50

No. 711—Cartouche 18kt solid white gold, adjusted movement $125.00
Solid green gold, adjusted movement $100.00
Sterling silver, adjusted movement $60.00

(Continued from Page 33)

"By gum!" she breathed in awe-stricken tones. "D'you know, I never took it in till this minute! The hall was so dark—here, turn on the electric lights; they're over by the door—and the whole thing looked so everlastingly like something out of the movies that it didn't seem queer at all. Tolly, her hair came down to her feet!"

"I saw where it came down to, thank you," replied Tolly ungratefully. "And if you ask me, it came down just about a yard and a half too far. What I want to know is why it wasn't up on her head where it belonged; and, believe me, I'm going to find out!"

Babbie flung back her cropped dark head like a spurred pony.

"What business is it of yours?" she demanded belligerently.

"It's my business to see that not more than one girl at a time makes a jackass out of me," replied the erstwhile affable gallant from the West, "and it's beginning to look to me as though two of you were doing it in one week, which is crowding things. I may have lost my appetite for your particular brand of humor, Babs, but if that angel-faced little "

His voice dropped ominously as he continued to watch the stairs, and Babbie, wavering uncertainly between defiance and appeal, arrived at a sudden brave decision, the color in her gypsy face a little deeper than the flame of her frock. She took a quick step towards him, clutching at his arm with one small brown paw.

"Tolly—Tolly, truly I didn't mean to be such a beast! I meant —— Oh, damn it!"

She drew back swiftly at the sound of voices and steps on the veranda, but her dark eyes, the eyes of an unhappy and contrite little girl, were more eloquent than the stammering lips. La Rue Sinclair Tolliver was suddenly and unmistakably more interested in them than in the empty stairs.

"Will You be So Good as to Get Up at Once From My Stairs, and Go to Your Home Quickly and Dress Yourself for My Dinner Party?"

"No, no!" commanded Babbie breathlessly. "Tolly, have you gone out of your head? Listen, it's Joan and Polly, and the door's wide open! They'll come right in—Tolly!"

And Joan and Polly came right in, glancing at the flushed pair with a purely perfunctory interest.

"Hello, you two. Fighting again?"

Joan slipped out of her cloudy blue cape, shook out the foaming ruffles of her white tulle gown, and ran experimental fingers through the golden froth of her curls. "Gimme those rosebuds, Polly!"

She poked two of the proffered buds viciously into an alluring angle in the blue velvet ribbon that bound her hair, and clustered the rest in an appealing knot at her waist.

"I guess that'll give that hell-cat ingénue a run for her money," she remarked grimly. "Come here, Polly; you've got on too much. I said pale and interesting, but if you're going to use whitewash try the cellar. You can't look wistful and fading with a mouth like a red snake either. There, that's better."

She surveyed her handiwork critically. Paula, the prize vampire of Long Island, had suffered a sea change, and the result was amazingly attractive. Some kind friend had parted her dark hair neatly in the middle, banding it over her pretty ears in a way that even a Puritan might have regarded as unduly severe, and had slipped her into a mist-gray frock that actually trailed about her ankles, and veiled shoulders that had never felt the need of veiling before. The glittering panoply of jewels that generally went where Paula went had been ruthlessly discarded, and she was now chastely adorned with one square amethyst ring that might have belonged to a bishop, one long chain of amethyst beads that might have belonged to her grandmother, and one large bunch of single violets that might have belonged to an Edith Wharton heroine, and that matched her eyes in a highly workmanlike manner. She met the reluctantly approving gaze of the kind friend who had been her hairdresser, dressmaker, guide, mentor and common scold for the better part of a feverish hour, with a look compounded of decent gloom and frank apprehension.

"Well, I may look womanly, Joan, but, believe me, I certainly feel like hell."

"You look a whole lot worse than womanly, darling," Joan assured her grimly. "What you look is ladylike! If you feel as though you were going to break down, though, you can just feast your eyes on little Joan being such a dead ringer for Mother's Own Girl that you'll start hunting around for a swing and two darling little kittens. Babs, you traitor to your sex, where's that Dolly Varden rig I fixed up for you?"

"It made me feel so dog-goned uncomfortable, Joan," protested the guilty Babs humbly. "Honest it did. All those crazy puffs and bunches—I felt exactly as though I were climbing into the workbag that I got stung with last year in the raffle for Balkan babies."

"All right for you, my child! You might just as well order a shroud for your next party dress; from now on you're a dead one. Ever see anything more revolting to every fine instinct of an honest man than that orange outrage, Tolly?"

"It looks to me a good deal like the prettiest dress I ever saw in my life," replied that shameless renegade with ardent conviction. "And the girl in it looks exactly like the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life. I surely am glad that that dress lets an honest fellow see just how pretty she is!"

"Well, by golly!" cried the outraged vision in tulle. "Are you the little fellow that's been shouting around this whole island that the present generation of female vipers has gone and shot modesty and decency plumb to hell or aren't you?"

"I are; it just happens that I don't think that jolly-looking dress is indecent. You wear it that way because it's more comfortable, don't you, Babbie?"

"Of course I do," replied Babbie, her face one glow of gratitude for her brilliant interpreter.

"Help!" invoked Joan fervently. "What stopped you trying a one-piece bathing suit?"

"Oh, bunk!" The tone of the masculine arbiter of fashions was genially indignant. "There's nothing in the world the matter with that dress. It comes quite a lot below her knees—well, you needn't howl like that, it does come below her knees, doesn't it?—and it's made of good, heavy, respectable stuff, isn't it? A whole lot more respectable than that transparent thing you've got on anyway."

"Here!" interposed the statuesque Paula sharply, a sudden and poignant alarm added to the gloom of her alabaster countenance.

"Are you telling me that that's the kind of get-up that you men want? A yard and a half of orange crêpe de chine and two yards of pearls? Joan, I could murder you. The only garment in the world that you haven't put on me is ear muffs; you wouldn't even let me have clocks in my stockings. Listen, let me get out of this! I've got that new green crystal thing ——"

"Oh, keep quiet!" replied Joan with a harassed glare. "You haven't time to change a stitch! Anyway, you don't think I came over here in a get-up that makes Mary Pickford look like a vamp just to give Tolly a thrill, do you? He's so far gone he'd think that Babbie looked as

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beautiful as Aphrodite if she wore a Mother Hubbard, and as good as Little Eva if she wore a leopard skin. He's an entire and total loss as a critic, but he is not the only gentleman who has been wandering around for the last two weeks with one foot in the grave and the other in the nineteenth century. There are others!"

"Yes, and where are they?"

"Oh, they're still at Polly's, I suppose, having just one more round of the last case that Bob gave Polly for a birthday present. We walked right by them as though they were drinking soda water, didn't we, darling?"

"Yes," replied Paula gloomily.

"Bob yelled out to stick around and have some, but you ought to have heard Polly! You've got to hand it to her, that girl certainly cracked thought!"

"What'd she say?" inquired Tolly with interest.

"Recite your piece for the kind old gentleman, Polly!"

"I said, 'I don't see how you can stand that vile stuff. I'm sick of the sight of it. I never want to touch another drop as long as I live.'" Paula sighed heavily. "You know, honestly, Joan, I don't think that it's right to talk that way, even in fun. It's like tempting Providence."

"What did Bob say?" pursued Tolly indefatigably.

"He said, 'How do you get that way? If you've got anything better you can hand it over, otherwise you'd better not be so particular. This stuff here is pretty fair gin.'"

"You ought to have seen the expression on his face when Paula drawled out 'That's just the trouble, dear; it's gin!' and floated on out into the night." Joan's porcelain countenance was alight at the memory.

"It's the first real laugh I've had since this French curse blew into our midst two weeks ago come Wednesday. And by the way, is this a dinner party or isn't it? Where is the demon dove who's supposed to be our hostess?"

Babbie exchanged a rapid and guilty glance with Mr. Tolliver.

"Joan, I don't know whether to tell you about it or not; she was here when Tolly and I came in, talking to Rod."

"Here? Then for the Lord's sake where are they now? Did they go out on the terrace? Come on, wake up and get accurate—I'm hungry!"

"They aren't on the terrace. They aren't here at all. She—she went upstairs to get dressed, I think."

"Do you mean to tell me that she hadn't started to get dressed yet?"

"Oh, she'd started all right. She just hadn't finished."

"*What?*"

"Joan, I don't think that Babs ought to say any more about it," interposed Tolly hastily. "We got in here in a way that made it look as though we were practically eavesdropping; we rang and rang and no one answered, and so we walked right in on them like that, and I think it's none of our business and we ought to keep our mouths shut."

"Well, if you think you're going to get away with nothing but those few well-chosen words Pollyanna's a pessimist beside you, dearie!" replied Joan briskly and grimly. "Keep your mouths shut, will you? No fear, my lad! Come on, Babbie, hand out the lurid details or I'll go straight on upstairs and bang on that little vixen's door and tell her that you and Tolly say that you came across her and the ironclad brother in a situation too Gallic to bear repeating."

"Joan—Joan, listen! It wasn't anything like that at all—honestly, honestly! She was fighting as hard as she could to get away from Rod, because he was going to torture her to find out some secret she knew, he said ——"

"Yes, he did!"

"Yes, he did, I tell you—boiling oil and everything—and she grabbed something horrible and glittery away from him, and said she was going to kill herself because she isn't anything but a blight—and then she tore upstairs as though she'd gone crazy."

"You're the one that's gone crazy, darling. What do you think this is, a scenario contest?"

"I am not crazy!" protested Babbie feverishly. "I'm telling you the absolute exact truth, aren't I, Tolly?"

"Well, you're doing your best!" admitted Tolly cautiously.

"Then if it's the truth why didn't someone stop her?" demanded the skeptical Joan.

"Of course death's too good for her, but it probably would look better to the coroner if those present took a little active interest in what was going on!"

"Oh, Tolly said she didn't mean anything by it," Babbie explained comfortably. "Didn't you, Tolly?"

"Something like that," replied Tolly, a shade less cautiously.

Joan's jaw dropped so sharply that she raised her hand to it.

"Well, for ——"

"Maybe she's done it already," suggested Paula hopefully.

"Done what?"

"Killed herself."

"No such luck!" replied Joan, recovering her equilibrium with a jerk. "In about two minutes she'll come pitty-patting down these stairs like the black-hearted mouse she is ——"

"Joan, you ought to have seen her when we came in; it was so dark that you couldn't see very well, but she had on some kind of a foamy green thing that makes my new wrapper look like a Navajo blanket, and hair almost down to the ground, and eyes like—like—well, you won't believe it, but I swear that she looked beautiful! Didn't she, Tolly?"

"Don't bother Tolly—I believe it," said Joan gloomily. "I believe anything in heaven or earth that anyone tells me about that girl. If you say that she made Helen of Troy look like a nigger minstrel I'd just ——"

"Hi, what's the matter with the bell?" demanded a penetrating voice from the veranda, above a confusion of laughter and scuffling.

"Broke," returned Joan laconically. "Come on in, boys, everything's very lovely."

Mendoza and Grahame and Peter Leeds accepted the invitation promptly, with Rod following closely on their heels, immaculate in black and white, but a little wild about the eyes.

"Party over?" he demanded in a voice that was intended to convey an impression of careless ease.

"Nope; not started."

"Where's the hostess?"

"You ought to know," said Joan. "Babbie says she heard her telling you that she was going upstairs to kill herself."

"*What?*"

Peter shot the question at her as though it were a bullet from a revolver.

"Going—upstairs—to—kill—herself," drawled Joan coolly. "Upset your plans, Pete?"

"What you say—keel herself?" demanded Mendoza frantically.

"That's right—kill herself. You got it the first time, Ramon; next thing you know you'll be talking English!"

"Kill herself?" Grahame's incredulous cry rose above the clamor of voices. "Sarah Anne?"

From the gallery above the stairs a voice answered, a voice as silken-light as thistledown, but at its sound the clamor fell to silence.

"Who calls for Sarah Anne? She cannot come—she cannot come ever, monsieur; she was a most wicked, wicked girl, and now she is quite entirely dead like a doornail. Wait—you let me come down instead?"

"You—who are you?"

There was a brief pause after Rod's breathless question, and then a small sound—a sound too small to be a laugh; it was almost as though you could hear someone in the gallery smiling. After another minute the voice spoke again.

"Me? Me, I am Saranne! It is late—may I then, please, come down?"

"Please," said Rod, "come down!"

And suddenly she was standing at the head of the stairs, smiling down on the incredulous group in the hall below her, more radiant, more fantastic, more outrageous than any vision from any dream. She stood poised for a moment, the silver foam of her gown billowing wide about her, the little green jeweled flowers dancing and glittering against the brown lacquer of her hair, the little green jeweled slippers sparkling below the froth of her skirts, transparent as water to the knee. She waved a gay gesture of greeting to them with a fan consisting of one emerald-green feather so enormous that it must surely have adorned the tail of an unusually large roc, blew three kisses off the tip of it to the stupefied Babbie, shook out the shining mist of her skirts with a fine abandon, and floated down the long stairway as lightly and easily as though she were the blithe possessor of wings.

Those in the hall watched her coming with suspended breath and distended eyes; even when she had drifted to an airy halt beside them they continued to stand quite still, staring and speechless, much in the way that one may see a group of awe-stricken tots inspecting the lady snake charmer in the tent outside the circus. They looked appalled—and fascinated—and very, very young indeed.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

(Continued from Page 19)

into Mrs. Conyngham's hand. "What's the matter with you, Cyril? You look very serious. Indigestion?"

Cyril shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"My dear!" said Mrs. Conyngham, who had read the telegram. "But this is delightful, and two days sooner than you expected."

"What is it?" inquired Cyril sulkily. "A birth?"

"No, a marriage," said Leslie with a laugh. "Martyn's coming. To-day."

"Could have told you that. Chap here named Wedderton had a wire from him at lunch time."

A tiny frown appeared on Leslie's forehead as she opened the crumpled paper to read the hour of dispatch.

"How funny," said she. "I should have thought Martyn would have let me know first."

"I don't see why he should let you know at all," came the truculent rejoinder.

"Would you like me to tell you?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Conyngham, "he will probably call you a liar if you do."

"A liar?"

"I say, Les, it isn't true, is it?"

"That I'm engaged to Martyn? Of course."

"Then I call it a downright shame!"

(Continued on Page 38)

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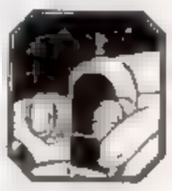

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(Continued from Page 36)

"Aren't you pleased?"

"My dear," Mrs. Conyngham besought, "take no notice of Cyril. He is in a bad mood. I have had to speak to him already. I cannot say how glad I am Mr. Saville is coming."

Which earned from Cyril the unmannerly response, "You're not going to marry him."

"Obviously not, but I shall ask his assistance in what I myself have failed to accomplish."

"Oh, no, you won't," said Leslie severely.

"I haven't a notion what you're talking about, but Martyn is not going to be mixed up in other people's affairs. He's burned his fingers far too often doing that. I'd have married him years ago if he hadn't always been getting into mischief."

"That's rot," Cyril broke in. "You were in love with me."

"Oh, oh!" said Leslie. "I wasn't."

"Yes, you were."

And out of the desert came a voice crying, "Cyril, be silent."

"No good denying it, you were," he went on with gathering velocity. "S'pose you've forgotten that night in Yorkshire when you kissed me?"

"I haven't," was the honest reply. "But I've always kissed you—ever since you wore Toby collars. I'd kiss you now if you weren't making such a horrible face."

"That night," Cyril insisted, "you kissed me in a different way."

"Only because your hair was untidy; it made you look like a baby."

"That's not true. You don't know what a kiss means to a man."

"The least said on that subject the better," said Mrs. Conyngham.

But Cyril was thoroughly wound up and nothing would stay him now until his spring ran down. The plausible veneer peeled off him in strips and the coarse grain of his nature stood nakedly revealed.

"I object to you marrying Martyn Saville; object to you marrying anyone but me."

"And I object to marrying you," said Leslie. "Please don't be silly, Cyril; there was never any talk of our marrying each other."

"That's utter rot. You knew I wanted you—must have known. You don't want me just because I happened to be always on the spot! Gad! If I'd gone gallivanting after anyone else you'd have whistled me back fast enough."

Mrs. Conyngham choked violently and explained that she had swallowed a mosquito.

"I hope you get malaria," said Cyril.

There was a warning light in Leslie's eyes and two bright spots of pink on her cheeks.

"You have lost your temper," said she.

"I have with a good reason."

"I can lose mine too, you know, with rude little boys."

"Lose it," replied Cyril wildly. "I don't care. And you can marry your Martyn Saville. I shan't compete. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"Good-by," said Leslie as though it were an afternoon party.

"Where are you going?" demanded Mrs. Conyngham.

"Fishing."

"Don't get your feet wet," said Leslie.

Cyril clenched his hands viciously and swinging round walked straight into the arms of Martyn Saville.

And Martyn did not look in the least like an ardent lover.

xx

MARTYN'S first words as he came thus unexpectedly into the presence of his long-deprived beloved were "Damn your eyes!"

It was unfortunate. A lover's obligations are clear; his dialogue at greeting has been written by the wisdom of the ages. He should say, "Oh, my dear dearest dear!" No more; but his eyes should be eloquent, they should speak of a million kisses and his arms should be willing for embrace. The trifling consideration of publicity should be ignored, the rest of the world have no existence. First impressions are of tremendous importance.

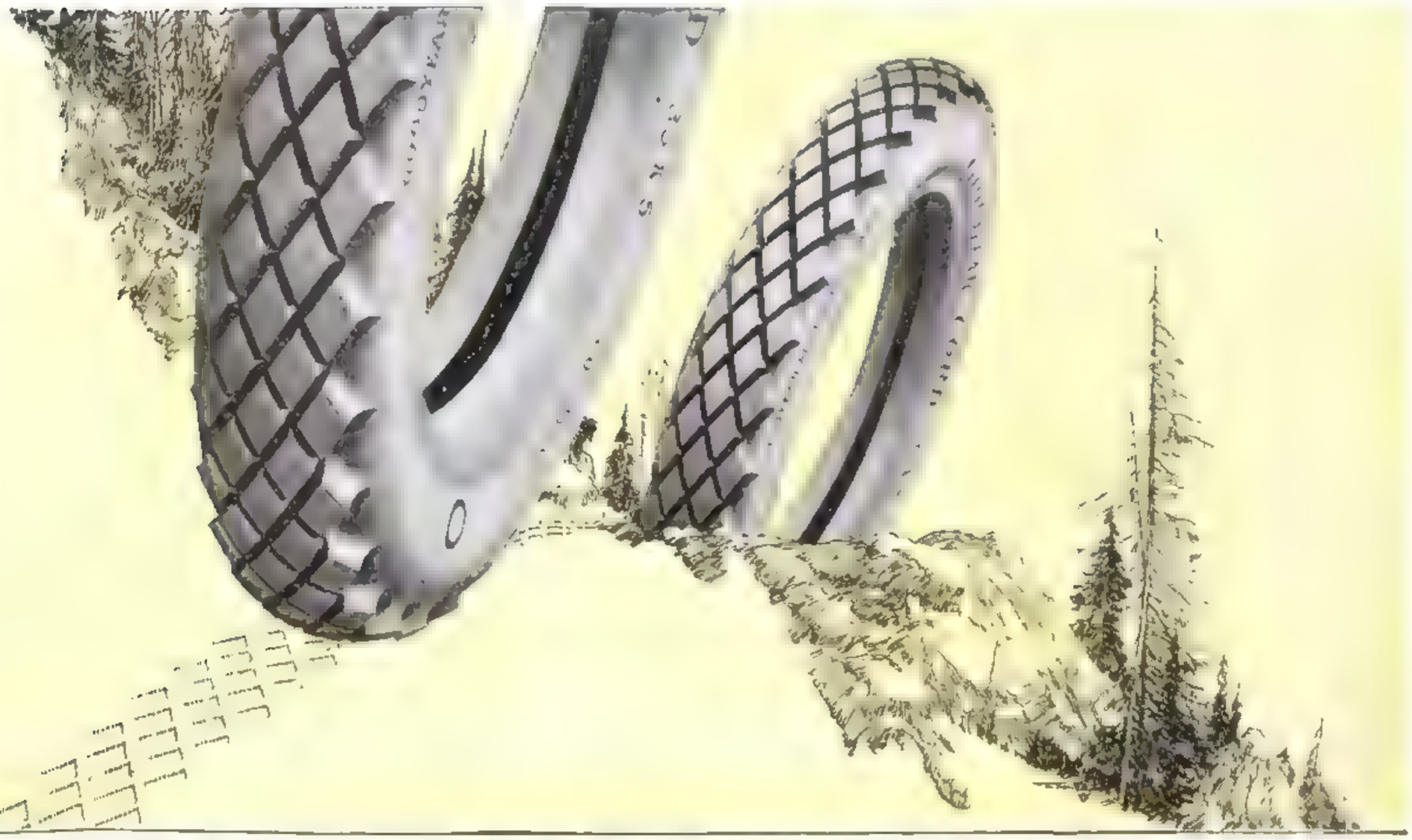
But Martyn was fatigued by travel and weary for lack of sleep. His eyes were strained through long hours at the wheel, his clothes gray with the dust of straight French roads, and his brain tormented by the theft of the plans. He was in no mood to be barged into by an ill-conditioned youth. Wherefore he said "Damn your eyes!" and said it with feeling.

Cyril, whose temper was already at boiling point, offered no word of apology. Mrs. Conyngham was slightly shocked, and Leslie frankly disappointed.

It is true Martyn was quick to recover himself, but the damage was done. His arrival was a failure. The enthusiastic "Leslie, old thing!" that he discharged barely scored an outer on the target. Leslie gave him her hand instead of her lips. She asked what sort of a journey he

(Continued on Page 40)

Innocence Was Abroad and Otto Von Weisenberg Reeloed Under its Spell



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PORCH SHADES

(Continued from Page 38)

had had instead of saying how ripping it was to see him. The spirit of the frozen mitt brooded heavily over the scene.

Mrs. Conyngham confided her finger tips to Martyn and watched the retreating form of Cyril.

Martyn looked from one to the other and with faultless precision misfired with his second barrel.

"This is fine, what? Hadn't an idea I should find you here. Told me in the hotel you were out. Leslie! My Gad!" turning to Mrs. Conyngham, "doesn't she look wonderful?"

Mrs. Conyngham assented gravely.

"Martyn," said Leslie, "if you didn't expect to meet us, who were you looking for?"

"Chap named Wedderton," he replied. "I was hoping to get a word with him pretty quickly."

"I see." Leslie bit a very small piece of her lip. "Important?" she queried.

It was clearly impossible to confide to anyone the disastrous happenings of recent days. That part of his life and all its tributary interests were conducted under a seal of secrecy.

"Not particularly. I just wanted to see him."

"He's an old friend. I've heard you speak of him before."

"Yes: known each other some years."

"That was why you sent him a wire announcing your arrival before sending me one."

Martyn stared.

"How do you know I wired?"

"The man met Cyril and told him."

"Then he is here?" Martyn almost shouted.

"I imagine he must be."

He looked round quickly.

"Then listen here, old girl, do forgive me if I chase off and try and round him up. You see—er—well, it's rather difficult to explain."

"Why bother?" she suggested.

"I know it looks queer, but it's just one of those silly things that—er ——"

"Aren't a bit important but must be done at once."

"That's it. You won't think me rude, Mrs. Conyngham?"

"My dear boy, my own life is made up of things that have to be done at once, and to the best of my belief I have never neglected a single one of them. When you have finished your business with Mr. Wedderton I should be glad of a moment with you myself."

"Rather! That'll be fine. Leslie, dear, I'm looking forward to hours with you."

"Yes," said Leslie, "I know; but they'll have to keep, won't they?"

"I'll be as quick as I can," said Martyn, and added in a voice for Leslie, "Oh, I've missed you, my sweet!"

"You're a bad Martyn," she said, "and I didn't know how bad until now. Run along."

"You're not angry with me?"

"I'm not very pleased."

"Then give me one of those white flowers you're wearing—as a sign of forgiveness."

"Which would seem to argue," said Leslie, as she broke off a white carnation and slipped it in his buttonhole, "that there is something to forgive. Have you got a pin? It's a short stalk and you'll lose it."

"Lose it?" he repeated, taking her hand in his and kissing the tips of her fingers with such sudden fervor that Mrs. Conyngham, who did not approve of any kind of demonstration, turned away and felt positively sick.

XXI

GEORGE WEDDERTON was not to be found in the hotel. A waiter, who seemed to take an unaccountable interest in Martyn and fussed around him with wearisome attentiveness, suggested the winter garden and the terrace as likely places for a gentleman to be found smoking a pipe. He offered to accompany Martyn in the search, and commented with polite appreciation upon the flower in his coat.

"Dese carnaish was ver' pretty," he observed. "Monsieur has just arrifed, don't it? He come from ——"

"Timbuktu," replied Martyn, "and I lost my conversation on the way."

He declined Andrea's offer to accompany him, and strode off alone.

The terrace was a stretch of gravel with trees in little tubs and a stone balustrade with a flight of steps leading down to the sea. It was deserted, but in the gardens below Martyn saw Cyril Conyngham walking at the side of a beautifully dressed girl; as he watched, the girl slipped a white-gloved hand through Cyril's arm and smiled up at him ravishingly.

Martyn whistled softly to himself and turned away along an avenue of cypresses leading to the back of the hotel. A turn in the path brought him into the presence of a man seated on an iron chair apparently absorbed in the contemplation of a number of luggage labels. At Martyn's approach he slipped them in a side pocket and looked up innocently. It was George Wedderton and, seeing Martyn, his features relaxed into a grin of welcome.

"'Lo, old fellar," said he. "This is fine."

"I was thinking exactly the same myself," replied Martyn stonily. "It's great luck meeting in this quiet corner." And his hand went slowly toward his back pocket.

George Wedderton's eyes narrowed, but the lines of humor at the corners of his mouth deepened. He held up a warning finger.

"One second," said he. "The experiences of a not uncheckered career persuade me to believe that you are going to pull out a pistol and point it at me."

"Quite correct," said Martyn, and the blue barrel of an automatic lined up with the center of George's forehead.

George Wedderton laughed.

"If that went off," said he, "I shouldn't have much opportunity of explaining, so for everyone's sake put it back in your pocket and let's have a chow."

But Martyn was not in an obedient mood.

"You bluffed me very successfully the other night," said he. "And I'm not looking for an encore. So if it's all one, you'll answer a few questions under cover."

George's smile expanded.

"Martyn," he implored, "don't be an ass. Surely you ain't idiot enough to believe I've double-crossed you."

"It looks uncommonly like it."

"It was meant to," said George. "So I can afford to smile."

"I should say you could afford quite a lot on that two thousand quid," said Martyn.

George laughed uproariously.

"Shove that pistol out of sight and join in the joke," he begged. "You don't begrudge me my little emolument for swinging it on the opposition? Honestly I worked damned hard to earn it. And what virtue would my labors have had if the inventor, the general manager and the detective staff of Diplock, Mathews & Brandling had gone about as if nothing had happened? The whole essence of the show was to display the lot of you under the influence of a vertical breeze. After all, I don't see why you should mind them having a tracing of your original design. They are pretty certain to break their necks on it at the trials. With regard to the new design—well, I shoved that behind a bookcase while the camera was clicking."

Martyn's pistol had dropped to his side.

"Then you mean to say ——" he began.

"'Course I do, and I did you the credit of believing you'd tumble."

"Yes, but everybody thinks ——"

"Not everybody. I put my chief wise as I came through London early yesterday, and he handed in the dope to the Ministry. That's why they betray mere official gloom."

"Come on," said Martyn enthusiastically, "let's have the whole yarn."

George explained laconically, as was his habit.

"Then the tracing?" Martyn asked.

"It's here somewhere at this hotel, I believe. Arrived little after two. I went down to the station to meet it. You see this sort of thing travels by relays. I saw the fellar who had it. The third relay—Number Three—got out of the Southern Express, and a minute or two later got back again. He mixed himself up in a crowd and I failed to see who he passed it to. The exchange must have been rather neat."

"I see; and this last fellar takes it on to the ——"

"Thirteenth Communal? No, not in this case. I happen to know that a man—call him Number Five—left Moscow yesterday. Got some wireless information about his departure and have an idea I'm acquainted with the chap. 'T any rate I'm certain he's on this job. He's a big noise in the Bolshie underworld."

"Wait a bit," said Martyn. "Left Moscow, you say? Is he a chap called Otto Weisenberg?"

"Yes. Know him?"

"I don't, but Butterwick got it out of the little cashier that he was starting."

George Wedderton sprang to his feet.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "You haven't interfered with dear Otto, have you?"

"Rather afraid Butterwick has arranged a little setback to his journey."

"Oh Lord!" invoked George Wedderton. "Here's a thing! Broken my chain—my beautiful gold Albert, hall-marked in every link, and I had mothered 'em so carefully."

"Does it matter?"

"'Course it does! I want to know who's got the tracing here and who'll carry it on. Besides, the whole essence of the thing was that they shouldn't know we knew. Still, it can't be helped."

"Then I suppose whoever has it now will carry it on to Moscow?"

"Imagine so."

"Then I can't see that it matters a lot," said Martyn, rising. "For my own part I'm happy as a sandboy. Let's go and have a quick one on the strength of it."

It was Andrea Negretti who served them with an execrably mixed cocktail which to Martyn in his blissful frame of mind tasted like nectar

"To tell the truth," said he when Andrea had retired to repeat the order, "I was more knocked over this business than I care to own. To know that it's all good and gay makes one kind of grateful. Tell you what, George, old seed, I'm a lucky blighter. One of Fortune's favored, and all that sort of thing. Here's fun!" He raised his replenished glass. "I'm engaged to the biggest darling that ever lived, I haven't a care in the world, and if I don't make an offering to the high gods—if I don't show my gratitude in some substantial way —— No, not for me; two's plenty. I didn't have any lunch and this absinth they chuck in plays the devil on an empty stomach."

"Where are you off to?" demanded George.

"I'm going to live," said Martyn, and retired with a wave of the hand.

XXII

THE lover who behaves amiss must look out for chastisement. Indeed, he need not look out, for it will certainly be found without search. That he may have made amends makes no difference. In due course he will be forgiven, but the course must be covered first.

Leslie Kavanagh was too little to allow herself to be overlooked, and too great to allow herself to be belittled. At their very first meeting Martyn had deserted her without the production of a reasonable excuse, and though inwardly she sensed an excusable reason it was not good enough to deny him the application of discipline. She knew that as soon as his business was transacted Martyn would hasten to her side. It would do him good, therefore, to remove herself from reach of his addresses and leave him alone and disconsolate to ponder a while upon sins and omissions.

A maiden's bedchamber is her sanctuary, and thither after some small interval Leslie repaired to conduct her maneuver. As she passed through the lounge she was attracted by the sound of voices and, looking toward the window, beheld Martyn and George in cheerful conversation. Martyn's eyes were bright and his mien was one of gladness. What he said was out of earshot, but he waved a glass in his hand and would seem to be toasting his companion.

"Oh!" said Leslie, and marched up the stairs with head erect.

Generations of wisdom have educated women to bear with fortitude neglect by mankind at the summons of business, but when that business proves itself to be no more than a mere ruse for having a couple, a different complexion is put upon affairs. Leslie, who had determined to quarantine herself from the circling arms of love for half an hour, promptly extended the separation order until dinnertime, and even contemplated coming down to table with a headache such as would require an early retirement to bed.

Thus when Martyn in the gladness of his heart set forth to find her he found her not. Being young and ardent he left no stone unturned and severally visited every corner and nook and summerhouse in the gardens, to the distress and embarrassment of many. Misfortune at last confronted him with the Honorable Mrs. Conyngham, seated erect upon a semicircular stone seat and wearing the expression of a sorrowful sphinx.

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40)

"Mr. Saville," said she, "do me the kindness to give me your attention for one moment."

"I was looking for Leslie," he countered.

"Leslie is lying down. She has been upset."

"But, good heavens! I know it was bad luck my having to dash off ——"

"From quite a different reason," Mrs. Conyngham interposed. "Do not let us discuss it."

"If she is ill ——" he began.

"Mr. Saville, you are a man of the world; you have a reputation for kindness and good sense."

"That's nice to hear, but ——"

"I wished to speak to you about Cyril."

"Er—now?" he asked.

"If you please."

There was no escape. He seated himself at her side.

"Cyril has got himself into grave difficulty."

"Financial?"

"Feminine."

"Ho!" said Martyn. "That'll burn itself out."

"I fear not. The fire would appear to be spreading, or rather bursting out in a new place."

"Who's the lady?"

"The woman's name is Ferraros."

"What? The dancer? Alma? Cyril in love with La Belle Ferraros? Not very original of him, is it?"

"The odd thing," said Mrs. Conyngham, "is that he declares he is not in love with her."

"Well, he ought to know."

"It is a lie—a subterfuge. I found them kissing this afternoon."

Martyn smothered a laugh.

"Poor dears," he murmured.

"When people's ardor is so great that they kiss in public it is high time to do something."

"It may be," said Martyn warily, "but honestly I don't see what I can do."

"I want you to wrestle with Cyril. My own protests are wasted. Now you, as a man of the world ——"

"Yes," Martyn admitted, "but it's a delicate thing to come between a fellow and his girl. Generally does more harm than good. Besides," and he touched his shoulder, still sore from the bullet wound, "I'm a little reluctant to embark on anything of the kind."

"Of course," said Mrs. Conyngham in an empty tone, "if you refuse to help me there is no more to be said."

Martyn protested that nothing was further from his thoughts.

"Help in any way I can; but wouldn't it be better to get at him yourself—quite quietly?"

"It would be useless. If once I betrayed the smallest affection for Cyril he would trade upon it to the end of my life."

"Oh, surely not!"

"You do not know Cyril as I do. He is entirely selfish. He would go to any lengths to gain his own ends."

Martyn shook his head and smiled indulgently.

"After all," he said, "he's no more than a youngster; he is bound to come a few croppers. I think the best we can do is to turn our heads discreetly until he picks himself up again."

And having delivered this profound and generous philosophy he rose to his feet with a view to escape.

Mrs. Conyngham was quick to realize that since she had failed to arouse his interest by a straightforward exposition, subtler methods would have to be adopted.

"I doubt, Mr. Saville," said she, holding up a restraining hand, "if you would hold so lenient a view were you in possession of the full facts. It is my painful duty to tell you that when taxed with his association with this woman Cyril responded by pretending he was in love with Leslie."

In an instant Martyn was transformed.

"You don't mean ——"

"He actually made love to her, and, I may add, he was not unaware of her engagement to you."

"I see," said Martyn grimly. "Yes—yes. That rather alters things. The young rotter! H'm! I fancy if his pride got a bump it 'ud do Cyril a bit of good. S'pose that's the reason Leslie is lying down."

"I can think of no other."

"H'm!" He bit his forefinger thoughtfully. "I might have a few words with Master Cyril now. Is this woman down here?"

"She is staying at this hotel," Mrs. Conyngham shivered.

"I see—I see. Yes." His expression lightened at the arrival of a sudden idea. "Yes, by Gad. By Gad, yes!"

"What are you thinking?"

"Was thinking of a verse of Browning's that just fits the case."

Mrs. Conyngham shook her head.

"I doubt," said she, "if a recitation would alter Cyril's course."

"No, no, but we might suppose a lady of Ferraros' notoriety would fly at bigger game than Cyril. How's the thing go?"

He started to pace up and down, tapping his forehead and contracting his brows.

"I've got it!

"When she crossed his path with her hunting-noose,
And over him drew her net

"Then some more which I don't remember. Then:

"And before my friend be wholly hers,
How easy to prove to him, I said,
An eagle's the game her pride prefers,
Though she snaps at a wren instead!

"See the idea? No, 'course you don't, but I do. Here, trot along to the hotel and dress for dinner, and I'll round up Cyril and have a word with him."

Mrs. Conyngham put out her hand, and Martyn was astonished to see a real tenderness in her expression.

"Mr. Saville, I am placing my trust entirely in you. If Cyril can be brought to see the error of his ways you will have earned my real gratitude. I have never told anyone this, but I love Cyril—deeply."

"I'm sure you do."

She made haste to efface any signs of emotion.

"And because of that I hope you will be absolutely merciless until this obsession is destroyed. I would only ask that we keep this matter entirely to ourselves, that it remains a secret between you and me."

"Sure." She sniffed.

"You have undertaken a very beautiful work, Mr. Saville, and I only trust you may be rewarded as you deserve."

With a quick pressure of the fingers she turned and retreated hastily, leaving Martyn rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

"I only trust," he murmured to himself, "that I haven't landed myself in a damn silly mess."

But he had.

XXIII

The eagle am I, with my fame in the world,
The wren is he, with his maiden face.
—Browning.

IN THE American bar of the La Rhone Hotel, Martyn Saville ran Cyril Conyngham to earth. He found that young gentleman drowning blighted hopes in a succession of gin-and-bitters. A count of empty glasses proved that he was coming up for the third if probably not the last time. In his attitude a touch of bravado, and in his eye a go-to-hell look which embraced mankind. At Martyn's approach he looked him up and down scornfully, as might a duelist, and called on him to name a poison.

Martyn, whose knowledge of toxicology was small, named a whisky-and-soda.

"Double double and splash," said Cyril to the white-coated attendant, and added, "That's the sort of man I am."

Martyn could not check a smile. "After all," he reflected, "he's just a kid, and really it's a shame to take the money."

But it was Cyril's next remark that reenforced his original intention.

"Suppose you imagine I'm going to congratulate you?"

"If you don't mind," said Martyn rather warningly, "it 'ud be healthier if you didn't."

"Wasn't going to, anyway."

"Capital," said Martyn with an effort to recover his good will.

"Drink up and have 'nuther—might's well."

"No, thanks," Martyn replied with a shake of the head. Then to the attendant: "You ought to christen that whisky the Walter Raleigh brand. He was the fellar who discovered potatoes. Come outside and have a fag, Cyril."

"Damned if I care," retorted Cyril desperately, and allowed himself to be led to the veranda. "Though I give you fair warning," he added as he sank in a deck chair, "I'm in no mood for good advice."

"That's all right," said Martyn. "Haven't any in stock."

(Continued on Page 45)

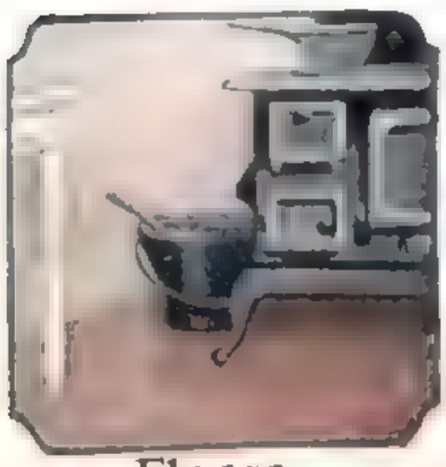
Five spots where germs may lurk

In Sinks and Drains

The Garbage Pail

Dark Corners

Toilet Bowls



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(Continued from Page 42)

They kept silence for a space. Presently: "Cyril, you're a sport. Care for a bet?"

"Go on."

"Happened to see you with a girl half an hour ago; someone I recognized."

"Yes, and you happen to have talked to the aunt since."

"She talked to me."

"Same thing. Now look here, Saville, let me tell you this: I'm old enough to choose my own friends and to know their worth."

"Yes, old fellar, but—er—are you quite sure of the worth? What I'm getting at is this: Madame Ferraros I haven't any doubt is a dear, and all that, but you must admit she hasn't a reputation for constancy. There was young Phillimore, who came a mucker over her. That fellar—what's his name—in the Buffs. Some French count who shot himself, and half a dozen others."

"I fancy I know more about her affections than you do."

"Not a doubt, but it'd be an almighty pity if you got in a mess over an affair that has no future to it."

"Oh, quit it, Martyn."

"I'll lay odds if someone more eligible showed up she'd throw you over like an old hat."

Cyril sat up abruptly and fixed Martyn with a look of interest.

"Someone more eligible?" he repeated. "Chap like yourself, for instance?"

"I didn't say myself."

"No," Cyril laughed, "you'd hardly have the neck for that."

It was a direct challenge—and Martyn rose to it beautifully.

"Suppose I did. Suppose you introduced me as a man with a bit of reputation and pots of money, and suppose I proved my case, would you give her up?"

Cyril chuckled to himself.

"According to you," said he, "she'd do that part. But all this is hot air, Martyn, and you know it."

"Would you give her up?"

Cyril rose and looked rather tragic. He had earned praise as an amateur actor.

"If you can persuade little Ferraros to smoke a cigarette in your private sitting room at twelve to-night, then I'd know she isn't the girl I believe her to be."

Martyn frowned.

"That's going rather far," he began.

"If you're scared of taking a chance! Wouldn't have suggested it if I thought you were likely to induce her."

Martyn got out of his chair and the white carnation he was wearing fell unnoticed to the ground.

"Taken," he said, "if you'll give me your word to show up at my room at twelve precisely."

Cyril nodded.

"I'll be there," said he, "and damn lonely you'll get waiting for me."

"This is between ourselves," said Martyn.

"Naturally."

"Shake hands."

"Thanks, I'd rather not. If you hang on here I'll see if I can find her"

"Right"

As Cyril turned away there was a curious expression at the corners of his mouth.

"Poor old Martyn!" he muttered.

Martyn was talking to George Wedderton when he returned with Alma Ferraros.

"Want to introduce a friend of mine," said he.

"What now?" replied Martyn brusquely.

"It's a lady, my dear chap."

But Martyn Saville did not even look at Alma Ferraros.

"Presently," said he, and taking George by the arm marched him off in earnest conversation.

"D'you mind telling me," George inquired when they were out of earshot, "whether that was a sample of your usual manners?"

"It was not," came the reply. "It was a stunt. Sorry I can't explain. Good-by, old fellar. I'm going back."

Alma was furious.

"That is the rudest man I have ever seen," she declared.

Cyril gloomily admitted that Martyn Saville was a bit eccentric, although at heart an excellent fellow, with more money than he knew what to do with.

"It doesn't alter my opinion," said Alma.

"He didn't seem to take a fancy to you," observed Cyril. "Though I dare say he'd unbend a bit if you took the trouble."

"I do not propose to take the trouble."

"That's a pity, 'cause he's of our party, and if you insist in tacking onto me you're sure to see a lot of him."

At this point Martyn returned and said, "Yes! What was it you wanted?"

Cyril explained, and made a hurried introduction.

"How de do?" said Martyn shortly. "Cyril, time to change, isn't it? Mrs. Conyngham was looking for you. I'll entertain Madame Ferraros."

"Right," said Cyril. "I'll toddle off."

And ignoring Alma's protest he retreated with a wave of the hand.

Alma waited just long enough to look Martyn up and down, then she inclined her head and said, "Good evening."

"Good evening," replied Martyn absently.

She came back and stamped her foot.

"Is it your intention, Mr. Saville, to be rude to me?"

"Yes, I think so," he answered.

"May I inquire why?"

"Certainly. I'm not at all pleased with you. I think you are behaving very badly indeed. Disgracefully."

"Mr. Saville!"

"It astonishes me that a woman of your brilliance can find satisfaction in stealing chickens."

"Stealing chickens?"

"What else can you call young Conyngham?"

"How dare you! You speak as though I were an old woman."

"So you are—in knowledge—older than the world, and not half so kind."

"What do you know about me?"

"Everything."

"We have never met before."

"Hundreds of times."

Alma pondered, and her cheeks fired as realization came.

"How dare you! You speak to me as though I were an—an ordinary person."

"It'll do you good," said Martyn. "I once tackled a job on the coast, and for two years the natives treated me as though I were a purple emperor. Did me all the good in the world to be treated like an average ass when I got home again."

The thin veneer of foreign accent departed from Alma's tone, and she spoke as years before she was accustomed to speak in the Mile End Road.

"What yer driving at, anyway? Can please myself, can't I?"

"Not with children. 'Tisn't fair."

"Men like me too," she said.

"Then why waste yourself on an infant?"

She looked at him, head tilted and a smile creeping in at the corners of her mouth.

"Must have some amusement. Damn dull here!"

"Any port in a storm," he suggested.

"You've a poor opinion of me, haven't you?"

"Not at all. In your way you are perfect—complete. You could neither be improved upon nor redeemed."

She laughed, for what he said had the insolence she most admired. The man was vastly more entertaining than the average sycophant who tugged at her apron strings.

"You're rather a joke, Mr. Saville."

"Thought you'd find that out."

"Staying here long?"

"Possibly, but my intentions vary."

He became suddenly aware of the volume of Browning tucked under her arm. Its presence in such company was astonishing.

"Good heavens! You don't read Browning!" he exclaimed.

Instantly her attitude became defensive.

"Why wouldn't I?"

"There are several reasons why you should. As it happens, I was quoting from that very book this afternoon."

"Oh!"

"A verse very applicable to yourself and Cyril. Let me repeat a line or two:

"'A shame,' said I, 'if she adds just him
To her nine-and-ninety other spoils,
The hundredth for a whim!'

"Give me the book. I'll read the rest."

"No, thank you," said Alma, backing away. "I—I do not care for poetry in the daytime." She was obviously embarrassed and tried to hide it with a smile. "Read it to-night."

"I shall be dining with my friends."

"Afterwards?" she suggested.

"We are not likely to break up till eleven or later."

"Afterwards?" she repeated, and the innocent look in her eyes was very wicked indeed.

"Very well," he said. "I have a private sitting room. Come there at twelve o'clock if you will."

The words were no sooner spoken than he regretted them. He might argue that the assignation was made with the loftiest motives, but was it wise for a man who was engaged to the sweetest girl in the world to plan a clandestine meeting with a naughty one? The thought was unsettling, and on the top of it a wandering hand to the lapel of his coat revealed the fact that the white carnation Leslie had given him was missing. Forgetful of all other considerations he swiveled round and began to search.

"Have you lost something?" said Alma.

"Yes," he replied.

"Important?"

"To me—very."

He saw a flash of white by a grass border a few feet away, hastened to the spot, picked up the flower and put it back in his coat. When he turned, it was to find Alma staring at him with wide-open eyes.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered, her gaze never shifting from the white carnation.

She looked much less dangerous now—more human—and she seemed to be waiting for Martyn to speak. A generous impulse persuaded him to say, "And about that boy—come now, what are your plans?"

It was the signal, and recognizing it Alma gave a gasp of relief.

"To think I hadn't guessed!" she exclaimed. "You must have thought me a fool, Mr. Saville, but really you were to blame. Here, take the book." And she thrust it unceremoniously into his hand.

"This is very jolly of you," said Martyn, turning it over in perplexity. "Why do you give me this?"

"Stupid! What you want is inside."

"Yes, I know ——"

"'Course you do. Better not wait any longer. But you'll be there to-night? You are not going at once?"

"I suppose I shall be there," he answered dully.

"Good! I shall be circumspect, never fear. It will be pleasant to meet again."

He had turned away when she recalled him with the words, "But there is something you have not told me—something I should know. Your number."

"My number?" repeated Martyn, thoroughly mystified. "Oh, I see what you mean." He half pulled a hotel key from his pocket and absently examined the figures stamped on the disk. "Thirteen," said he.

"Then *au 'soir*, Thirteen, till twelve o'clock. You haven't asked me, but my number is thirty-three."

"Is it?" said Martyn, and retired with a blush.

XXIV

WE DEAL now with the little setback arranged by Butterwick for the reception of the messenger from Moscow. Otto von Weisenberg had not served for nothing in the Imperial Army of the Great Deposed One. Many and various had been his conquests in fields of gallantry, maidens of high and low degree succumbing to the mastery of his eye and splendid swagger of his mien.

It would be doing no injustice to Otto to admit that women were his hobby. In pursuing this hobby along unwilling channels during the great advance in 1914, he lost the sight of his right eye. The owner of the hatpin which performed the operation was very properly placed against a wall and shot, and Otto von Weisenberg, who was present at the execution, saw it very nicely with his left. He did not complain of the loss, neither did he repair his ways of life. He saw things, if possible, in a more distorted light, that was all. The disability he had suffered denied him a continuance of military service; accordingly he accepted a post at the Königgrätzerstrasse, where as a spy he earned undying fame. There were eccentric attractions in Otto von Weisenberg's nature; he would hesitate no more to take a man's life than a woman's honor.

At the downfall of his own country he shifted his activities to Bolshevist Russia and was deeply appreciated. A vast amount of the revolutionary propaganda which has drilled like a woodworm into the fabric of once stable nations was the result of his active organization. He had been christened The Important One, and the title was not unearned. Every now and then he personally supervised a particular operation, especially if it should be conducted in agreeable environs. A few days in the south of France made a pleasing change

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from the stern conditions of life in Moscow. Moreover, the present case was one upon which enormous possibilities depended.

The journey had passed tediously enough. His fellow passengers were persons of no distinction and the changing scenery was too familiar to excite either admiration or interest. He spent the long hours thinking and smoking a particular brand of Russian tobacco, which he rolled into cigarettes. It was curious to note that he never used matches, but lit them from paper spills, which he dipped into the flame of a candle. When traveling he invariably carried a candle in a small protected case which he hung on the upholstery at his elbow.

About fifty miles from the French frontier a girl entered his compartment and tumbled into the seat before him. She carried a heavy Gladstone bag, she wore a pigtail, was very much out of breath, had on a pair of cotton gloves and looked like Mary Pickford.

Innocence was abroad and Otto von Weisenberg revived under its spell. He hoisted the bag into the rack, asked her taste as to open windows or closed, and gave assurance that she was in the right part of the train.

Isobel Butterwick was breathlessly grateful. She put her head out of the carriage window and waved frantic farewells to someone behind the barrier; she lost her pocket handkerchief doing so; she relapsed into her seat and sniffed, real tears ran down her cheeks and her nose behaved awkwardly. Otto presented Isobel with a perfectly clean and folded silk kerchief to relieve the situation.

"Leave-takings are always sad," said he. "Mademoiselle has come from school?"

Isobel admitted that this was so, and wept into a copy of Firelight Friends.

Otto was enchanted.

From his dispatch box he produced a carton of chocolate and proceeded to invest her with silver medals.

Isobel was delighted and when she had devoured more than her share of chocolate she amused herself by covering an English penny with the tinfoil wrappers and pretending it was half a crown.

A more enchanting display of ingenuousness could not have been imagined. To inspire confidence Otto performed some very agreeable tricks with a pack of patience cards, at which Isobel, now restored to cheerfulness, clapped her hands delightedly. In such wise are friendships made.

At the next stop the only other passenger in the compartment got out. So that was quite satisfactory too.

Otto von Weisenberg moved from his seat and occupied the one next to Isobel.

"It is cold," said he, "and thus you will be able to share my rug."

Isobel thanked him with her eyes and said he was very very nice to have met and that she was sure her poor aunt, who was ill, or otherwise she wouldn't be returning to England but would have joined such a jolly party at Davos for the holidays, would like him awfully; that lots of people didn't like foreigners, but she did because they were always very polite and sweet and much politer than the people in the Midlands, who were rude sometimes and never even opened doors although she could easily open them herself, but it was nicer to have it done for you, and the same about getting up when one came into the room, which was silly, of course, but made one feel one was somebody, and passing things at table too.

Otto agreed with all she said and contributed a word in derogation of English manners but in praise of England's maidens.

"And as for helping one with luggage or anything like that," she prattled on, "it wouldn't even cross their minds."

She stopped for sheer lack of breath.

"Mademoiselle will be changing into the Paris Express at the frontier?"

Isobel nodded.

"Ah! For my own part I go south. But I trust I may be permitted to escort you to your new carriage. A man is a help where porters are concerned."

"Oh, but I haven't any luggage really, except my bag, and I wouldn't trust that to anyone."

"Indeed?"

"H'm! It's got something inside it."

Otto looked very grave.

"Contraband?"

"No. I wonder if I ought to tell you."

"Keep your secret," said he

"No, I'll tell 'cause you're so kind. It's alive"

"Astonishing!" he gasped.

"It's a wee white mouse. I call him Thumb 'cause he's so little. Promise you won't give me away?"

Otto promised very solemnly.

"It would be a privilege," he declared, "to be allowed to carry Thumb and put him and his house in your new carriage."

"Oh, if you would do that!"

"It shall be done."

"I don't know how I shall ever be able to thank you," exclaimed Isobel, blinking very fast indeed.

Otto von Weisenberg fixed a monocle in his glass eye and looked extremely captivating with the other.

"My dear young lady," he protested, "thank me as you would thank an elder brother. Let us, I suggest, share the kiss of friendship."

Isobel dropped her head into her shoulders like a tortoise.

"Now you are being sil-lee!" she giggled.

"I assure you ——"

"But to kiss anybody is awfully sil-lee."

This kind of thing was all very well, but Otto felt it had gone on long enough. A change of diet was clearly indicated. He possessed himself of the maiden's hand and caressed it lightly.

"Oh, look!" she cried, drawing it away and pointing. "Look! Your funny little candle is going out, and all the grease is dropping down the side. You will be scolded by the guard."

The engine whistled and the train entered a tunnel. Very dexterously Otto switched off the electric light with his shoulder, leaving them in darkness. Then he turned and put out his arms to draw the palpitating maiden to his breast. But oddly enough the maiden was not there, and when a little later the train ran out into the white light of day he saw her sitting in the far corner of the carriage drawing pigs with her forefinger on a breathy window pane.

"My cousin taught me this game," she said. "It's awful fun drawing in the dark and trying to put the eye in the right place. Haven't I given him a wiggly tail?"

Otto von Weisenberg stroked his thin lips in disappointed silence, and the train pulled up with a jerk. They had arrived, a circumstance which plunged Isobel into great confusion.

"I do get out here, don't I? Yes, I do, and that's sure to be my train over there. No, please don't trouble. Really, I can manage. Oh! now I've hurt my wrist, but it's so heavy, and I must have given poor Thumb an awful wamp. Oh, do you mind? You are a dear! Thanks most awf'lee."

He took the bag in silence and preceded her along the platform. He was a very gallant gentleman.

"And now my garter's broken!" cried Isobel, and stopped to give her stocking a hitch.

Two plain-clothes detectives threw a glance in her direction, and suddenly Isobel's voice shrilled on a high note:

"Stop that man! He's stealing my bag! He's stealing it—stealing it!"

Otto turned as the two men closed in one on either side of him.

"So?" said he. "So? And to think that I ——" He lifted his shoulders and said no more.

"You will come with us," said the taller of the two men, and led him away.

Isobel Butterwick turned into the ladies' cloakroom, where she put up her hair and let down a tuck in her skirts. Having thus added about ten years to her appearance she proceeded to the telegraph office, where she sent the following wire:

Cheeselock. La Rhone Hotel, Nice.
All correct. Man detained. ISOBEL.

After that she bought a copy of The Times, and went to the refreshment room, where she ordered sherry and a sandwich without so much as a thought of poor wee Thumb languishing in captivity.

But the clerk who took the wire at the telegraph office pondered deeply. Through a window he had seen what took place on the platform and had marked the carrying off of Otto. It was his job to take stock of such happenings, and to act accordingly. Isobel's wire would have to be sent because his immediate superior had been at his elbow when she handed it in, but he was not at his elbow any longer.

Wherefore he dispatched a wire in code to Andrea Negretti, Hôtel La Rhone, Nice, to this effect:

White carnation fallen at fence. Present holder to carry on.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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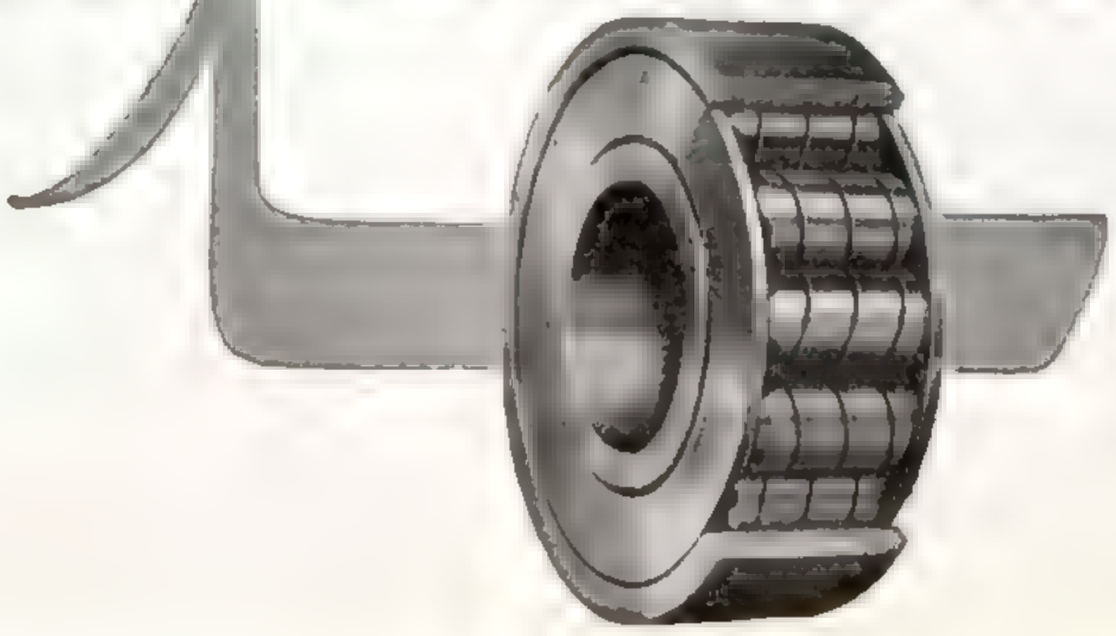


J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

(Continued from Page 21)

I dreads the wust! 'Cause he's crouchin' back yonder waitin', wid his trigger finger twitchin', an' w'en he sees you ——"

"Let me out of here!" he says, and though he says it kind of half whispering, yet he says it kind of half screeching too.

And with that he makes a break for the door behind him, aiming to bust out down the hall. But it's locked.

And with that, likewise, I turns over a little center table and it goes down on its side with a bang, which that is the ordained signal agreed on previous, and I lets a yell out of me.

"Oh, lawsy," I yells, "it's too late! Yere he is now!"

And then Mr. Raynor ceases from pawing at the latch and spins round and plasters himself flat against the door panels like he was pinned there, with his arms stretched wide and his fingers clawing at the woodwork. And here, in through the curtains of the library door, comes Mr. Dallas, that's all, stepping light on the balls of his feet, with his eyes blazing and his hair all mussed up, and down at his right side, it swinging loose and free, he's carrying that three-pound chunk of Snake-Eye Jamison's shootlery. I don't know whether it's the excitement, or the spell of play acting on him, or the righteous mad which is in him, but he looks so perilous I'm mighty near scared of him my own self. And even though he ain't never toted no pistol before in his life, he's handling this here big blue borrowed smoke wagon like he'd cut his milk teeth on one. And I'm mighty glad she ain't loaded, neither; else he might start living up to the reputation I've done endowed him with.

That's all, but that's plenty! As Mr. H. C. Raynor's knees begins giving way under him he starts in with his pleading at the top of his voice. You could 'a' heard him plumb down into the street, I reckon.

"For God's sake," he begs, "don't shoot! For God's sake, don't shoot yet! Give me a minute! Give me time to explain! I'll do anything you say, Pulliam! We can square this thing! Only for God's sake, don't shoot!"

By the time he's got this much out of him he's setting down flat against the door, with his legs stretched out straight in front of him and his feet kind of dancing on the floor so that his heels makes little knocking sounds. He looks like he's fixing to faint away. Maybe he did faint, but if he did I know the faintness didn't get no higher up than his throat, because the last thing I heard as I went on out from there through the library was him still babbling away in most pleadful tones.

Up till the time I left, Mr. Dallas hadn't spoke nary word—just stood there wagging that there chunk of hardware in the general direction of Mr. Raynor and licking at his lips with his tongue sort of eager like. Well, thus far it hadn't been necessary for him to say nothing. Mr. Raynor was doing enough talking for any number you might care to name up to half a dozen.

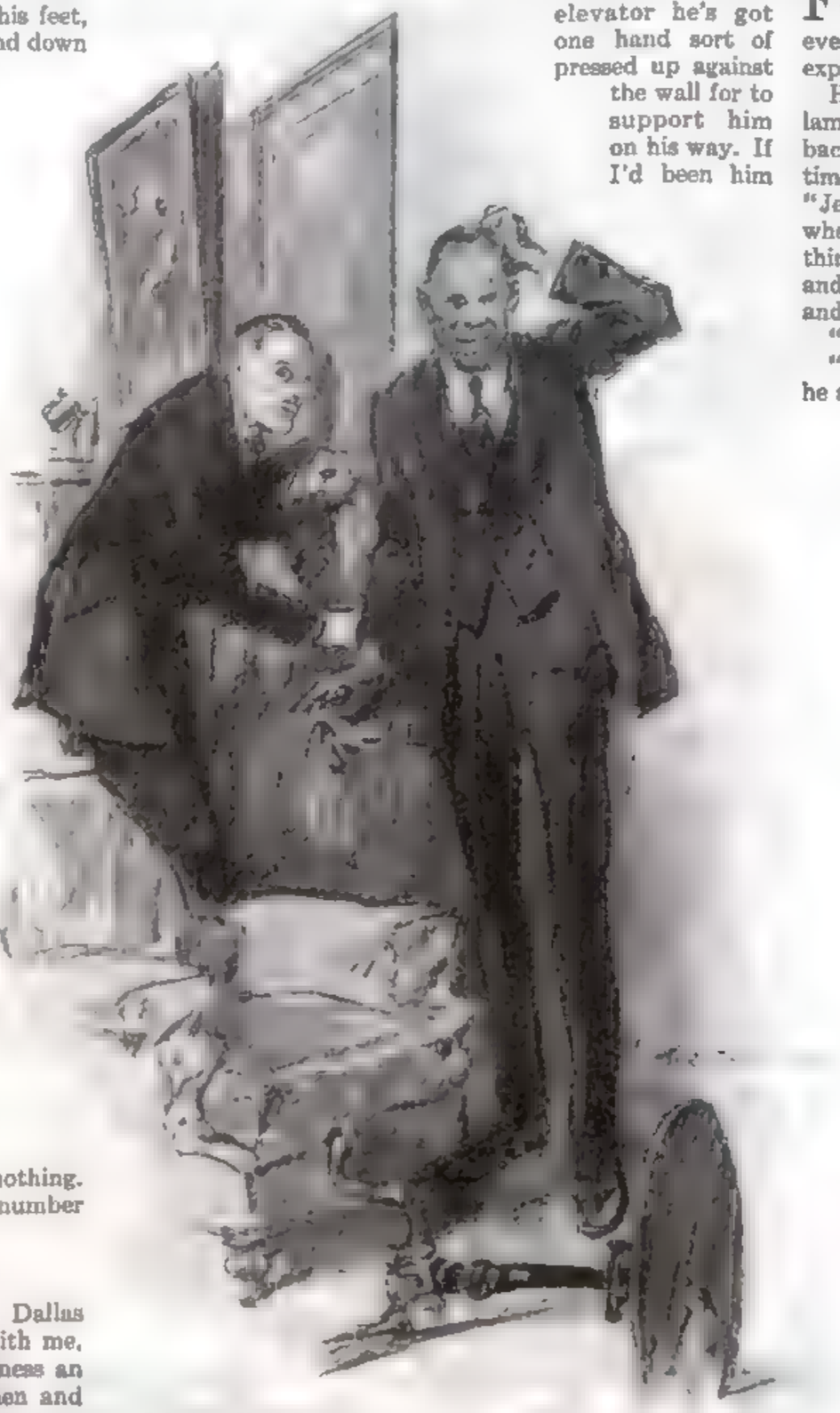
XVI

IT'S maybe twenty minutes later on when Mr. Dallas calls to me to come to him and bring Koga with me, him saying the both of us is required for to witness an agreement which has been drawed up. Right then and there, for the first and last time in my life, that there Japanee boy wins my admirations. He don't bat a single eyelash as he follows me in where they is. He acts like all his life he'd been used to walking into a setting room and finding two gentlemen there, one of 'em with a pistol and the other with a hard chill. He just sucks his breath in once or twice and starts smiling very pleasant upon one and all. I judges he must 'a' been brought up in a kind of a rough neighborhood over in his own country.

Mr. Raynor has done rose up from the floor by this time, and is setting in a chair where he can be more comfortable; at that, he ain't seeming totally comfortable. His teeth and his hands and his feet keeps on misbehaving, and he looks to me like he's been losing considerable flesh even in that short time since I left him. His complexion also remains very bad. You'd say, offhand, here was a gentleman fixing to be taken down with a severe spell of illness, or else just getting over one and still far from well.

He puts his name to a piece of writing which is spread out on the table, Mr. Dallas standing over him and sort of indicating the place to him with the nozzle of that there trusty old forty-four. He has some difficulty in getting his name set down by reason of him keeping flinching away from her snout and also on account of his fingers being so out of control. Then me and Koga likewise signs, and whilst I is so doing I rejoices to note that the document is all done in Mr. Dallas' handwriting.

When this has been attended to there does not seem to be no reason why Mr. Raynor should linger longer amongst us. He indicates that he craves to go, but still don't actually go till Mr. Dallas gives him the word. For such a previously brash white man he certainly has been rendered very docile. And dumb? Huh! Alongside of him guinea pigs is plumb rambunctuous. I helps him on with his overcoat, which he has trouble getting into it by reason of not seeming to be able to stick his arms into the sleeves until after several tries; and such is his agitated feelings that he starts off forgetting his hat. I puts it on his head for him, him not saying a word, but just staring about him kind of null and void, and now and then shivering slightly; and as he goes down the hall towards the elevator he's got one hand sort of pressed up against the wall for to support him on his way. If I'd been him I should 'a' went right straight on home and laid down for a spell. Probably that's what he did do. I know I ain't seen hair nor hide of him since, and I ain't expecting to do so, neither, without we should run into one another by accident on the street sometime. As I comes back from the front door after seeing him safely off, Mr. Dallas is waiting for me with a grin on his face, which it mighty near splits his face in half across the middle. He lays down the agreement paper and the artillary so he can shake hands with me with both hands.



I Lets a Yell Out of Me. "Oh, Lawsy," I Yells, "It's Too Late! Yere He is Now!"

"Jeff," he says, "for the second time in less than two hours let me tender you my earnest congratulations and my everlasting gratitude. Thanks to you," he says, "and you alone, I'm getting out of the double-barreled hole I was in, reasonably intact. What's gone I'll gladly charge up to profit and loss and valuable experience. What's left is a whole lot more than I had dared to hope it would be before you took a hand. When I look back on my feelings last night and contrast them with my feelings to-day —— Say, by Jupiter," he says, "come to think of it, it's all happened between late dinner time of one day and late lunch time of the next! It doesn't seem possible! What can I do to square myself with you for the debt I owe you?"

"Well, suh," I says, "you mout start in to please me by eatin' a li'l' somethin'. Yore speakin' of lunch time 'minds me 'at you ain't been right constant at yore meals lately. Whut you needs," I says, "is to git yore appetite back an' stow a smidgin' of warm vittles down yore insides."

"Jeff," he says, still hanging onto my hands and pumping 'em so fervent it makes me feel right diffident for him to be doing so, "you're the doctor and your perscriptions suit me. Bring on the grub! Say it with chowders! We'll celebrate," he says, "over the festal hot biscuits! What, ho, for the wassail waffles!"

And with that he goes prancing about over the room, dragging me along with him like he was, say, about nine years old, going on ten.

XVII

FOR a fact, that meal which he eats is more like a celebration than a regulation meal; but considering of everything, I reckon that's no more than what is to be expected.

He's halfway through with his second helpings of the lamb chops when he looks up at me where I'm standing back of his chair and he says to me with one of them old-time little-boy twinkles in his eye like he used to have, "Jeff," he says, "you certainly can paint a fanciful picture when you set yourself to it. When I think of the bloodthirsty characters which you bestowed upon those devout and peace-loving ancestors of mine I have to stop eating and laugh again."

"You must 'a' been lissenin' 'en?" I says.

"I overheard part of the tale from behind the portières," he says. "Oh, but it was great stuff, and highly convincing! Even in that crucial moment I could appreciate your deft touches."

"You ain't knowin' the ha'f of it yit, suh," I says. "Wait till you hears tell 'bout them fictionary kinsfolks Ise conferred 'pon you in 'nother quarter, an' how I endowed the whole passil of 'em wid the chronic failin' of bein' onreliable in the haid. I 'spects you'll want to use 'at pistil shore 'nuff in earnest 'en."

"Not me!" he says. "Not me! I'll give three ringing cheers for your superior inventive qualities. If I had your power of imagination I'd charge admission," he says.

"I'm glad you feels 'at way, suh," I says, "but I shore does aim to walk wide of the deceasted members of the Pulliam fambly w'en I crosses over to the fur side of the deep River of Jordan," I says. "I ain't cravin' to git in no jam wid any ole residenter angels till Ise used to bein' one myse'f. I wonder," I says, "whut Mr. H. C. Raynor'd think ef he knowed 'at yore Uncle Zachary wuz a persistin' elder of the Southe'n Meth'dis' Church fur goin' on twenty yeahs."

"Never mind what he thinks now or hereafter," he says. "It's what my late partner did that counts. Anyhow, you didn't deceive him when you told him Uncle Zach's nickname."

"'At did fit in nice," I says, "me rememb'rin' jest in the nick of time 'at they called the ole gen'elman Hell-Roarin' Zach by reasons of his exhortin' powers w'en 'scribin' them brimstones an' them hot fires bein' so potent 'at the sinners could smell 'em an' shiver. Well, suh, tha's all a part of my system; stir a slight seasonin' of truthfulness into the mixture frum time to time an' it meks the batter stand up stiffer. An' also don't never waste a good lie widout you has to—save 'em till you needs 'em. Tha's my motto, suh."

"And I subscribe to it," he says, and he chuckles some more.

In fact, he's chuckling right straight along till he gets up from the table. Then he rears back in a chair and sets a cigar going. He makes me take a cigar, too, which it is the first time I has ever smoked in a white gentleman's presence whilst serving him. But this is a special occasion and more like a jollification than anything else. So I starts puffing on her when my young cap'n insists upon it, and then at his command I just lit in and told him all what had happened at Miss DeWitt's flat that morning, and about a lot of other things—things I'd overheard and things I'd suspicioned—which it has not seemed fitten to tell 'em to him before this, but now both time and place appear suitable.

Talking about one thing leads to talking about another, as it will, and presently I finds myself confiding to him the undertakings of the expected firm of Poindexter & Petty, which that is all news out of a clear sky to him, seeing as I'd kept this to myself as a private matter in the early stages. He says he'd sort of figured, though, I had something up my sleeves, by reason of my having seemed so

(Continued on Page 53)

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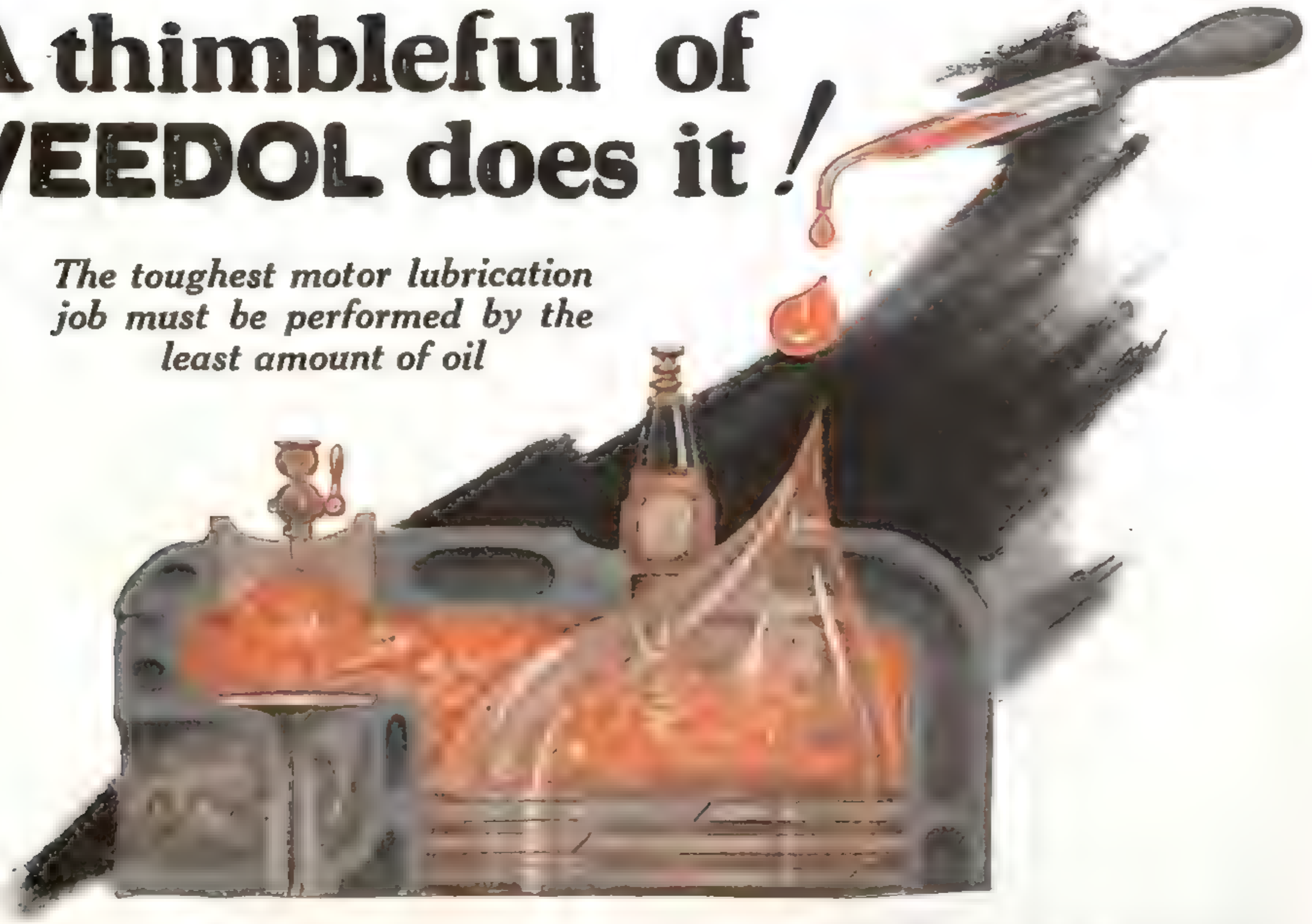

A SMALL medicine dropper will more than hold the few drops of oil whose herculean task is to form a perfect piston seal, at the critical instant of explosion, in each cylinder of your motor.

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All the quarts of oil in the crank case cannot help the few drops that are bearing the brunt of this—the biggest battle with deadly heat and friction. The performance of those few drops is the supreme test of the fighting quality of your oil.

Veedol's fighting film is the master of deadly heat and friction. It seals the gap between the pistons and cylinder walls, insuring every ounce of power. It clings to and protects the flying metal surfaces from the attacks of destructive friction. Veedol insures a new pleasure and economy in motoring.

Veedol is a Pennsylvania base oil refined *more* than other oils by the famous Faulkner process. This gives Veedol that *extra* heat-resisting quality so necessary to the perfect lubrication and economical operation of your car.

There are Veedol oils and greases for every type of automotive equipment. In buying, cónsult the Veedol charts and select the Veedol lubricants designated for your car. Use these and no others.

Send for booklet "101 Economies"

TIDE WATER OIL SALES CORPORATION
11 Broadway, New York
Veedol oils and greases are sold throughout the world.

Resist deadly heat and friction

VEEDOL
Motor Oils and Greases

The Veedol Motor Testing Laboratory was the first, and is the most complete, maintained by any oil company. Here, at least once every week, Veedol is tested under actual motor operating conditions. In the chemical laboratory over 14,000 tests were made from January 1st to April 1st, 1922. Veedol performance in your car is insured at the source by Veedol engineers.

(Continued from Page 48)

interested in the moving-picture business and all. And though he don't say so, I judges he figures out, too, that here lately I maybe has refrained from speaking to him about my own affairs when he was so pesticated about his own, which also, more or less, is the truth of it.

But now he's deeply interested and 'lows he wants to hear more. He states that while he's sorry on his own account that I is not going back home with him when he goes, which that will be just as soon as he can clean up things here and sell off the lease on the apartment, and so forth, still, he says, he's glad for my sake that I'm going to stay on, since I've got these bright prospects ahead of me for to break into the business life of the great city. Besides, he says, it looks to him like I've done got myself cured of the homesickness pangs which afflicted me so sorefully during the first few weeks after we landed into New York, which is the truth; whereas on the other hand he admits he's now just naturally jam-packed with the craving to get back down yonder.

Him saying all this so kindly hopes me up for to go on and tell him further about our plans and purposes. I'm just saying the present outlook is that me and 'Lisses Petty will be ready to open up pretty soon, when all of a sudden he busts in to ask me what about the old judge coming home in the springtime from foreign-off parts and not finding me there to meet him.

Well, sirs, that do fetch me up short with a jar! Because, if it must be confessed, I've got to admit I has been so carried away with my own pet schemes that the thought of my obligations to Judge Priest had done entirely escaped out of my foolish mind. I hates to draw back from them new ambitions of mine, and yet seems like I can't hardly bear the notion of breaking my bounden promises to my old boss man after the way we'd been associated together under the same roof for going on it's sixteen years. What with the one thing pulling me this here way and the other thing pulling me that there way, all of a sudden I now gets a kind of a choked-up feeling in my breast. I don't know whether it's the wrench at my heart or the strain on my wishbone. But it's there. So I ups and puts the proposition before the young cap'n, and I asks what he thinks I should do.

He studies a minute and then he says to me, he says:

"Jeff," he says, "I'll tell you how I feel about it; and if, in view of the lack of judgment I've shown recently in certain other matters, you still regard my advice as being worth anything, you're welcome to it. You believe you've got a chance to make good up here, don't you? Well, then, I believe it's your duty to yourself, regardless of almost every other consideration, to take advantage of that chance. And I'm positive Judge Priest will feel the same way about it when he learns the situation. I believe he'll gladly release you from any obligations you may owe him. In fact, knowing him so well, I'll bank on it. With your consent I'll write him tonight a long letter setting forth the exact conditions. How does that strike you?"

I tells him I is agreeable to that. But I says to him, I says:

"Mr. Dallas, one thing mo', please, suh: In yore letter tell the jedge 'at w'en he gits back, ef he finds the home place ain't runnin' to suit him widout me on hand to he'p look after his comfort, w'y, all he's got do is jest lemme know an' I'll ketch the next train fur home. Ef the business yere can't run herse'f a w'ile wid 'Lisses Petty alone on the job by hisse'f, then let the whole shebang go busted—tha's all!

"Lissen, Mr. Dallas!" I says. "I got yit 'nother idee in my haid. I craves to demerstrate one mo' thing. They's some w'ite folkses w'ich claims the run of black folks nowadays ain't got no proper sense of gratitudes, nor faithfulness neither. They claims 'at the new-issue cullid ain't lak the ole-timers of the race wuz; 'at they furgits favors an' bre'ks pledges an' sometimes turns an' bites the hand w'ich has fed an' fondled 'em. Mebbe they is right; I ain't 'sputin' they ain't in some cases. But I is sayin' they is one shiny black nigger jest r'arin' to prove the contrarywise so fur ez he pussonally is concern', w'ich I'm," I says, "him!

"An' in fu'ther proof whar'of," I says, "I begs you to mek me a solemn promise, yere an' now. I asts you, please, suh, to keep yo' eye on the ole boss man, an' ef he sh'd show the onfailin' signs of feeblin' up an' bre'kin' down—w'ich is only to be 'spected, seein' ez he is gittin' 'long so in yeahs—I don't want you to wait twell he notifies me hisse'f 'at he's needin' me. 'Cause the chances is he wouldn't do it, noways, effen he feared it mout mean a sacrifice on my part fur me to come to him. I wants you to send me the word on yore own 'sponsibility, an' I'll git to his side jest ez fast ez them steam cyars kin tote me."

He says he is glad I feels thus-and-so about it, and he gladly passes his word to do like I asked him if the situation arises. With this here point settled, he guides me back to tell him yet more about the prospects of Poindexter & Petty. Which I ain't needing much prompting there, seeing as the said projects lays close to my heart and my mind. I tells how come it all—how up at the Pastime I made friends with this here 'Lisses Petty, which he plays the cornet in the orchestra at the Colored Crescent Vaudeville Theater and therefore is prominent in the theatrical profession; and how us two got to figuring that a booking agency for colored moving-picture actors might be a good paying proposition, seeing as how so many black folks is busting into the film business here lately as extras and even as regulation actors; and how I was counting on carrying on my share of the work evenings and extra odd times, leaving 'Lisses to run her the rest of the time; but now since this here new turn has come and the flat is going to be busted up I has decided to be on the job steady and constant. I tells him we has reached the point where we is about to close the deal for the office; in fact, I says, I has been calculating some on running uptown to see 'Lisses about that very detail this same afternoon providing he don't need me around the apartment to do something or other for him. Whereupon he says an astonishing thing.

"I'll go along with you if you don't mind," he says. "I want to have a look at this associate of yours and get his views. I'd like to do more than that if it can be arranged; I'd like to lend my aid in helping to put this enterprise on its feet—to feel that in one way or another I had a friendly hand in it. I'm your eternal debtor, you know, Jeff."

"Go 'way frum yere, Mr. Dallas," I says, "an' quit yore foolin'. Whut bus'ness has you got gittin' yo'se'f mixed in wid a pack of nigger rubbage? Whut would the rest of the high-tones folks down home say ef they heared of any sech goings-on 'pon yore part? Tell me 'at, suh!"

"Never mind what they'd think or what they'd say," he says; "that's my lookout. Tell me the truth now, Jeff—have you two boys got all the money you need to start you up and to keep you going until your agency begins to pay?"

At that I has to admit to him that the prior expenses has been a right smart heavier than what we figured on at the start-off.

"That's what I rather suspected," he says. "Now, then, I've got out of my own complications in much better shape than I'd ever dreamed I could. I still have a sizable stake left. In fact, I figure I've got just about a thousand dollars to spare. If you don't feel like taking a thousand dollars from me as a gift, in part payment for your services to me during the past twenty-odd hours, or as a loan without interest until you get on your feet or until you've had ample opportunity to try this new venture out thoroughly —— No, by Jove, I've got a better plan than that! I want to stick that thousand in as an investment with you two. If I never get it back, or any part of it, I'll count it money well spent. I've made a number of other investments in my bright young life that didn't pay either, and I'll be drawing regular dividends on this one, even though they may not be in terms of dollars and cents. Come on, let's go see this friend Petty of yours. You can't keep me out of the deal on anything short of an injunction."

What is you going to do with a hard-headed white man when he gets his neck bowed thataway? You is going to do just what we done, that's what you going do! So that's how come Poindexter & Petty is now got for their silent partner a member of one of the oldest families in West Kentucky, and pure quality from the feet up.

I has come mighty close to forgetting one other thing which happens before we leaves the place to go on up to Harlem. I is helping him on with his coat when he says:

"Wait a minute! I want to write out some telegrams first. I want to send one to my lawyer, Mr. Jere Fairleigh, stating that the prodigal will shortly be on his way back, and one to my cousin to have the home place opened up for me—and one other. I've got rather behind with my correspondence lately; I'll do some letter writing tonight. But I'll wire on ahead first. You call a messenger boy, Jeff."

I trusts I is not no spy, but I just can't keep from peeping over his shoulder whilst he's writing out that there third telegram—which it is pretty near long enough to be a letter itself—and I is rejoiced in my soul to note that it's being sent to the one I hoped 'twas, and that's Miss Henrietta Farrell.

XVIII

WELL, I got my young cap'n off this morning. I has to admit that I begun contracting a kind of a let-down feeling in my mind as the time drawed near for us to say our farewells to one another. You couldn't exactly call it homesickness, nor yet downright sorrowfulness; it was kind of a mixed sensation, with regretitude and lonesomeness and gladsomeness all scrambled up together, and running through it a knowledge that I'm going to miss him mighty much, for a while anyhow. I certainly has grown powerful devoted to him since last summer, and I knows full well that from his different standpoint he must have similar regards towards me. I reckon our own kind of folks can appreciate how this attachment could 'a' sprung up betwixt us, even if most of these here Northerners can't.

It must be that my looks more or less betrays my emotions as the parting time

Style No. 729
The most popular "travelo" knit-jacket in the world.
Style No. 729 is made in 5 plain colors and 10 beautiful Scotch heather mixtures
for all men—all year!
Vacation time holds few idle hours for "travelo." In the woods, at the seashore, up in the mountains, always there's a use for it. Tourist, motorist, camper, yachtsman, fisherman, sportsman, golfer and hiker all endorse it. Handiest garment a man can own; but look for "travelo" label as assurance of the perfect fit and lasting shape and wear which exclusive "travelo" elastic-knit process guarantees.
Almost 6,000 Dealers maintain an up-to-date "travelo" department, but write us mentioning size and color preference if you don't find one near you
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KNIT JACKETS
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Squelching Old Man Lightning!
LIGHTNING strikes—for a mile, high induced charges are created in conducting mediums like the antennae of your radio set. If allowed to go through the delicate instrument they will ruin it.
Squelch the old man. Place a Radisco Lightning Arrester on your antennae. Induced charges will go peacefully to earth. The Radisco is weatherproof. It does not affect incoming radio signals. $3 at your dealer's, or send to the RADIO DISTRIBUTING CO., NEWARK, N. J.
Ask also for catalogue of Radio Supplies.
RADISCO
LIGHTNING ARRESTER

IF THIS DIAMOND MARK ISN'T ON YOUR WRENCH, WALWORTH QUALITY ISN'T IN IT

The fourth tool for every household – *and the most important*

Today every home needs a Stillson wrench.

Before the days of open plumbing, steam heat, gas ranges, and washing machines, the family tool kit often held just a hammer, saw and screwdriver.

These three tools would take care of practically all the household emergencies—50 years ago.

But today some people are still trying to get along with just these three old standbys that their grandfathers used. And when there's a leak of gas or steam or water they're out of luck. When a nut gets loose on lawn mower or chiffonier drawer they're out of luck too.

* * * *

It's for just such emergency jobs that the genuine *Walworth* Stillson is finding its place as the all 'round wrench, the fourth tool every modern household needs. Anything it sets its jaws on is going to turn —when you want it to. Frozen or rusty, square, round or hexagonal—it makes no difference to a genuine *Walworth* Stillson.

And the longer you have it 'round the house, the more things you'll find it useful for.

WALWORTH MFG. CO., Boston, Mass.

New York Philadelphia Chicago Seattle Kewanee, Ill. Portland, Ore.

Walworth International Co., New York, Foreign Representative

Plants at Boston, Mass., and Kewanee, Ill.

WALWORTH

Stillson Wrench

A complete line of Valves, Fittings and Tools

23,000 items for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

draws closer, because he keeps on speaking cheering utterances to me about other matters, without mentioning the near-by separation; which I appreciates the spirit behind his words as much as I does the words themselves. If I told it to him once at that depot I suppose I must 'a' told it to him a dozen times, to give my most respectful regards to the old boss man when next he sees him. And he keeps saying to me I must write regular and keep him posted on everything in general.

"I's shore countin' on seein' you down home next summer w'en I comes down on a visit," I says; "I's already mekin' my plans 'cordin'ly. Mebbe," I says, "you mout ketch me sneakin' in even sooner 'en 'at, ef so be this yere bookin'-agency bus'ness tek a notion to blow up on us."

"I've got a conviction you'll make good," he says. "If the first venture doesn't pan out I'll trust in you to light on your feet somewhere else. I've seen you in operation, you know." Then he goes on, speaking now a little bit wistful like: "You seem to be able to figure out a way to beat this New York game by playing it according to your own set of rules. But I can't do it. I've had it proved to me, and the proof cost me money. I'm through—and ought to be glad of it. You're just starting."

"Well, suh," I says, "I does my best. The way I looks at this town," I says, "is this yere way: Jest ez soon ez you gits over bein' daunted up by the size of her, the best scheme is to start in lettin' on lak you knows mo' 'bout 'most ever'thin' 'en whut the folkses does w'ich has been livin' yere all along. That'll fetch 'em ef anything will, or else I miss my guess. This is the onliest place I knows of," I says, "whar a shined-up counterfeit passes muster jest ez well ez the pure gold, ef not better, specially ef the gold happens to be sort of dulled down an' tarnished lookin'. The very way the town is laid out he'ps to clarify my p'int, suh," I says. "She's fenced in betwixt a bluff on one side an' a Sound on the other, an' she's sufferin' frum the effects of her own joggraphy. Jest combine in yore daily actions the biggest of bluffs an' the most roarin' of sounds an' she's liable to lay down at yore feet an' roll over at yore command. Leas'wise," I says, "them's my beliefs."

"Probably you are right," he says. "Well, Jeff, try not to let these people up here spoil you and make you fresh and impudent. I don't believe they will, though."

"Oh, but you is wrong thar, suh," I says. "I kin tek sp'ilin' ez well ez the nex' one. Ef they aims to come edgin' 'crost the culler line in my direction I ain't the one to hender 'em. Whut they gives I'll tek, an' a li'l' bit mo'. Ef they ain't had the 'vantage of bein' raised the way you an' me is, an' wants fur to pamper me all up, I'm goin' to let 'em do so. Fact is, Mr. Dallas," I says, "I's gittin' pampered already. Lemme show you somethin', suh, in strictes' confidences. Yere's a perfessional callin' cyard w'ich I had a lot of 'em struck off yistiddy at a printin' shop over on Columbus Avenue." And I deals the top one off of the pack in my vest pocket and hands it over to him. "See whut it sez?" I says. "It sez, 'Col. J. Exeter Poindexter, Esq.'"

"How did you work that arrangement out?" he says, smiling

"Mouty easy lak," I says. "'Col.' is short for 'cullid,' ain't it? So I jest shortens up 'cullid' into 'Col.' an' switches it frum the caboose end to the front end. An' I changes my middle name to Exeter, w'ich it has a mo' stylish sound to it 'en whut Exodus had. An' I tacks on the 'Esq.' at the fur endin' to mek it still mo' bindin', lak the button on a rattlesnake's tail. An' there you is, suh!"

"But you are not a colonel—yet," he says.

"Whut's the diff'unce," I says, "so long ez these yere folkses don't know no better? They fattens on bein' deceived. An', anyway," I says, "I aims fur to cultivate the military manner. Mr. Dallas," I says, "don't mek no mistek 'bout it—Ise gittin' fresh already, w'ich it is the customary custom yere, an' the chances is I'll git still fresher yit. But it'll be fur Noo Yawk pupposes 'sclusively. W'en I meets up wid one of my own kind of w'ite folks in these parts, or w'en I goes back ag'in amongst my own folks, down south of the Line, I'll know my place an' my station an' I'll respec' 'em both; an' I'll be jest the same plain reg'lar ole J. Poindexter, Cullid, w'ich you alluz has knowed. Please, suh, tell Jedge Priest 'at fur me too!" I says.

The time comes for him to get aboard, without he wants to miss his train, so we says our parting words. I reckons some of them white foreigners standing there gaping at us can't understand why it is that Mr. Dallas, and him a Southern-born white gentleman, should throw his arm around my shoulder at the farewell moment and pat me on the back. But then, of course, that is due to the ignorance of their raisings, and probably they is not to blame so much, after all.

I will now draw to a close with the above accounts. Writing is a sight harder work than I thought it would be when I set in to do this authorizing, and I is not sorry to be shut of the job. Anyway, from now on I'm a New York business man, which I counts on it paying better than writing for a living, if only I've got the right salt for sprinkling on the luck bird's tail.

I thinks I has!

(THE END)

THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 11)

stake me to five hundred dollars. And I came back from St. Louis, as I told you, with money I took out of the bucket shops there—a game I could always beat.

"I played more carefully and did better for a while. As soon as I was in easy circumstances I began to live pretty well. I made friends and had a good time. I was not quite twenty-three, remember; all alone in New York with easy money in my pockets and the belief in my heart that I was beginning to understand the new machine.

"I was making allowances for the actual execution of my orders on the floor of the Exchange, and moving more cautiously. But I was still reading the tape—that is, I was still ignoring general principles; and as long as I did that I could not spot the exact trouble with my game.

"We ran into the big boom of 1901 and I made a great deal of money—that is, for a boy. You remember those times? The prosperity of the country was unprecedented. We not only ran into an era of industrial consolidations and combinations of capital that beat anything we had had up to that time, but the public went stock mad. In previous flush times, I have heard, Wall Street used to brag of two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand share days, when securities of a par value of twenty-five million dollars changed hands. But in 1901 we had a three-million-share day. Everybody was making money. The steel crowd came to town, a horde of millionaires with no more regard for money than drunken sailors. The only game that satisfied them was the stock market. We had some of the biggest high rollers the Street ever saw: John W. Gates, of 'Bet-you-a-million' fame, and his friends, like John A. Drake, Loyal Smith, and the rest; the Reid-Leeds-Moore crowd, who sold part of their Steel holdings and with the proceeds bought in the open market the majority of the stock of the great Rock Island system; and Schwab and Phipps and the Pittsburgh coterie; to say nothing of scores of men who were lost in the shuffle but would have been called great plungers at any other time. A fellow could buy and sell all the stock there was. Keene made a market for the U. S. Steel shares. His great manipulation and the public's frenzied buying made them sell at 101⅛ for the preferred and 55 for the common on April 30, 1901, an appreciation in the company's capital stocks, roughly speaking, of over one hundred million dollars and an unlimited market. A broker sold one hundred thousand shares of Steel one day in a few minutes. A wonderful time! And there were some wonderful winnings. And no taxes to pay on sales! And no day of reckoning in sight.

"No, I have never dwelt on what I might have made then had I known the game or possessed the resources that I do now.

(Continued on Page 56)

MOTHER'S OLD KITCHEN SINK IS NOW A NEW ONE, WHITE AND SPARKLING

WHILE Father is down at the office, or factory, working out better methods, where is Mother?

Why, Mother is *home*, bless her unselfishness, spending ten or twelve hours every day trying to work out ways of keeping house which will bring her family more of love, livingness and beauty. And Mother is no mean efficiency expert, either.

* * *

The kitchen is Mother's workshop and the sink is the vital center of her kitchen.

And only Mother knows the hours, the aging hours of patient drudgery and silent aversion she has spent at her old kitchen sink—

the dishes and pans she has scrubbed and worn out her energy and time on.

* * *

Give Mother a sparkling white sink—help her in her battle for efficiency. Make over the old kitchen into a new one that she will be proud to show her friends.

It will mean years to her life and happiness in her heart—and more livingness for the household and family in general. For the satisfaction and time gained at the sink will be invested by Mother in other ways for the family.

A lustrous white Kohler Enameled Ware Kitchen Sink with its deeper drainboard—a clear white enamel sink that is adjustable to the correct working height—

—no joints or crevices to trap dirt, grease or grime.

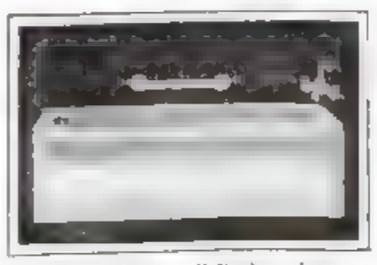
Install one while Mother is away on her vacation—then watch her face when she comes home and is greeted with the surprise!

Nothing *could* make her happier unless it would be the *remodeling* of the old-style bathroom into a modern one with a built-in "Viceroy" tub and "Columbia" pedestal lavatory.

* * *

There is a Kohler plumber a short ways from you; in fact, a telephone ring will bring him to you. He will be glad to study out an estimate of the small cost required for installing a Kohler Enameled Ware Sink in the kitchen. Why not talk with him about it today? You will find him a splendid source of information on all matters which have to do with sanitation in the home.

Send for an illustrated booklet which we will gladly send you free of charge.



Kohler "Viceroy" Built-in Lavatory
Kohler Pattern

Every piece of Kohler Enameled Ware is guaranteed in writing by the manufacturer. Look for the name Kohler in clear blue letters inconspicuously but permanently fused into the enamel for your protection

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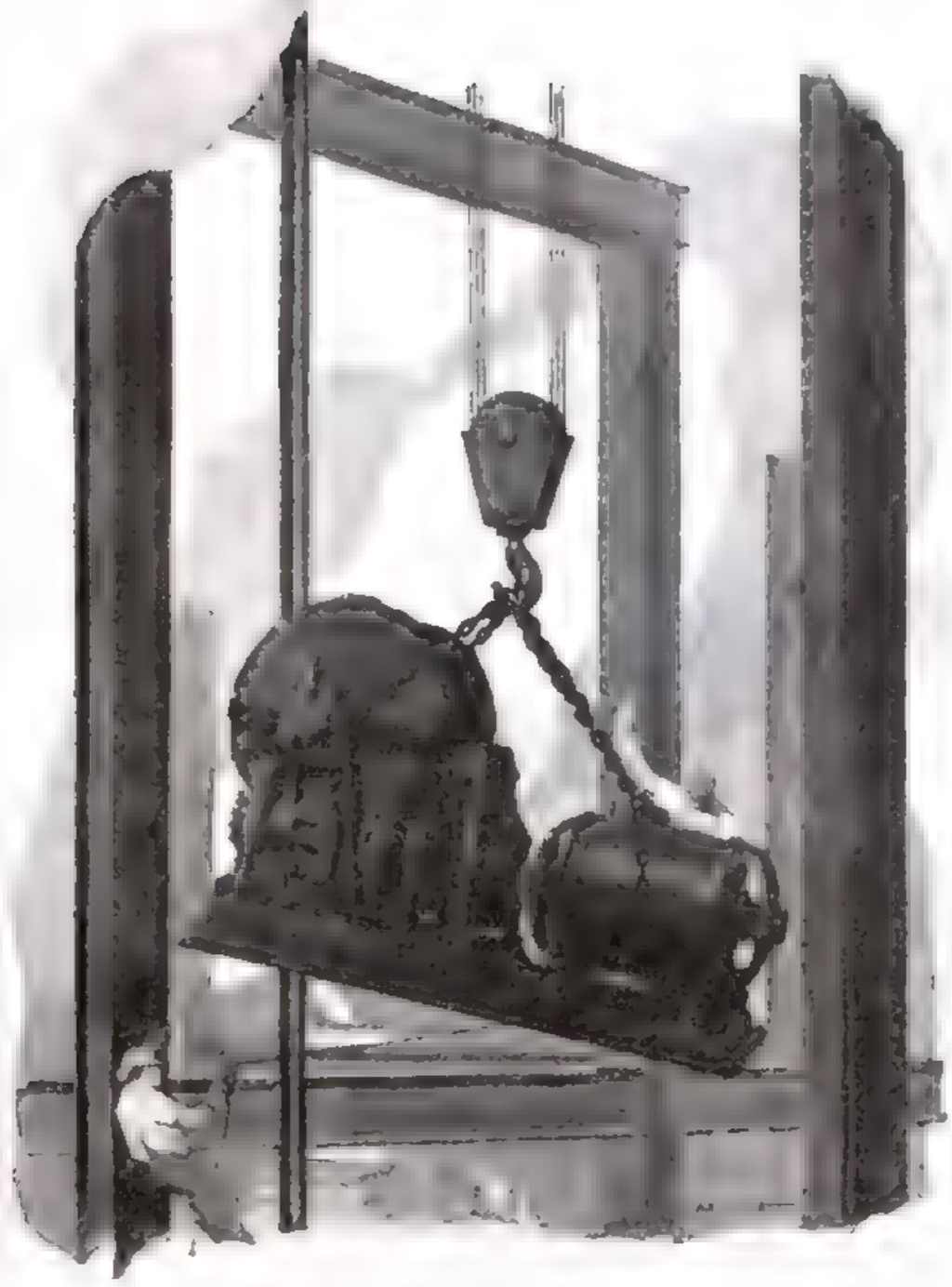

HAUGHTON ELEVATORS

Recent Passenger Installations

NATIONAL CITY BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

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BOND HOTEL, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

NICHOLAS BUILDING, TOLEDO, OHIO

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

GEORGE D. HARTER BANK, CANTON, OHIO

WELLINGTON HOTEL, ALBANY, N. Y.

OHIO BUILDING, TOLEDO, OHIO

BENNETT BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

All Haughton GEARED Machines

THE HAUGHTON ELEVATOR & MACHINE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

(Continued from Page 54)

What's the good? But I will tell you with regret that I made the dreadful mistake of trading in and out instead of sitting tight and letting the market make me rich without any help from me.

"Of course, after a while, I heard a lot of calamity howling, and the old stagers said everybody—except themselves—had gone crazy. But everybody except themselves was making money. I knew, of course, there must be a limit to the advances and an end to the crazy buying of A. O. T.—Any Old Thing—and I got bearish. But every time I sold I lost money, and if it hadn't been that I ran darn quick I'd have lost a heap more. I looked for a break, but I was playing safe—making money when I bought and chipping it out when I sold short—so that I wasn't profiting by the boom as much as you'd think when you consider how heavily I used to trade, even as a kid.

"There was one stock that I wasn't short of, and that was Northern Pacific. My tape reading came in handy. I thought most stocks had been bought to a standstill, but Little Nipper behaved as if it were going still higher. We know now that both the common and the preferred were being steadily absorbed by the Kuhn-Loeb-Harriman combination. Well, I was long a thousand shares of Northern Pacific common, and held it against the advice of everybody in the office. When it got to about 110 I had thirty points profit and I grabbed it. It made my balance at my brokers' nearly fifty thousand dollars, the greatest amount of money I had been able to accumulate up to that time. It wasn't so bad for a chap who had lost every cent trading in that selfsame office a few months before.

"If you remember, the Harriman crowd notified Morgan and Hill of their intention to be represented in the Burlington-Great Northern-Northern Pacific combination, and then the Morgan people at first instructed Keene to buy fifty thousand shares of N. P. to keep the control in their possession. I have heard that Keene told Robert Bacon to make the order one hundred and fifty thousand shares and the bankers did. At all events, Keene sent one of his brokers, Eddie Norton, into the N. P. crowd and he bought one hundred thousand shares of the stock. This was followed by another order, I think, of fifty thousand shares additional, and the famous corner followed. After the market closed on May 8, 1901, the whole world knew that a battle of financial giants was on. No two such combinations of capital had ever before opposed each other in this country. Harriman against Morgan—an irresistible force meeting an immovable object."

Staggering Losses

"There I was on the morning of May ninth with nearly fifty thousand dollars in cash and no stocks. As I told you, I had been very bearish for some days, and here was my chance at last. I knew what would happen—an awful break and then some wonderful bargains. There would be a quick recovery and big profits—for those who had picked up the bargains. It didn't take a Sherlock Holmes to dope this out. We were going to have an opportunity to catch them coming and going for big money and for sure money.

"Everything happened as I had foreseen. I was dead right and—I lost every cent I had! I was wiped out by something that was unusual. If the unusual never happened there would be no difference in people and then there wouldn't be any fun in life. The game would become merely a matter of addition and subtraction. It would make of us a race of bookkeepers with plodding minds. It's the guessing that develops a man's brain power. Just consider what you have to do to guess right.

"The market fairly boiled, as I had expected. The transactions were enormous and the fluctuations unprecedented in extent. I put in a lot of selling orders at the market. When I saw the opening prices I had a fit, the breaks were so awful. My brokers were on the job. They were as competent and conscientious as any: but by the time they executed my orders the stocks had broken twenty points more. The tape was way behind the market and reports were slow in coming in by reason of the awful rush of business. When I found out that the stocks I had ordered sold when the tape said the price was, say, 100 and they got mine off at 80, making a total decline of thirty or forty points from the previous night's close, it seemed to me that I was putting out shorts at a level that made the stocks I sold the very bargains I had planned to buy. The market was not going to drop right through to China. So I decided instantly to cover my shorts and go long.

"My brokers bought; not at the level that had made me turn, but at the prices prevailing in the Stock Exchange when their floor man got my orders. They paid an average of fifteen points more than I had figured on. A loss of thirty-five points in one day was more than anybody could stand.

"The ticker beat me by lagging so far behind the market. I was accustomed to regarding the tape as the best little friend I had because I bet according to what it told me. But this time the tape double-crossed me. The divergence between the printed and the actual prices undid me. It was the sublimation of my previous unsuccess, the selfsame thing that had beaten me before. It seems so obvious now that tape reading is not enough, irrespective of the brokers' execution, that I wonder why I didn't then see both my trouble and the remedy for it."

Defective Trading Methods

"I did worse than not see it; I kept on trading in and out regardless of the execution. You see, I never could trade with a limit. I must take my chances with the market. That is what I am trying to beat—the market, not the particular price. When I think I should sell, I sell. When I think stocks will go up, I buy. My adherence to that general principle of speculation saved me. To have traded at limited prices simply would have been my old bucket-shop method inefficiently adapted for use in a reputable commission broker's office. I would never have learned to know what stock speculation is, but would have kept on betting on what a limited experience told me was a sure thing.

"Whenever I did try to limit the prices in order to minimize the disadvantages of trading at the market when the ticker lagged, I simply found that the market got away from me. This happened so often that I stopped trying. I can't tell you how it came to take me so many years to learn that instead of placing piking bets on what the next few quotations were going to be, my game was to anticipate what was going to happen in a big way.

"After my May ninth mishap I plugged along, using a modified but still defective method. If I hadn't made money some of the time I might have acquired market wisdom quicker. But I was making enough to enable me to live well. I liked friends and a good time. I was living down the Jersey Coast that summer, like hundreds of prosperous Wall Street men. My winnings were not quite enough to offset both my losses and my living expenses.

"I didn't keep on trading the way I did through stubbornness. I simply wasn't able to state my own problem to myself, and, of course, it was utterly hopeless to try to solve it. I harp on this topic so much to show what I had to go through before I got to where I could really make money. My old shotgun and BB shot could not do the work of a high-power repeating rifle against big game.

"Early that fall I not only was cleaned out again but I was so sick of the game I could no longer beat that I decided to leave New York and try something else some other place. I had been trading since my fourteenth year. I had made my first thousand dollars when I was a kid of fifteen, and my first ten thousand before I was twenty-one. I had made and lost a ten-thousand-dollar stake more than once. In New York I had made thousands and lost them. I got up to fifty thousand dollars and two days later that went. I had no other business and knew no other game. After several years I was back where I began. No—worse, for I had acquired habits and a style of living that required money; though that part didn't bother me as much as being wrong so consistently.

"Well, I went home. But the moment I was back I knew that I had but one mission in life and that was to get a stake and go back to Wall Street. Oh, for many reasons! For one thing, it was the only place in the country where I could trade heavily. Some day, when my game was

(Continued on Page 59)

Is Industry Paying More Than Necessary for Fire Safety?

HERE are a few facts about commercial buildings that every business man should know—startling facts, perhaps, to the man who has taken for granted some of the current theories about fire-safety in building.

1 **That it is contents of factories and industrial plants, rather than the buildings which house them, that are responsible for the great bulk of fire loss in this country.**

2 **That all buildings, regardless of the materials of which they are built, are subject to damage or destruction by fire if their contents are inflammable. In fact, authorities on fire protection have recently entirely abandoned the term "fireproof," as applied to commercial buildings.**

3 **That next to fire prevention, fire control—a matter of automatic fire alarms, automatic sprinkler systems and confining the fire to the room in which it starts—is the dominant factor in fire protection.**

4 **That it is possible through a type of fire-resistant building, known as "mill construction," to secure at lowest cost all the essentials that determine economy in modern industrial buildings: fire-safety, permanence and ready adaptability; low carrying charges, taxes, insurance, depreciation and upkeep.**

5 **That trying to reduce fire hazard in factories by increasing building investment only piles up the overhead and unnecessarily increases cost.**

IT is now possible to secure timbers especially selected for commercial buildings, from the Douglas Fir Mills of the Weyerhaeuser organization or from its great distributing plants in the heart of the Eastern and Mid-western markets.

Timber values are no longer a matter of guesswork. The work of testing engineers, scientists and lumber experts, extending over a period of years, now makes possible the selection of timbers for "mill construction" *based on uniform values.*

Engineers and architects, long familiar with the principle of fire-resistant, sprinklered "mill construction," yet obliged to limit its use because of lack of sufficient uniformly safe timbers with which to apply it, are now unhesitatingly recommending it.

JUST what the principle of fire-resistant, sprinklered "mill construction" is as applied to commercial buildings, and just why Weyerhaeuser selection of timbers now makes this principle practical of application, is told in two booklets sent free on request.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 1015 Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 4th and Roberts Streets, St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

"Mill Construction" building in Chicago — L. Scott Joy, Architect

Illustrating the adaptability of "mill construction" to modern factory buildings. Note the large, well-lighted floor areas, the sprinkler system and the enclosed shaft at left for stairway and elevators.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers of Douglas Fir, Pacific Coast Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States

MICHELIN TIRE MAN CONTEST

First Prize $1,000.00 in Cash won by

L. J. Keller, Kendallville, Indiana.
Name: "Old 1895".
Slogan: "Full of Life and Quality".

WE take this opportunity to thank the many thousands who submitted names and slogans in the Michelin Tire Man contest.

The winning name, "Old 1895", seemed to the judges appropriate because it was in 1895 that Michelin introduced the world's first pneumatic automobile tire.

This event not only marked the beginning of a new industry, destined to grow into one of the greatest in the world, but inaugurated a remarkable period of Michelin leadership—a period which continues to this day and has been notable for such important Michelin inventions as the demountable rim, the first successful anti-skid tire and the ring-shaped tube.

The winning name and slogan in the Michelin Contest were considered the most suggestive of Michelin's remarkable record of achievement, yet none of the names submitted met the full approval of the judges. It was thought that a completely comprehensive name and slogan are yet to be discovered.

Some day we may appeal once more to our friends to help us solve this problem.

The contest just closed was particularly gratifying because of the many letters received about the excellent service given by Michelin Tires. If *you* are not using Michelins, we invite you to try them.

Fifteen Michelin Tires have been awarded as follows for the 15 suggestions considered next best:

NAME	SLOGAN	WINNER
Old Ninety-Five	*The First and Last Word in Pneumatic Tires*	J. D. Thompson, Duluth, Minn.
The Roadmaster	*Stands for Dependable Progress—1895-1922*	F. D. West, Norfolk, Neb.
The Good Samaritan	*He Helps You Over the Rough Places*	M. B. McGhee, Denver, Colo.
Old Superservice	*He Laughs at Punishment*	Mrs. Harker S. Perkins, Portland, Ore.
Adam O'Tires	*And Still First*	Frederic W. Cauldwell, New York, N.Y.
Endurao	*A Good Thing Endures*	Mrs. J. Sullivan, Salt Lake City, Utah
Pneumatus	*Ancient Enemy of Wear*	G. L. Schmutz, Douglas, Ariz.
Old Rotundity	*The Man on Whom the Sun Never Sets*	Evalyn S. Davis, New Haven, Conn.
Ab Sorbem	*Absorbs the Shocks of the Road*	Stanley Dale, Cleveland, Ohio
Old Matic	*Newmatic's Dad*	Dr. W. C. Butler, New Kensington, Pa.
Gumbo Jumbo	*The Man Who Takes the Ire out of Tire*	R. W. Ashcroft, Montreal, Canada
Stronoheart	*Time Tried and Road Tested*	R. B. Hoover, St. Augustine, Fla.
Robusto	*He Never Fails You*	H. L. Zimmerman, Orrville, Ohio
Old Pop U Larity	*Head of a Dependable Family*	Mrs. Gusta Newman, Hutchinson, Kan
The Pioneer	*The First to Blaze the Trail*	Jack Hayes, So. Norfolk, Va.

Fifty Michelin Tubes have been awarded to the following, who also offered meritorious names and slogans:

L. J. Botsford, Auburn, N. Y.
Frank Boyle, Jamaica, L. I.
G. R. Brown, Portland, Ore.
Elbert L. Buckalew, Dayton, N. J.
C. E. Bulloch, St. Louis, Mo.
A. C. Butterfield, Lawrence, Mass.
P. S. Clapp, Jr., New York, N. Y.
Chas. H. Collins, Chicago, Ill.
C. B. Dennis, Columbus, Ohio
H. J. Devos, East Orange, N. J.
C. H. Drury, Hartford, Ohio
H. V. Eckardt, Salt Lake City
Edward A. Gray, Stockton, Cal.
Frank Greene, Savannah, Ga.
J. C. Hammond, Douglas, Ariz.
R. R. Haniach, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
A. B. Hansen, Arcadia, Fla.
P. B. Hill, Little Rock, Ark.
Eric W. Johnson, Crompton, R. I.
H. J. Kennedy, Long Beach, Cal.
John D. Kutsche, Monroe, Mich.
R. O. Lynn, Columbus Jct., Ia.
Robert S. Meek, Richmond, Va.
M. M. Mohnkern, Morristown, N. J.
P. P. Molloy, Huntington, W. Va.
Emma Oakes, Clinton, Iowa
J. E. Oberlin, Flint, Mich.
Mrs. Marie O'Neil, Columbus, O.
Ida C. Posner, Hartford, Conn.
Albert Renten, New York, N. Y.
J. Robertson, Kansas City, Kan.
W. H. Schultz, Broken Bow, Neb.
A. L. Shaw, Houston, Tex.
Carl Schiller, Spokane, Wash.
L. W. Slocum, Richfield Springs, N. Y.
F. B. Steininger, Visalia, Cal.
B. F. Stevens, Ogden City, Utah
F. A. Strode, Claremore, Okla.
L. W. Taylor, Decatur, Texas
F. Thayer, Jr., Oakland, Md.
J. D. Thompson, Duluth, Minn.
Mrs. C. T. Tracy, Norwich, Conn.
S. Travis, Peekskill, N. Y.
M. A. Trapp, Rhame, N. D.
Mrs. M. D. Twogood, Riverside, Cal.
Mrs. Gertrude Vogel, St. Louis, Mo.
K. P. Wakeley, Grand Rapids, Mich.
C. M. Walton, Cumberland, Md.
Clarence M. Wen, St. Louis, Mo.
S. M. Williams, Lynchburg, Virginia

Michelin Tire Co., Milltown, N. J. Branches in 30 leading cities. Dealers Everywhere

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all right, I'd need such a place. When a man is right he wants to get all that is coming to him for being right.

"I didn't have much hope, but, of course, I tried to get into the bucket shops again. There were fewer of them and some of them were run by strangers. Those who remembered me wouldn't give me a chance to show them whether I had gone back as a trader or not. I told them the truth, that I had lost in New York whatever I had made at home; that I didn't know as much as I used to think I did; and that there was no reason why it should not now be good business for them to let me trade with them. But they wouldn't. And the new places were unreliable. Their owners thought twenty shares was as much as a gentleman ought to buy if he had any reason to suspect he was going to guess right.

"I needed the money and the bigger shops were taking in plenty of it from their regular customers. I got a friend of mine to go into a certain office and trade. I just sauntered in to look them over. I again tried to coax the order clerk to accept a small order, even if it was only fifty shares. Of course he said no. I had rigged up a code with this friend so that he would buy or sell when and what I told him. But that only made me chicken feed. Then the office began to grumble about taking my friend's orders. Finally one day he tried to sell a hundred St. Paul and they shut down on him.

"We learned afterward that one of the customers saw us talking together outside and went in and told the office, and when my friend went up to the order clerk to sell that hundred St. Paul the guy said:

"'We're not taking any selling orders in St. Paul, not from you.'

"'Why, what's the matter, Joe?' asked my friend.

"'Nothing doing, that's all,' said Joe."

A New Acquaintance

"'Isn't that money any good? Look it over. It's all there.' And my friend passed over the hundred—my hundred—in tens. He tried to look indignant and I was looking unconcerned; but most of the other customers were getting close to the combatants, as they always did when there was loud talking or the slightest semblance of a scrap between the shop and any customer. They wanted to get a line on the merits of the case in order to get a line on the solvency of the concern.

"The clerk, Joe, who was a sort of assistant manager, came out from behind his cage, walked up to my friend, looked at him and then looked at me.

"'It's funny,' he said slowly—'it's damned funny that you never do a single thing here when your friend Livingston isn't around. You just sit and look at the board by the hour. Never a peep. But after he comes in you get busy all of a sudden. Maybe you are acting for yourself; but not in this office any more. We don't fall for Livingston tipping you off.'

"Well, that stopped my board money. But I had made a few hundreds more than I had spent and I wondered how I could use them, for the need of making enough money to go back to New York with was more urgent than ever. I felt that I would do better the next time. I had had time to think calmly of some of my foolish plays; and then, one can see the whole better when one sees it from a little distance. The immediate problem was to make the new stake.

"One day I was in a hotel lobby, talking to some fellows I knew, who were pretty steady traders. Everybody was talking stock market. I made the remark that nobody could beat the game on account of the rotten execution he got from his brokers, especially when he traded at the market, as I did.

"A fellow piped up and asked me what particular brokers I meant.

"I said, 'The best in the land,' and he asked who might they be. I could see he wasn't going to believe I ever dealt with first-class houses.

"But I said, 'I mean, any member of the New York Stock Exchange. It isn't that they are crooked or careless, but when a man gives an order to buy at the market he never knows what that stock is going to cost him until he gets a report from the brokers. There are more moves of one or two points than of ten or fifteen. But the trader can't catch the small rises or drops because of the execution. I'd rather trade in a bucket shop any day in the week, if they'd only let a fellow trade big.'

"The man who had spoken to me I had never seen before. His name was Roberts. He seemed very friendly disposed. He took me aside and asked me if I had ever traded in any of the other exchanges, and I said no. He said he knew some houses that were members of the Cotton Exchange and the Produce Exchange and the smaller stock exchanges. These firms were very careful and paid special attention to the execution. He said that they had confidential connections with the biggest and smartest houses on the New York Stock Exchange and through their personal pull and by guaranteeing a business of hundreds of thousands of shares a month they got much better service than an individual customer could get.

"'They really cater to the small customer,' he said. 'They make a specialty of out-of-town business and they take just as much pains with a ten-share order as they do with one for ten thousand. They are very competent and honest.'

"'Yes. But if they pay the Stock Exchange house the regular eighth commission where do they come in?'

"'Well, they are supposed to pay the eighth. But—you know!' He winked.

"'Yes,' I said. 'But the one thing a Stock Exchange firm will not do is to split commissions. The governors would rather a member committed murder, arson and bigamy than to do business for outsiders for less than an eighth. The very life of the Stock Exchange depends upon their not violating that one rule.'

"He must have seen that I had talked with Stock Exchange people, for he said: 'Listen! Every now and then one of those pious Stock Exchange houses is suspended for a year for violating that rule, isn't it? There are ways and ways of rebating so nobody can squeal.' He probably saw unbelief in my face, for he went on: 'And besides, on certain kind of business we—I mean, these wire houses—charge a thirty-second extra, in addition to the eighth commission. They are very nice about it. They never charge the extra commission except in unusual cases, and then only if the customer has an inactive account. It wouldn't pay them, you know, otherwise. They aren't in business exclusively for their health.'

"By that time I knew he was touting for some phony brokers.

"'Do you know any reliable house of that kind?' I asked him.

"'I know the biggest brokerage firm in the United States,' he said. 'I trade there myself. They have branches in seventy-eight cities in the United States and Canada. They do an enormous business. And they couldn't very well do it year in and year out if they weren't strictly on the level, could they?'

"'Certainly not,' I agreed. 'Do they trade in the same stocks that are dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange?'"

Secret Bucketeers

"'Of course; and on the curb and on any other exchange in this country, or Europe. They deal in wheat, cotton, provisions; anything you want. They have correspondents everywhere and memberships in all the exchanges, either in their own name or on the quiet.'

"I was wise by that time, but I thought I'd kid him along.

"'Yes,' I said, 'but that does not alter the fact that the orders have to be executed by somebody, and nobody living can guarantee how the market will be or how close the ticker's prices are to the actual prices on the floor of the Exchange. By the time a man gets the quotation here and he hands in an order and it's telegraphed to New York, some valuable time has gone. I might better go back to New York and lose my money there in respectable company.'

"'I don't know anything about losing money; our customers don't acquire that habit. They make money. We take care of that.'

"'Your customers?'

"'Well, I take an interest in the firm, and if I can turn some business their way I do so because they've always treated me white and I've made a good deal of money through them. If you wish I'll introduce you to the manager.'

"'What's the name of the firm?' I asked.

"He told me. I had heard about them. They ran ads in all the papers, calling attention to the great profits made by those customers who followed their inside information on active stocks. That was the firm's great specialty. They were not a regular bucket shop, but bucketeers, alleged brokers who bucketed their orders but nevertheless went through an elaborate camouflage to convince the world that they were regular brokers engaged in a legitimate business. They were one of the oldest of that class of firms.

"They were the prototype at that time of the same sort of brokers that went broke this year by the dozen. The general principles and methods were the same, though the particular devices for fleecing the public differed somewhat, certain details having been changed when the old tricks became too well known.

"These people used to send out tips to buy or sell a certain stock—hundreds of telegrams advising the instant purchase of a certain stock and hundreds recommending other customers to sell the same stock, on the old racing-tipster plan. Then orders to buy and sell would come in. The firm would buy and sell, say, a thousand of that stock through a reputable Stock Exchange firm and get a regular report on it. This report they would show to any doubting Thomas who was impolite enough to speak about bucketing customers' orders.

"They also used to form discretionary pools in the office and as a great favor allowed their customers to authorize them, in writing, to trade with the customer's money and in the customer's name, as they in their judgment deemed best. That way the most cantankerous customer had no legal redress when his money disappeared. They'd bull a stock, on paper, and put the customers in and then they'd execute one of the old-fashioned bucket-shop drives and wipe out hundreds of shoestring margins. They did not spare anyone, women, school-teachers and old men being their best bet.

"'I'm sore on all brokers,' I told the tout. 'I'll have to think this over.' And I left him so he wouldn't talk any more to me."

Lambs Led to Slaughter

"I inquired about this firm, and had considerable difficulty in finding anybody who had ever won in that office; but I did. One chap I met told me a story about seeing six hundred telegrams go out one day advising customers to get aboard a certain stock and six hundred telegrams to other customers strongly urging them to sell that same stock, at once.

"'Yes, I know the trick,' I said to the chap who was telling me.

"'Yes,' he said. 'But the next day they sent telegrams to the same people advising them to close out their interest in everything and buy—or sell—another stock. I asked the senior partner, who was in the office, "Why do you do that? The first part I understand. Some of your customers are bound to make money on paper for a while, even if they and the others eventually lose. But by sending out telegrams like this you simply kill them all. What's the big idea?"'

"'"Well," he said, "the customers are bound to lose their money anyhow, no matter what they buy, or how or where or when. When they lose their money I lose the customers. Well, I might as well get as much of their money as I can—and then look for a new crop."'

"Well, I admit frankly that I wasn't concerned with the business ethics of the firm. I told you I felt sore on the Teller concern and how it tickled me to get even with them. Now, I didn't have any such feeling about this firm. They might be crooks or they might not be as black as they were painted. I did not propose to let them do any trading for me, or follow their tips or believe their lies. My one concern was with getting together a stake and returning to New York to trade in fair amounts.

"Anyhow, I made up my mind that I would see what trading advantages this firm offered over what you might call the legitimate brokers. I didn't have much money to put up as margin, and firms that bucketed orders were naturally much more liberal, so that a few hundred dollars went much further in their offices.

"I went down to their place and had a talk with the manager himself. When he found out that I was an old trader and had formerly had accounts in New York with Stock Exchange houses and that I had lost all I took with me he stopped promising to make a million a minute for

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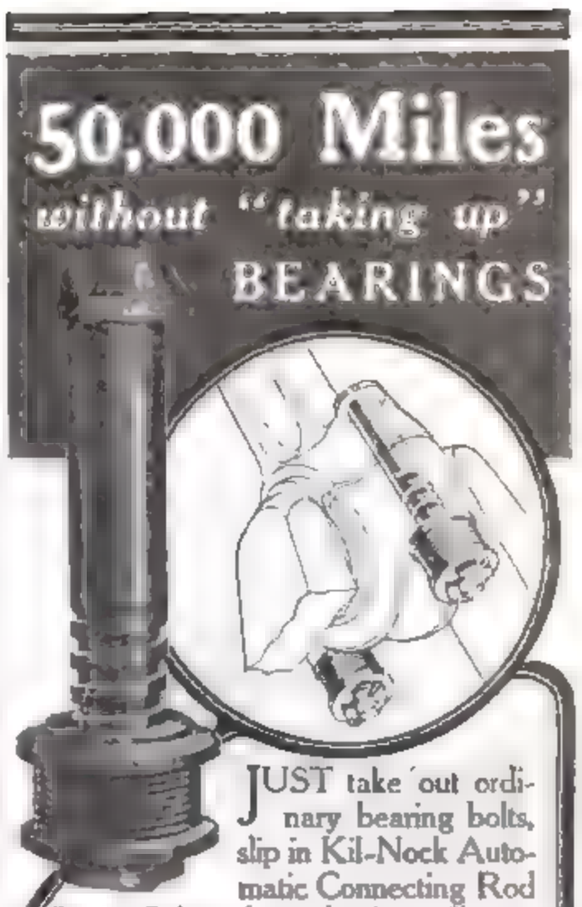

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Four tablets dissolved in a gallon of water, used in place of liquid manure, is less trouble and gives better results than objectionable manure water. Makes velvety lawns.

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Continued from Page 59

me if I let them invest my savings. He figured that I was a permanent sucker, the ticker-hound kind that always plays and always loses—a steady-income provider for brokers, whether they were the kind that bucket your orders or modestly content themselves with the commissions.

"I just told the manager that what I was looking for was decent execution, because I always traded at the market and I didn't want to get reports that showed a difference of a half or a whole point from the ticker price.

"He assured me on his word of honor that they would do whatever I thought was right. They wanted my business because they wanted to show me what high-class brokering was. They had in their employ the best talent in the business. In fact, they were famous for their execution. If there was any difference between the ticker price and the report it was always in favor of the customer, though of course they didn't guarantee that. If I opened an account with them I could buy and sell at the price as it came over the wire, they were so confident of their brokers.

"Naturally that meant that I could trade there to all intents and purposes as though I were in a bucket shop—that is, they'd let me trade at the next quotation. I didn't want to appear too anxious, so I shook my head and told him I guessed I wouldn't open an account that day, but I'd let him know. He urged me strongly to begin right away as it was a good market to make money in. It was—for them; a dull market with prices seesawing slightly, just the kind to get customers in and then wipe them out with a sharp drive in the tipped stock. I had some trouble in getting away.

"I had given him my name and address, and that very same day I began to get prepaid telegrams and letters urging me to get aboard of some stock or other in which they said they knew an inside pool was operating for a fifty-point rise.

"I was busy going around and finding out all I could about several other brokerage concerns of the same bucketing kind. It seemed to me that if I could be sure of getting my winnings out of their clutches the only way of my getting together some real money was to trade in these near bucket shops."

The Double Cross

"When I had learned all I could I opened accounts with three firms. I had taken a small office and had direct wires run to the three brokers.

"I traded in a small way so they wouldn't get frightened off at the very start. I made money on balance and they were not slow in telling me that they expected real business from customers who had direct wires to their offices. They did not hanker for pikers. They figured that the more I did the more I'd lose, and the more quickly I was wiped out the more they'd make. It was a sound enough theory when you consider that these people necessarily dealt with averages and the average customer was never long-lived, financially speaking. A busted customer can't trade. A half-crippled customer can whine and insinuate things and make trouble of one or another kind that hurts business.

"I also established a connection with a local firm that had a direct wire to its New York correspondents, who were also members of the New York Stock Exchange. I had a stock ticker put in and I began to trade conservatively. As I told you, it was pretty much like trading in bucket shops, only it was a little slower.

"It was a game that I could beat, and I did. I never got it down to such a fine point that I could win ten times out of ten; but I won on balance, taking it week in and week out. I was again living pretty well, but always saving something, to increase the stake that I was to take back to Wall Street. I got a couple of wires into two more of these bucketing brokerage houses, making five in all—and, of course, my good firm.

"There were times when my plans went wrong and my stocks did not run true to form, but did the opposite of what they should have done if they had kept up their regard for precedent. But they did not hit me very hard—they couldn't, with my shoestring margins. My relations with my brokers were friendly enough. Their accounts and records did not always agree with mine, and the differences uniformly happened to be against me. Curious coincidence—not! But I fought for my own and usually had my way in the end. They always had the hope of getting away from me what I had taken from them. They regarded my winnings as temporary loans, I think.

"They really were not sporty, being in the business to make money by hook or by crook instead of being content with the house percentage. Since suckers always lose money when they gamble in stocks they never really speculate—you'd think these fellows would run what you might call a legitimate illegitimate business. But they didn't. 'Copper your customers and grow rich' is an old and true adage, but they did not seem ever to have heard of it and didn't stop at plain bucketing.

"Several times they tried to double-cross me with the old tricks. They caught me a couple of times because I wasn't looking. They always did that when I had taken on more than my usual line. I accused them of being short sports or worse, but they denied it and it ended by my going back to trading as usual. The beauty of doing business with a crook is that he always forgives you for catching him, so long as you don't stop doing business with him. It's all right as far as he is concerned. He is willing to meet you more than halfway. Magnanimous souls!"

Mild Punishment

"Well, I made up my mind that I couldn't afford to have the normal rate of increase of my stake impaired by crooks' tricks, so I decided to teach them a lesson. I picked out some stock that after having been a speculative favorite had become inactive. Water-logged. If I had taken one that never had been active they would have suspected my play. I gave out buying orders on this stock to my five bucketeering brokers. When the orders were taken and they were waiting for the next quotation to come out on the tape I sent in an order through my Stock Exchange house to sell a hundred shares of that particular stock at the market. I urgently asked for quick action. Well, you can imagine what happened when the selling order got to the floor of the Exchange; a dull inactive stock that a commission house with out-of-town connections wanted to sell in a hurry. Somebody got cheap stock. But the transaction as it would be printed on the tape was the price that I would pay on my five buying orders. I was long on balance four hundred shares of that stock at a low figure. The wire house asked me what I'd heard, and I said I had a bull tip on it. Just before the close of the market I sent an order to my good broker to buy back that hundred shares, and not waste any time; that I didn't want to be short under any circumstances; and I didn't care what they paid. So they wired to New York and the order to buy that hundred quick resulted in a sharp advance. I of course had put in selling orders for the five hundred shares that my friends had bucketed. It worked very satisfactorily.

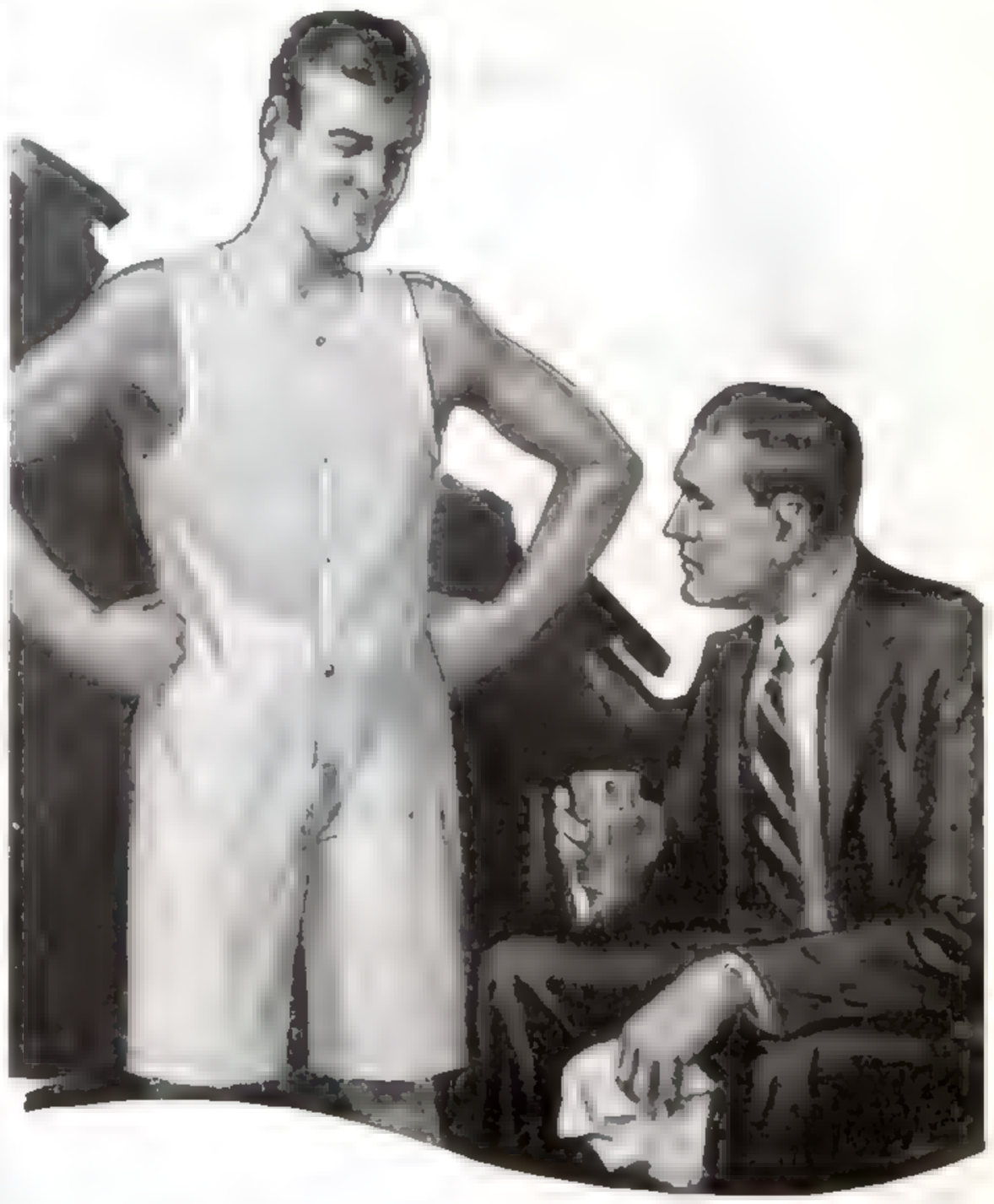
"Still, they didn't mend their ways, and so I worked that trick on them several times. I did not dare punish them as severely as they deserved, seldom more than a point or two on a hundred shares. But it helped to swell my little hoard that I was saving for my next Wall Street venture. I sometimes varied the process by selling some stock short, without overdoing it. I was satisfied with my six or eight hundred clear for each crack.

"One day the stunt worked so well that it went far beyond all calculations for a ten-point swing. I wasn't looking for it. As a matter of fact it so happened that I had two hundred shares instead of my usual hundred at one broker's, though only a hundred in the four other shops. That was too much of a good thing—for them. They were sore as pups about it and they began to say things over the wires. So I went and saw the manager, the same man who had been so anxious to get my account, and so forgiving every time I caught him trying to put something over on me. He talked pretty big for a man in his position.

"'That was a fictitious market for that stock, and we won't pay you a damned cent!' he swore.

"'It wasn't a fictitious market when you accepted my order to buy. You let me in then, all right, and now you've got to let me out. You can't get around that for fairness, can you?'

(Continued on Page 63)



"You'd be comfortable if you wore Topkis"

"I CAN'T help smiling at you fellows who lose all your pep in hot weather. When will you ever learn to dress properly?

"It's all a matter of keeping your skin in condition to meet temperature changes. And the way to do that is to wear Topkis Union Suits.

"Why? First of all, because it lets your skin breathe. Your pores don't get sluggish. They act as nature intended and adjust themselves automatically to any change in the weather.

"Second, Topkis fits—all over. No irritation. No pinch. No pull. Hangs loose and touches your body at few points. There's a protecting cushion of air about your body all the time. No bulky belt at waist. Roomy armholes. Extra long, extra wide legs.

"Topkis *wears*. You can't beat Topkis as a big dollar's worth."

* * *

Only the best nainsook and other high-grade fabrics go into Topkis Athletic Underwear. Pre-shrunk—full size guaranteed. Get *your* size—38 if you wear a 38 coat, and so on.

No reliable dealer will ask more than a dollar for the Topkis Men's Union Suit—although many will tell you it's *worth* more.

Men's Union Suits, $1.00.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, 75c per garment. 75c for Boys' Union Suits, Girls' Bloomer Union Suits, and Children's Waist Union Suits.

Ask for TOPKIS Underwear. Look for the Topkis Label

Write today for booklet, "Comfort from Neck to Knee." It's free.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices: 350 Broadway, New York City

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

—At Work or Play

INGERSOLL Watches have their definite place in American life. Their definite value. When man or woman turns to golf, tennis, motoring, it's Ingersoll time. On field or stream, hunting, boating, fishing. On one of the "hikes," so popular.

One need not worry about loss, theft, nor breakage. The cost of a new Ingersoll is so small, comparatively.

Observe the farmer and the workingman. By the millions, they depend on sturdy, reliable Ingersolls, carrying a sensible guaranty.

Put an Ingersoll Watch to work with you. Take one out on the very first day of recreation. Even if you have a high-priced watch, it is wise to own an Ingersoll.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., INC.

NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 61)

"'Yes, I can!' he yelled. 'I can prove that somebody put up a job.'

"'Who put up a job?' I asked.

"'Somebody!'

"'Who did they put it up on?' I asked.

"'Some friends of yours were in it as sure as pop,' he said.

"But I told him, 'You know very well that I play a lone hand. Everybody in this town knows that. They've known it ever since I started trading in stocks. Now I want to give you some friendly advice: You just send and get that money for me. I don't want to be disagreeable. Just do what I tell you.'

"'I won't pay it. It was a rigged-up transaction,' he yelled.

"I got tired of his talk. So I told him: 'You'll pay it to me right now and here.'

"Well, he blustered a little more and accused me flatly of being the guilty thimblerigger; but he finally forked over the cash. The others were not so rambunctious. In one office the manager had been studying these inactive-stock plays of mine and when he got my order he actually bought the stock for me and then some for himself in the Little Board, and he made some money. These fellows didn't mind being sued by customers on charges of fraud, as they generally had a good technical legal defense ready. But they were afraid I'd attach the furniture—the money in the bank I couldn't because they took care not to have any funds exposed to that danger. It would not hurt them to be known as pretty sharp, but to get a reputation for welshing was fatal. For a customer to lose money at his broker's is no rare event. But for a customer to make money and then not get it is the worst crime on the speculators' statute books.

"I got my money from all; but that ten-point jump put an end to the pleasing pastime of skinning skinners. They were on the lookout for the little trick that they themselves had used to defraud hundreds of poor customers. I went back to my regular trading; but the market wasn't always right for my system—that is, limited as I was by the size of the orders they would take, I couldn't make a killing."

A Profitable Stop-Over

"I had been at it over a year, during which I used every device that I could think of to make money trading in those wire houses. I had lived very comfortably, bought an automobile and didn't limit myself about my expenses. I had to make a stake, but I also had to live while I was doing it. If my position on the market was right I couldn't spend as much as I made, so that I'd always be saving some. If I was wrong I didn't make any money and therefore couldn't spend. As I said, I had saved up a fair-sized roll, and there wasn't so much money to be made in the five wire houses; so I decided to return to New York.

"I had my own automobile and I invited a friend of mine who also was a trader to motor to New York with me. He accepted and we started. We stopped at New Haven for dinner. At the hotel I met an old trading acquaintance, and among other things he told me there was a shop in town that had a wire and was doing a pretty good business.

"We left the hotel on our way to New York, but I drove by the street where the bucket shop was to see what the outside looked like. We found it and couldn't resist the temptation to stop and have a look at the inside. It wasn't very sumptuous, but the old blackboard was there, and the customers, and the game was on.

"The manager was a chap who looked as if he had been an actor or a stump speaker. He was very impressive. He'd say good morning as though he had discovered the morning's goodness after ten years of searching for it with a microscope and was making you a present of the discovery as well as of the sky, the sun and the firm's bank roll. He saw us come up in the sporty-looking automobile, and as both of us were young and careless—I don't suppose I looked twenty—he naturally concluded we were a couple of Yale boys. I didn't tell him we weren't. He didn't give me a chance, but began delivering a speech. He was very glad to see us. Would we have a comfortable seat? The market, we would find, was philanthropically inclined that morning; in fact, clamoring to increase the supply of collegiate pocket money, of which no intelligent undergraduate ever had a sufficiency since the dawn of historic time. But here and now, by the beneficence of the ticker, a small initial investment would return thousands. More pocket money than anybody could spend was what the stock market yearned to yield.

"Well, I thought it would be a pity not to do as the nice man of the bucket shop was so anxious to have us do, so I told him I would do as he wished, because I had heard that lots of people made lots of money in the stock market.

"I began to trade, very conservatively, but increasing the line as I won. My friend followed me.

"We stayed overnight in New Haven and the next morning found us at the hospitable shop at five minutes to ten. The orator was glad to see us, thinking his turn would come that day. But I cleaned up a few dollars less than fifteen hundred. The next morning when we dropped in on the great orator and handed him an order to sell five hundred Sugar he hesitated, but finally accepted it—in silence! The stock broke over a point and I closed out and gave him the ticket. There was exactly five hundred dollars coming to me in profits, and my five-hundred-dollar margin. He took twenty fifties from the safe, counted them three times very slowly, then he counted them again in front of me. It looked as if his fingers were sweating mucilage the way the bills seemed to stick to him, but finally he handed the money to me. He folded his arms, bit his lower lip, kept it bit, and stared at the top of a window behind me."

Back to Wall Street

"I told him I'd like to sell two hundred Steel. But he never stirred. He didn't hear me. I repeated my wish, only I made it three hundred shares. He turned his head. I waited for the speech. But all he did was to look at me. Then he smacked his lips and swallowed—as if he was going to start an attack on fifty years of political misrule by the unspeakable grafters of the opposition.

"Finally he waved his hand toward the yellow-backs in my hand and said, 'Take away that bauble!'

"'Take away what?' I said. I hadn't quite understood what he was driving at.

"'Where are you going, student?' He spoke very impressively.

"'New York,' I told him.

"'That's right,' he said, nodding about twenty times. 'That is ex-actly right. You are going away from here all right, because now I know two things—two, student! I know what you are not, and I know what you are. Yes! Yes! Yes!'

"'Is that so?' I said very politely.

"'Yes. You two ——' He paused; and then he stopped being in Congress and snarled: 'You two are the biggest sharks in the United States of America! Students? Ye-eh! You must be Freshmen! Ye-eh!'

"We left him talking to himself. He probably didn't mind the money so much. No professional gambler does. It's all in the game and the luck's bound to turn. It was his being fooled in us that hurt his pride.

"That is how I came back to Wall Street for a third attempt. I had been studying, of course, trying to locate the exact trouble with my system that had been responsible for my defeats in A. R. Fullerton & Co.'s office. I was twenty when I made my first ten thousand, and I lost that. But I knew how and why—because I traded out of season all the time; because when I couldn't play according to my system, which was based on study and experience, I went in and gambled. I hoped to win, instead of knowing that I ought to win on form. When I was about twenty-two I ran up my stake to fifty thousand dollars; I lost it on May ninth. But I knew exactly why and how. It was the laggard tape and the unprecedented violence of the movements that awful day. But I didn't know why I had lost after my return from St. Louis or after the May ninth panic. I had theories—that is, remedies for some of the faults that I thought I found in my play. But I needed actual practice.

"There is nothing like losing all you have in the world for teaching you what not to do. And when you know what not to do in order not to lose money, you begin to learn what to do in order to win. Did you get that? You begin to learn!"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue

50 cigars in tin
$3.50

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These Cinco tin packages are especially convenient and efficient.

They keep the cigars in perfect condition indefinitely. They are ideal for camping, travelling, motoring, office or home.

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PHILADELPHIA Established 1850

25 cigars in tin
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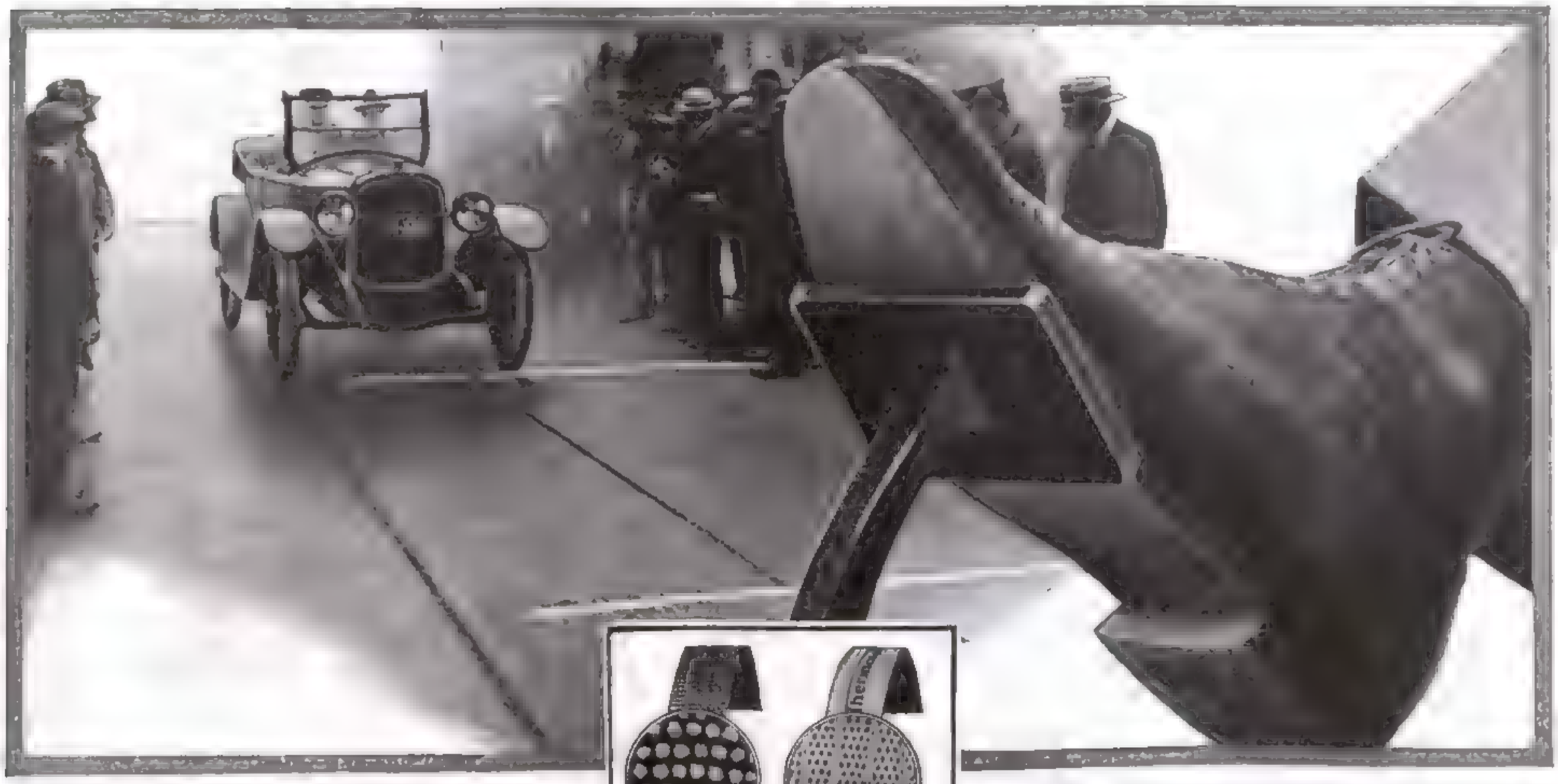
STICK TO Cinco IT'S SAFE

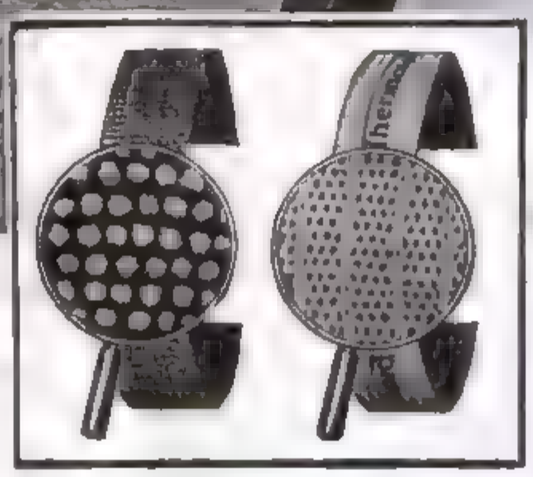


Ordinary woven lining

Notice the loosely woven texture.

Wears down quickly and unevenly.

Loses its gripping power as it wears.



Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic compressed.

Notice the compact texture.

Wears down slowly. Gives uniform gripping surface until worn paper thin.

Is your car the one in four?

IN San Francisco the Police Department charted the Thermoid Standard Chart of stopping distances on an asphalt street; selected at random several hundred cars and asked the owners to check their braking efficiency against the chart. 25% of the cars tested were found with faulty brakes. One car in every four—a danger to its owner and the community.

Is your car that one in four?

You owe it to yourself and your community to have your brakes inspected regularly. And when your service man says—"they need relining"—insist on Thermoid Brake Lining.

Thermoid Brake Lining is not like ordinary woven lining. The usual woven lining wears quickly—it may grab or slip. It cannot be trusted in an emergency when a quick, smooth stop may save hundreds of dollars or even life.

Thermoid Brake Lining contains 40% more material in its every square inch—this extra material means greater braking power and longer life. After this 40% of extra material is woven in Thermoid Brake Lining, it is folded, stitched and put under a hydraulic pressure of 2,000 pounds per square inch.

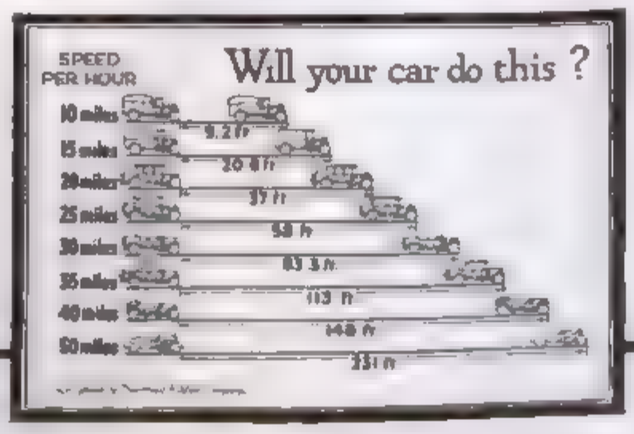
This pressure forms a compact wear-resisting mass that will retain an even braking power until it is worn paper thin.

Also Thermoid Brake Lining goes through the exclusive Thermoid "grapnalizing" process. This makes Thermoid Brake Lining proof against gasoline, oil or any kind of moisture. Thermoid Brake Lining cannot swell and cause a power stealing, gasoline eating, dragging brake.

And when Thermoid Brake Lining is installed, your brakes will not need adjustments in order to retain braking power.

Because of superiority, fifty leading automobile and truck manufacturers equip their product with Thermoid Brake Lining.

Go to your garage today—have your brakes inspected, and if they need relining, insist on Thermoid. It will repay your slight trouble with safety and long service.



The Book—"The Danger of Faulty Brakes" is yours free for the asking. Write a letter and return mail will bring you this complete report on brakes as they affect your safety and your operating costs.

THERMOID
RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Main Offices: Trenton, New Jersey
New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta
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Thermoid Brake Lining

Hydraulic Compressed

Makers of "Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints" and "Thermoid Crolide Compound Tires"

COMMUNIST ACCOMMODATIONS

(Continued from Page 15)

ancient fable. Russia, you know, was one of the most colorful countries in the world.

We played round with them and gave them supper, and after a while they gathered together in the middle of the ballroom and sang a final song. I did not understand its words, of course, but its title was told to me. It was called The Troika, and it was my ride out to Strelna sung to me. It was the swift glide of my troika over the singing snow; it was the happy jingle of the bells on the three horses that galloped so madly and yet with such measured precision; it was the great good-natured shout of the big bundled-up muzhik who was driving them; it was the uplift of my heart in the vast sweet silence of the moonlight making shadows among the pines and the birches.

I picked out a beautiful gypsy woman and took her with a dish of ice cream and an interpreter into a corner. I begged her to teach me the song of the troika. I was sure I could learn it in a very little while.

She lifted up her full splendid breast in a laughing sigh and said to my English-speaking friend: "Tell the little American that she might learn to sing The Troika but that she could never understand."

I laughed with her and knew that she was right, but I knew also that I had been given to understand a good deal about the passionate love of Russians for Holy Russ a.

When we got back to our luxurious hotel it was gray dawn and the old porter who let us in smiled and told us what he thought of us. Then he took us in the elevator up to our different floors. Three hours later we were all out doing churches and museums and the colorful great bazaars that added so much to the Oriental atmosphere and character of Moscow.

One of the first things I was told when I arrived this time was that I should keep to myself the fact that I had been in Russia before, because no foreigner who knows what Russia used to be like is welcome there in these days. It displeases the soviet authorities exceedingly to hear of comparisons being made, their wish being that outsiders should believe they took the country over in its present condition and that they are doing everything humanly possible to improve it.

When I was told that a room had been assigned to me at the Savoy Hotel I was considerably surprised. I said I thought they had nationalized all the hotels.

"So they did," was the answer, "but they found it rather difficult to dispose communistically of all the people who have been coming and going lately, so they have permitted the Savoy to be reopened under private Bolshevik management. But wait until you see it! Wait until you've had time to observe a lot of things. They find they can't run a country as big as this without a few of the old familiar institutions. They are allowing private trading right out in full view of the audience. Shops are opening up; private theatrical companies are putting on productions and charging admission; they are charging admission to the national theaters; they are even charging street-car fare; street-car fare today is thirty-seven thousand rubles; yesterday it was only thirty thousand rubles; tomorrow it may be fifty thousand; you never can tell, but they are giving way all along the line and going back to the wicked old boorjooie system."

The Moscow Hotels

It was all very confusing. Also that was the first time I had heard that delightful word "boorjooie." It is the term by which all Russians, high and low, designate the hapless representatives of the despised class of bourgeoisie. The bourgeoisie themselves use it derisively; the people coined it out of the base metal of their ignorance. It is priceless.

I drove up to the Savoy Hotel in an American Relief Administration automobile. I say "I" as though I were describing myself as making a star-part entrance upon the scene in solitary grandeur. Which I was not. Miss Nellie Gardner and I were together, Miss Gardner being an American newspaper woman who was going in to take on a job in the communications department of the Relief Administration.

Well, then, we drove up to the Savoy in an A. R. A. automobile. Miss Gardner was a regular, and subject to all the regulations; I was an irregular, and wholly unregulated. The locality was familiar to me; to her everything was unfamiliar. I was dumb with blank astonishment; she was cheerfully talkative with live interest in things new.

The Savoy was one of the very proud hostels in the old days. There were three of them of special importance, all in the same area within a short distance of the Opera. The others were the Metropole and the National, and these, I soon learned, were still occupied for residential and office purposes by the soviet authorities.

Something seemed to have happened to the street. It used to be a street of fashionable little shops, but now it looked more like a run-down and exceedingly dirty side street in a wholesale district, except that there was nothing being sold. The windows were all blank and empty or closely shuttered, while the only things moving in my immediate range of vision were a few desolate-looking people dragging small sleds, such as children play with, loaded with firewood.

Under Bolshevik Management

The hotel entrance was like a side entrance to a neglected loft building. There was a door hanging on one hinge; the windows were incrusted with grime which must have been accumulating throughout the entire Bolshevik period; there were no curtains anywhere, while the one-time cozily carpeted and palm-decorated foyer had become a bare-floored, filthy barrack room with only some rickety wooden benches round its walls.

In a dark little bureau—a kind of cashier's cage—lighted by one sickly yellow candle flame, sat a pretty girl with her bobbed hair properly curled but with her shivery shoulders wrapped in a very ugly shawl. She was poring over what looked to be a ledger. There was nobody else in sight and our arrival affected her exactly as though to her we were invisible. Like everybody else in Russia she was too much disgusted with things in general to pay any attention to anything in particular. This is a curious small item of interest. It is an impression not to be escaped. Nobody seems to care what anybody else does or how anybody gets along, and one's inevitable conclusion is that everybody is too busy doing his own getting along.

There was a closed elevator alongside the bureau, and quite instinctively I stepped up to it and stood waiting for Miss Gardner and our interpreter to follow. But we had a lot of hand luggage with us—in fact that was the only kind of luggage we did have—and I was called back outside for consultation as to its safeguarding. The driver and his mate were to help carry it in, and the interpreter assured us that if we left any of it out by itself on the sidewalk or in the car it would instantly disappear.

He laughed and said, "You must not forget that everything in Russia is common property. Unless," he added, "it happens to be something you want to buy. In that case you pay top prices in good gold dollars." He was a returned Russian-American of distinctly moderated communistic tendencies. He had an American university education and a newly acquired idea of the various fitnesses of things.

It was agreed that I should go and locate our rooms and receive our luggage as it came up while Miss Gardner stood guard on the sidewalk, so I went back inside and lined up as before in front of the elevator. I was considerably preoccupied. The interpreter followed me with a couple of suitcases and a food basket.

"You flatter us," said he. "The elevator ought to be running, I know, but in soviet Russia we don't believe in elevators. All good communists walk."

"Oh, yes," said I; "well, naturally!"

And I began to labor up the stairs. There were five flights of them, and because Russian buildings are built with very high

Better Shines for a Nation!

AMERICANS insist on good-looking foot wear.

Perhaps this accounts for the nation-wide popularity of Dyanshine Shoe Polish.

More than 200,000 progressive merchants supply it to their customers. And these customers ask for Barton's Dyanshine because they have learned that it is good for their shoes.

Make your declaration of intention this July. Insist on Barton's Dyanshine Shoe Polish for polishing your shoes. And use it on the children's foot-wear.

Fifty shines for fifty cents.

Barton's Dyanshine is available in Black, Cordovan Brown, Nut Brown, Light Tan, White Canvas, White Kid, Cordovan Suede, Walnut Suede, Black Suede and Cocoanut Suede

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DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

Clipper Method of Lacing Reduces this Idle Time 66%

In a large machine shop (ask for the name) one line drive belt broke three times a year. Thirty machines and thirty men were idle *for half an hour* while it was laced by hand —a total of 45 machine hours lost a year. Now the Clipper has that belt laced and the machines running in ten minutes —reducing lost time to 15 hours a year. In other words the Clipper pays for itself each time it is used to lace only one of the thousand belts in this particular shop!

So much faster is the Clipper method than hand lacing that it reduced idle time 66% on each belt laced. So much stronger is the Clipper lacing that breaks were reduced 40%. So marked was the economy effected by the Clipper method in this plant that a total of *$750.00 was saved in one year!*

This is only one of many specific cost-sheet examples we can cite to prove that the Clipper reduces operating costs so greatly. It would be a sound investment at $250 instead of $25—the price of the largest model. We have data based on the experience of numerous manufacturers, large and small. And we will send it free if you request.

Sold by Mill Supply Dealers in Principal Cities

CLIPPER BELT LACER COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A. (19)

Anyone can lace a belt with the
"Clipper"

ceilings they were very long flights. The rooms assigned to us were on the sixth floor. And I may not be believed when I say that these stairways were inch-deep in pure filth; especially in the corners. That is one thing about Bolshevism that is not to be escaped. Wherever it spreads its extraordinary influence, filth accumulates. I do not know why unless it is that the dominant element in Bolshevistic society is instinctively destructive and does not shrink from filth. Moreover, in the communistic social organization there are no servants. What hideous hypocrisy that is! The boss Bolsheviki are not surrounded by servants: they are surrounded by slaves! They are called "*tovarisch*," which means "comrade," but they are told what to do, and they do it. They are not often told, however, to scrub floors or clean up anywhere.

I cannot write about the filth in this hotel because it cannot be written about in polite language. Yet it is typical of all Russia. I am tempted to be plain-spoken about it; to try at least to convey an idea of the horrible stench of it; but I fear to offend nice-minded people. When you find that the landings of a marble stairway have been used for extraordinary purposes, that their walls have been kicked and scuffed, spat upon and otherwise defiled, you wonder about the kind of people who have been using that stairway and about their circumstances in life. You rather hesitate to express yourself. You must pick your way as carefully through your thoughts of them as you do through the nasty evidences of their existence. I noticed frayed bits of old tapestry and other kinds of remnants of a one-time elegance clinging here and there.

The long dark corridors were equally dilapidated. Their floors were bare, but I observed shreds of carpet holding on rather pathetically to tacks along their edges.

"Good heavens!" said I to myself. "I remember distinctly chasing down this very corridor one morning to So-and-so's room!" We had come round to get her for a visit to the Kremlin; she had kept us waiting and I had been delegated to go up and drag her out. It all came back to me—the noiseless comfort of it, the soft lights, the precise and perfectly ordered service. Our interpreter, who was following me with the suitcases and the food basket, must have observed that I was peering round at everything with considerable curiosity.

He laughed and said, "Pretty awful, isn't it? But it's the cleanest place in Moscow! And it has heat!"

A Desolate Outlook

As though that were the one thing desirable. And it was exceedingly desirable. The world outside was lying under about four feet of snow and Mister Mercury was registering somewhere down round ten degrees below zero. One was interested in heat.

Away down at the far end of the corridor were our rooms. They were on either side of the hall. Fully furnished and smartly equipped they would have been worth in former times about three rubles, or one and a half dollars a day. I went into my room - calling mine the first one I went into - then I went across the hall into Miss Gardner's, and I wondered what on earth we were going to do. There were scuffed and rickety-looking metal beds, but they had nothing on them but unbelievably dirty pink sateen mattresses. Nothing, that is, that was visible at a glance. I knew they were going to have large quantities of naphthaline powder on them pretty soon, and since we had our sleeping bags and blankets there was nothing to worry about so far as beds were concerned, but there was nothing else. Yes, there was too. There was a small table in each room, and a chair. But that was all. There were grand-looking fixed wash-hand stands with open plumbing, but I discovered at once that the water didn't run and that the plumbing didn't work. There was not even a washbasin; not a pitcher or a pail; nothing! There were no towels; there were no curtains at the windows; harsh daylight unsubdued lit up marred and mottled walls that had once been painted a delicate mauve. The floor was of rough boards which had once been carpeted but which had certainly not been swept in modern times. There were bits of carpet padding still clinging to it up round the baseboards. Under the window seat there was a clammy warm radiator, but I could see my breath as I breathed, while inside a big leather coat and as many layers of clothes as I could carry I felt cold.

The interpreter had gone back down the five flights of stairs to bring up some more luggage. The automobile boys had landed with one load and had gone back for another. I was all alone. There was a button alongside my door and I pushed it. I went over and pushed the one alongside Miss Gardner's door. Then I laughed and said to myself: "Where do you think you are—at the Bellevue-Stratford?"

Doors opened down the long hallway and people came out to look. A woman suddenly appeared out of the murk.

She smiled pleasantly and said, "I am Miss So-and-so and if I could do anything for you I should be very glad."

I said, "Well, now, that's tremendously kind of you. We are just coming in. I don't know of anything you can do, but there seems to be a considerable scarcity of necessary articles."

The Badge of Bolshevism

At which she smiled not so pleasantly. "Oh," she said, "you must get used to that! Here in Russia we have learned to get along without most of the things that you would think of as being necessary. And it's ever so much simpler!"

"Is that so?" I replied, and I looked her over. She, too, was—somewhat soiled, and by that time I had begun to recognize dirt as the badge of Bolshevism. There were ugly spots down the front of her blue serge frock, while the fine filet-lace collar that she wore had seen better days but nothing in the way of soap and water for a very long time. I became acquainted with her later on and liked her very much. She was interesting and she was kind, but she was exceedingly liberal-minded. She had the pleasure eventually of assuring me that I was hopelessly commonplace and I had the pleasure of agreeing with her with a feeling of devout thankfulness. At the moment of this first encounter, however, we were influenced by nothing but a natural antagonism

"I don't mind roughing it," said I. "I've been in nearly all kinds of places under nearly all kinds of circumstances, but I'd rather rough it in a desert or a wilderness than in this kind of a mess."

"Oh, don't come to conclusions without stopping to think!" was her very reasonable rejoinder, and with that she went away, calling back as she rushed off into the dimness: "But if there's anything I can do don't hesitate to let me know. I'm at the other end of the hall in Number Ten."

"Thanks, very much!" I replied.

The interpreter came along with a roll of bedding. Miss Gardner was behind him with her little typewriter and dispatch case, while the automobile boys brought up the rear with the final pieces of luggage. We counted them: Typewriters, dispatch cases, food baskets and boxes, bedding rolls, suitcases, and so on; everything there. Then came the question of tipping the boys. They stood waiting as their kind the world over are wont to do whether they be in a communistic or otherwise condition of servitude.

I asked the interpreter, "What should we give these lads?"

"Whatever you like," he replied.

"How much is a ruble?" I asked.

"About one-tenth of one per cent of nothing," said he, throwing his head back and laughing with great enjoyment.

"Yes, I know," I answered, "but what I mean is, how many rubles today to the dollar"

"Today, two million," he said. I had some American money with me and suggested that I give each of them an American dollar. He consulted them.

"They say if you have any food you could spare they would much rather have that."

"Let's give them that German sausage we got in Riga!" Miss Gardner exclaimed. "And a loaf of bread!" She began to fumble in a food box. "And we can spare some of this butter; and how about some cocoa?"

"It will have to be equally divided," said the interpreter, who had by this time, for some reason, begun to look very sad.

"All right," said Miss Gardner with the utmost cheerfulness, and she picked up a knife and began to slice the sausage.

The chauffeur made an appealing move in her direction and the interpreter said,

(Continued on Page 68

Photographic Illustration by Eugene Hutchinson

She judges him by the candy he gives

This is the way he tells "which kinds she likes best"

EVERY girl is a born judge of fine candies. So she naturally prefers Johnston's. Every young man covets the reputation of good judgment in his gifts to the girl he admires. So, just as naturally, a young man invariably selects Johnston's as being sure to please.

His choice is a subtle compliment to her. And it raises him in her eyes as a man of nice taste in candy, flowers and the other attentions which are her birthright of youth and beauty.

There is an endless variety of Johnston boxes. And there is also an interesting way to learn which kinds she really likes best. Find out whether her taste runs to *chocolate-covered nougats, fruit or nut centers, chocolate caramels, honey nougats, bitter sweet or milk chocolates.*

Give her the Johnston Choice Box. Let her choose her favorite combinations from among its 22 different kinds of chocolates and confections. This extra effort for her pleasure is sure to delight her even more than a box of Johnston's chosen at random.

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There is a difference in candies. In the way they are made, in the materials used.

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Again, the longer chocolate is whipped, the better it becomes. Ours is whipped four times longer than the average.

We make our own syrups. Thus we control our quality absolutely.

Johnston chocolates contain only whole nuts and fruits. No culled fruits or broken nut meats are accepted. Thus our fruit centers are always delicious. Thus our nut centers are always full flavored and sound.

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(Continued from Page 66)

"They would rather not have it sliced. Just cut it in two. It will keep better that way."

"What do you mean, keep?" said I. "There isn't enough of it for more than one meal."

"Oh, but it's a good deal," he answered. "It's more meat than they've had in a long time, and if they had to buy it it would cost them more than they make in a week."

"Well, I'll be damned! But see here," I asked, "how about these bells? I pushed them, but nothing happened. When you leave us we are high and dry on a desert island without a word of Russian to bless ourselves with. Isn't there any service of any kind?"

"There really ought to be a maid," he answered, continuing to be sad; and he went to look for one. He found her. She came toddling along after him, looking like something out of a storybook. She was a proletarienne of the purest ray serene. No she wasn't, either! The proletariennes wear diamonds, priceless furs and high-heeled shoes. She was a peasant. But she knew what she was up to; her whole expression registered a message of nobody home, but she knew enough to attend to her communistic job on communistic principles. She wore big felt boots and some kind of peasant costume mostly waistline and fairly glossy with grease and grime.

The Riga Agreement

Thinking that I should have to get on with her later without any assistance I took her in hand and tried the sign language. I led her to the wash-hand stand and made motions to indicate that ablutions were among the things humbly to be desired, then by pointing here and there I endeavored to convey to her the idea that there were a number of things missing that one naturally would expect to find in a hotel room. The interpreter watched me for a moment, then he laughed and told her in Russian that the ladies would like to have washbasins, some pails of water—and things like that.

"*Niet!*" said she. In ordinary, everyday, noncommunistic Russian this means simply "No!" But as she said it it meant "Not so you could notice it!" Whereupon she waddled off serenely into the dim-lit distance of the long, long hallway.

When we finally discovered the hotel accommodations we found them down two flights of stairs in a former service pantry that was filled with rotting garbage. Here there was a water tap that ran, and we learned that when we wanted water we could jolly well go down and get it and that if we expected to wash our faces we would have to supply our own washbasins. Upon further inquiry we learned also that the sewage and water systems of the whole city were out of order and that among the pleasing prospects was a cholera epidemic in the spring. Cholera probably; typhoid certainly. And not a hospital that was not then depending upon the American Relief Administration for its simplest necessities! Not a doctor anywhere whose chief concern was not with regard to how he could get a sufficient supply of food to keep himself going! These be bitter truths.

The next day Miss Gardner and I opened what is known in Moscow today as the Brown House. Of which more later on.

When the American Relief Administration undertook to tide Soviet Russia over the great famine which began to paralyze the soviets in the early autumn of 1921 an agreement was entered into at Riga between Relief Administration officials and representatives of the Moscow government, and this agreement is the indispensable charter upon which all relief operations have been carried out. Everybody will remember when it was made, but I imagine most Americans think of it chiefly as an acknowledgment on the part of the Russians of the necessity for releasing all American prisoners, or Americans arbitrarily detained in Russia, which was made by Mr. Hoover the condition precedent to the extension of A. R. A. operations to include Russia. But I assure you that to American relief workers the clause in the agreement which refers to such Americans is not by any means of primary importance. It was of primary importance merely to begin with; it was "the absolute *sine qua non* of any assistance on the part of the American people," but it was soon disposed of. The soviet authorities complied with it and faithfully performed according to its terms. There were four "whereases," however, a "therefore" and twenty-seven articles in the Riga Agreement, and subsequent experience has proved that if Mr. Walter Lyman Brown, on behalf of the American Relief Administration, had forgotten, in drawing it up, any possible contingency, his oversight would have proved to be a very serious matter to his coworkers who were sent into Russia.

There are clauses that have to do with the liberty and protection of American relief workers in Russia; clauses establishing the American status in connection with port facilities; clauses covering every question that might happen to arise with regard to rail transportation of both food and the distributors of food; clauses covering storage and warehousing necessities; clauses binding the soviet government to pledges of good faith in the safeguarding of relief supplies from theft or requisition; clauses setting forth in detail the necessities of relief operations, such as premises for kitchens and feeding stations, dispensaries, hospital facilities, fuel, cooking and distributing equipment, local personnel, various costs of handling supplies, motor transport, guards and convoys, telegraphs, telephones, mails, and the rights of Americans working in the midst of epidemic disease to take any possible steps toward the improvement of sanitary conditions or the protection of water supply; all that sort of thing, and all of which had to be set forth specifically in dealing with the kind of government which Russia has. But the clauses of immediate and personal interest to America are those in which the soviet authorities agree to provide for the American personnel adequate residential quarters.

One has to take into consideration the fact that the communist idea of adequate residential quarters is peculiar. One has to remember that when the Bolsheviki came into power they turned all Russia out of house and home and that it is against communist regulations for anybody to occupy more room than he actually needs or to have such room as he does occupy fixed up in any way fancy. But the American relief workers are not communists; for the most part they are just plain, ordinary, everyday American citizens of a rather fine and distinguished type, and among their weaknesses is included a weakness for small customary comforts, together with a weakness for an occasional indulgence in the privilege of privacy.

Can you imagine yourself being chucked out into a far troubled place somewhere in the world where for months on end you would never be able to close a door behind you and get that sense of relaxation that can be got nowhere except within the walls of a room you call your own? The American lads have never been given rooms of their own.

In Gilded Barracks

In Moscow the Soviet authorities turned over to the Relief Administration, to begin with, three very handsome houses. They were the one-time residences of one-time wealthy and prominent families. They had been nationalized at the beginning of the Bolshevist régime and in the looting process—which seems to have been so mysterious and yet so extraordinarily thorough—practically everything in them had disappeared.

The Americans gave them names, not just by way of amusing themselves but as a means of simplifying their relationship with their Russian associates and especially with the chauffeurs and other drivers of necessary vehicles.

They called one of them the White House. That was headquarters and came afterward to be known more familiarly as "Arah"—this being the name by which the A. R. A. is generally referred to. One they named the Pink House, and the other the Blue House. The street names are long, hard to memorize and harder to pronounce. It was easier to hammer into the heads of the chauffeurs and droshky drivers these short English designations. But if it had not been for the American Red Cross operating in Riga at the time American relief operations began in Russia our American men would have been up against it for a good many of the things that are required for decent and even moderately comfortable daily living.

Pink House, for instance, had in it a magnificent suite of drawing-rooms with parquet floors as intricate and delicate in design as Persian rugs; it had priceless paintings left hanging on its walls; exquisite vases and bits of statuary on pedestals here and there; cabinets filled with porcelain treasures and small art objects of great value; Pink House had belonged to a collector of rare and beautiful things and had long since been willed by him with all its contents to the city of Moscow. It was therefor that so many of its valuables were intact, but Red soldiers had been quartered in it, with the result that much of its handsome furniture was in shreds, while its ordinary living rooms—bedrooms especially were empty of everything except a few pictures on their walls. An American doctor was sleeping under a certified and registered Rembrandt, but he was sleeping on an American army cot.

There were no beds! In storehouses here and there the soviets had put away the former belongings of Russian citizens, so it was possible for them to provide carpets and curtains, chairs, tables and tableware of various kinds, but the Americans had to provide their own beds and these were army cots with the American Red Cross label on them! The American Red Cross out looking after its own poor sufferin' citizens—God bless it! And in spite of their magnificence as to merely palatial features, so restricted were the quarters provided that these cots had to be set up from two to five or more in a room, the men being compelled to live, in consequence, like soldiers in gilded barracks. And this was the case all over Russia; not just in Moscow. As a matter of fact Moscow was so superior in its accommodations that it was thought of as being a place that good relief workers might hope to go to when they died.

Relief-Workers' Hardships

The men in Petrograd also had a comfortable home, which I shall be writing about later on, but they, too, slept on American army cots; after which there were Samara, Kazan, Kieff, Kharkoff, Minsk, Ykaterinoslaff, Homel, Kosloff, Novorossiysk, Odessa, Orenburg, Ufa, Rostoff, Simbirsk, Saratoff, Feodosia, Tsaritzin—where and where not? And everywhere American men doing heartbreaking relief work and living in crowded barracks. Wherever I went—except to Petrograd—I had to live down on the railroad track in the car in which I was traveling. All of which will be sufficient explanation of the question which occurred to me and recurred to me so often: What on earth did they do with the beds?

Colonel Haskell, the American director, and his immediate staff had quarters in the White House adjoining the administrative offices; Pink House was assigned to heads of various departments, while Blue House was appropriately packed and jammed with office assistants, shipping clerks and other exceedingly useful and necessary but subordinate members of the rank and file.

There is an idea prevalent in the United States that there are a lot of American relief workers over in Europe living in ease and luxury. And in most countries so they have lived—as they should! In Austria, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Poland, the Baltic States—nothing the people could provide has ever been any too good for Americans engaged in the tremendous enterprise of feeding the millions of needy children; it is a hard job and the daily terrific grind of looking after its details is not to be exaggerated; but in Soviet Russia we simply went up against a queer conception of adequate facilities. Only the American sense of humor has saved the situation time and again from becoming intolerable.

Colonel Haskell was away when I arrived in Moscow, but immediately upon his return I dined with him and his staff at their mess in the White House, and I sat down to a table provided with the most extraordinary array of furnishings I had ever seen. There were no water glasses, but there were beautiful iridescent Viennese wineglasses out of which water was drunk. There were some pieces of lovely Sèvres porcelain; plates with different crests and monograms on them; tin coffee cups; graceful pieces of ornamental glass for bread and cakes, and milk pitchers from which you would hesitate to offer milk to the cat. I unfolded one of the most exquisite napkins I had ever had in my hands. It was a yard square, satin damask and as soft as spun silk; it had delicately

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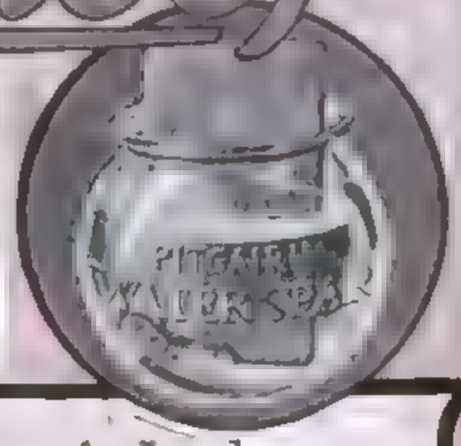

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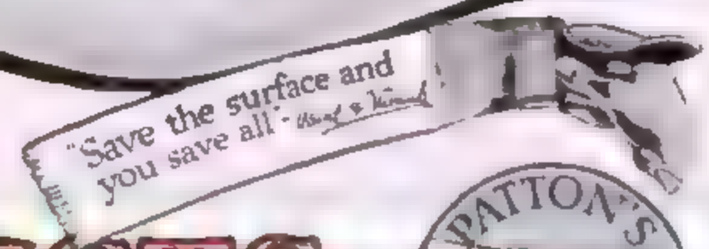

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(Continued from Page 68)

embroidered upon it an intricate monogram. I like nice linen more than I like most things and I thought at once of how proud of it some woman must have been once upon a time.

"They did you rather well as to linen," said I to Colonel Haskell. He looked at his own napkin as though he never before had noticed it; and I imagine he never had; which is just like a man.

"Yes," he replied, "that is pretty good stuff, isn't it?"

But I then picked up my spoon, which was of the cheap pewter variety that can be bought for about ten cents a dozen; such spoons as are associated in one's mind with ice-cream parties in the woods. The knives and forks would have been a disgrace to any well-furnished kitchen.

"But couldn't they scare up any silverware for you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes indeed," said he; "they sent us the finest silver outfit I ever saw. It was complete from pickle forks to platters, with a tea service and a coffee service and everything you could think of. But I sent it back. I didn't want to be responsible for anybody's valuables." He had been in Russia four months and still believed in the sacredness of private property!

In the meantime the work of the American Relief Administration was growing day by day. The agreement to feed a million children was ignored, and other hundreds of thousands were added until there were two million. The American Government made its donation of twenty million dollars' worth of corn and the problem forthwith presented itself of handling relief for five million adults. Additional personnel to relieve the tremendous strain on an insufficient staff kept coming in from Riga on every train; offices grew overcrowded; departments regulating the expenditure of millions of dollars and being responsible for a strict accounting of every penny of it were huddled in mere corners; men were camping in feeding stations; representatives of organizations affiliated in relief work with the A. R. A.—the American Friends' Society, the American Mennonite Society, the Joint Distribution Committee, the National Catholic Welfare Council, the National Lutheran Council, the Southern Baptist Convention, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A.—were living in unmitigated discomfort in the unspeakable Savoy. Residences and buildings were standing empty all over Moscow or were occupied by disorderly mobs, their former owners and occupants being either in exile or reduced to the common level of existence somewhere in squalor among the people.

The Twenty-seventh Article

Colonel Haskell, with the utmost ceremony and politeness, had asked for more room. With the utmost ceremony and politeness the soviet authorities had assured him that he should have it. He waited. The congestion increased. He reminded the soviet authorities of their accepted duties and obligations; they acknowledged said duties and obligations, but nothing came of it. And it was then that, with considerable firmness and very little in the way of bluff, their attention was called to the twenty-seventh article of the Riga Agreement, which says:

"The A. R. A. reserves to itself the right to suspend temporarily or terminate all of its relief work in Russia in case of failure on the part of the soviet authorities to comply fully with any condition set forth in the above agreement."

The next day two adequate buildings, one for offices and the other for residential purposes, were made available. That was the day I arrived in Moscow. It was four months after American relief work had begun in Russia!

Right away Miss Gardner and I were told that we were to live in the new residence, so without regard to the livableness of its condition and with no thought but to escape from the one and only hotel, we gathered up our belongings and moved in. A few days later it began to figure in local conversation as the Brown House, but just then it was practically nothing at all so far as the A. R. A. was concerned. The supply department had managed to send in a few cots and there were some bedraggled remnants of somebody's prosperity in the form of chairs and tables, but nothing else. No carpets; no curtains; no linen; no mattresses; no blankets; no heat; no kitchen; no food; no servants; nothing!

I am not particularly cranky on the subject of cleanliness, but I must go on emphasizing the fact that dirt is the badge of Bolshevism. This handsome residence was ridiculously dirty; though in the language of the authorities it had been cleaned and put in order.

There were no implements handy with which to attack the situation, so we could do little enough in the way of housecleaning, but we scratched round a bit and fixed ourselves up in as much cleanliness and comfort as we could achieve.

There was an ancient muzhik down in a little room off the front hall. He was the caretaker and had spent most of his life in the employ of the owners of the property. We discovered that he was spending the declining years of his life in a kind of hopeless daze, but that he responded to kindness as might a deserted big Newfoundland dog. We bribed him with sweet smiles, plenty of white bread and butter and a generous slab of American chocolate, to go out and get some wood and make some fires for us in the porcelain stoves with which each room was provided. After which we were quite shiveringly comfortable enough as long as we kept our coats on. Then we set to work to get ourselves some food out of our food baskets.

A Guest for Supper

We had been cordially invited to dine at all the different American messes, of course, but being unusually busy doing what we were doing we had failed to accept. And there we were. When it came time to eat it was too late to change our minds because we were away off by ourselves a mile and a half from nowhere in a city in which we should have had some difficulty in finding our way even with landmarks visible. The city was snowed under and it was snowing heavily. There were no droshkies, and if there had been they would have been no use to us because we knew neither our own address nor the address of any A. R. A. residence. We had been depending entirely on interpreters and had forgotten to make a note of them. We laughed and hoped that neither of us would have a stroke of anything during the night that would necessitate a call for help. Then we heard footsteps in the hallway.

"Who's that?" said I.

"The old man," said Miss Gardner.

"No, the old man wears felt boots."

"All right, Mrs. Hawkshaw; suppose you go look."

Which I did. There was a man carrying a lighted candle down the hall toward the big doors that led into the sumptuous but empty drawing-rooms.

"Here," said I, "who are you?"

He turned and presented the cheerful countenance of the representative of the American Baptist Convention.

"Oh, hello!" he said. "Are you ladies getting yourselves fixed up all right?"

"Yes, but what are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm developing films."

And so he was. He was using the darkness for a darkroom in the echoing spaciousness of the wholly empty but satin-walled parlors.

"How did you get here?" I asked.

"Why, I've come here to live," said he.

"Had your supper?"

"No, not yet."

"Got any food?"

"No, but I thought of getting out and rustling some somewhere pretty soon."

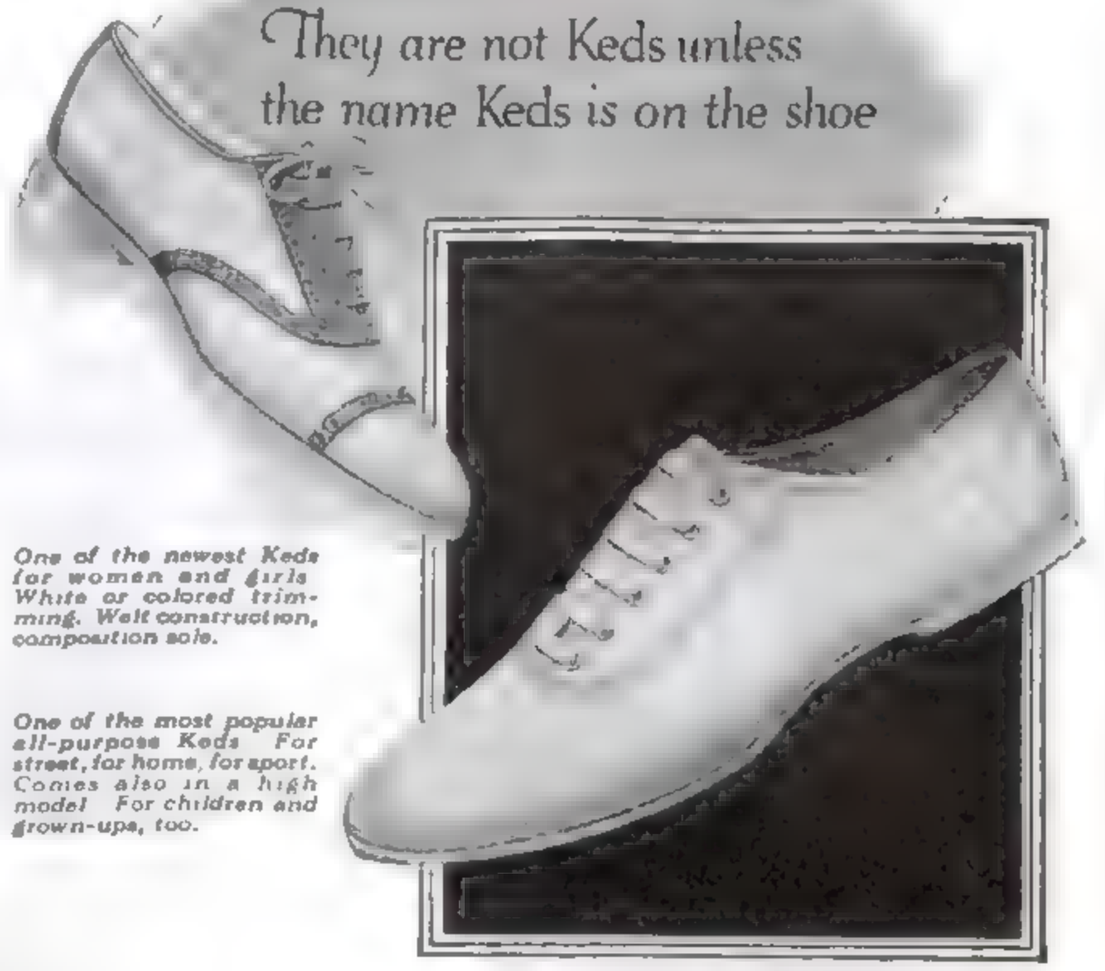
"Where are you going to sleep?"

"I've got my own sleeping kit."

"Well, go finish what you're doing and come on in. We'll feed you."

We had some canned soup heating up over an alcohol flame, and we intended to heat up some ditto corned-beef hash. He dug into his kit and produced some canned peaches and cocoa—and there we were. All of which unimportant detail is merely by way of presenting as intimate a picture as possible of life as it is lived by Americans engaged in the task of relieving Russia. Through our curtainless windows we could see the snow in great flakes scurrying hither and thither in the thick gray light of a night which behind the clouds was moonlit. Over our cocoa we talked long and learnedly about the terrible situation and really thought nothing whatever about our own discomfort. And in fact it was the utmost in bourgeois luxury in comparison with what most Russians were enjoying.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.



One of the newest Keds for women and girls. White or colored trimming. Welt construction, composition sole.

One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For street, for home, for sport. Comes also in a high model. For children and grown-ups, too.

First discovered by the American boy

—now adopted by the whole family

BOYS have always insisted on comfort, especially for their active feet. That's why for years every boy either went barefoot or wore "sneakers" or "tennis shoes" in the summer, which gave him coolness, lightness, foot-freedom.

And everybody envied the boy.

Then Keds appeared, with a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes. They made it possible for the whole family to enjoy the boy's summer "luxury." They have become the national summer shoe of America.

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Uppers of fine white or colored canvas—soles of tough, springy rubber from our own Sumatra plantations—Keds make you proud of their appearance as well as enthusiastic about their comfort and wear.

There are many different kinds of Keds—high and low, plain and athletic-trimmed—styles for outdoors, for home, for every kind of sport. You can get the kind you wish at your dealer's. If he hasn't them, he will get them for you.

But remember, Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

Sturdy sport shoes, with or without heels. Heavy reinforcements and ankle-patch. Smooth, corrugated, or suction sole.

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Double Bars
Full width of car

De Luxe Model, 175 $22
Western Price $25

Stewart
Stop Signal
$5

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You'll always know the Stewart Stop Signal. Look for the Red Palm. Like a traffic officer's uplifted hand it commands instant attention. When giving over the rear of your car to the protection of a Stop Signal don't allow false economy to guide you. Cheap articles are often of inferior construction. The Stewart Stop Signal is electrically perfect.

The most beautiful searchlight made. It is called the Miniature De Luxe model, being but four inches in diameter, yet every bit as efficient as the larger Stewart Models. Turns in any direction. Given an attractive heavy nickel finish. A rear vision mirror is set in the back. For open or closed cars.

Stewart
Searchlight
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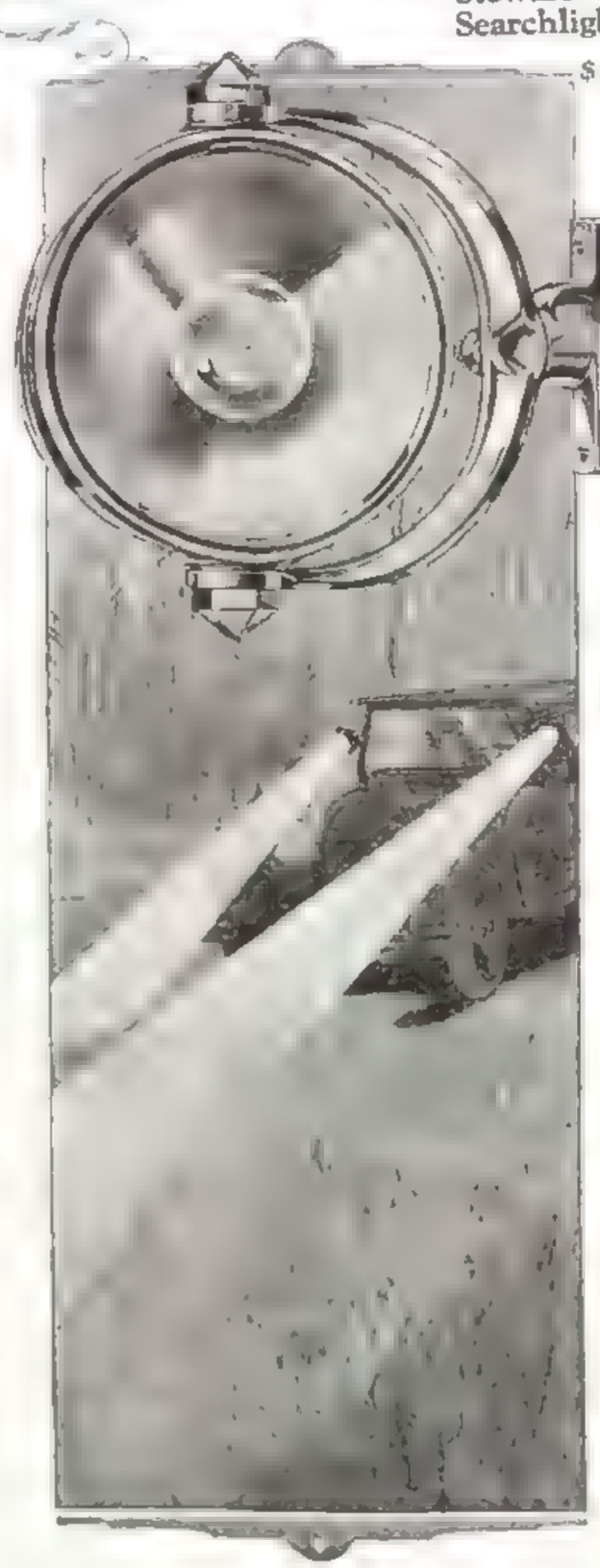

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
Chicago, U. S. A.

Single Bar Model, 158 $13.50
Western Price $16.00

Stewart

PRODUCTS
USED ON 7 MILLION CARS

THEY ARE WONDERFUL LITTLE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 13)

He was pleased to note that he had her there. She was, indeed, so surprised that the brassy dropped from her hand to the ground, and she made a quick, startled gesture of her arm up toward her breast. Frightened, eh? Ashamed to have been caught trespassing, doubtless, and especially by the son of the house. Well, he would be lenient with her; he would not further embarrass her, for she seemed to be a nice little person, although too sure of herself—too cocksure of herself until he had suppressed her by revealing his identity. If he had suppressed her she showed no sign of it when she next spoke.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Goodwin," she said; "I don't think you are quite well."

He was glad to obey her, for, indeed, he did not feel quite well; the reverse, rather. She approached to stand close beside him, regarding his haggard cheeks and the flush of high fever upon them with anxiety. She, at least, did not suspect him of being drunk.

"You are right," he said, passing a hand nervously across his eyes. "I'm not feeling very fit. I suppose that's why I came directly here to the garden without stopping at the house on the way. I always come here when I'm low. Something soothing about the water out there, especially these still, hot evenings. It's so quiet. And before long those clouds will begin to turn pink—when the sun gets a bit lower—a nice, fresh, clean pink like the dresses little girls wear to parties."

He stopped abruptly, smitten with the suspicion that he was talking nonsense. She had done nothing to insinuate that suspicion into his muddled brain; in fact, she had seated herself quietly at his side in the hammock. Surely she would not have done that if he had been raving. He glanced at her shamefacedly. She seemed very serious, her eyes dark and thoughtful, her lower lip caught by a line of small white teeth.

"I see," he said idiotically, for it was not at all what he intended to say, "I see that you rouge your lips."

She nodded her head absently. He hoped he hadn't offended her, for now that he could examine her closely he was conscious that she was really very beautiful. She appeared so cool and so immaculate and her skin was of the color and texture of a pale-rose rose. Amused by the phrase he repeated it half aloud.

"A pale-rose rose," he murmured, and he laughed quietly and unostentatiously.

"I don't quite know what to do with you," she said musingly; "I think perhaps you had better let me take you up to the house. You're a very sick man, you know."

He denied it overvehemently. He sat up very straight—at least he believed that he did—and spoke with great dignity.

"Pray don't concern yourself in the least about me," he said. "It is kind of you, but wholly unnecessary. I may have been talking rot, but it's my mood, that's all. I feel like talking rot, and if I can't talk rot in my own garden, where can I, I'd like to know. And if you desire to continue driving golf balls into the Sound you are at perfect liberty to do so; in fact, you are at perfect liberty to do anything you choose to. You can trample on the flower beds and pluck the flowers if you want to. You are no longer a—well, a trespasser, you know; you are my guest. I'd like to have you stay to dinner."

"Thank you," she said calmly; "I think I shall."

"I'm very glad. You are a very pleasant person and I like you enormously; which is unusual, because as a rule I dislike women intensely. Nietzsche says that women are like cats—essentially unpeaceable, but able to assume a peaceable demeanor."

"He says worse things than that about them."

"Yes, he certainly does. Cunning old devil, wasn't he? Well, Nietzsche and I agree about women—that is, we always have agreed. I've never granted them much. I mean the modern woman. Always scurrying around clamoring for rights and things, and they'll be awfully sore when they get everything they can think of to clamor for. Dowdy old hens with their feathers all rumpled up—ugly old birds, most of them. And crooked! Good Lord, they'd make a Tammany politician blush! I beg your pardon, but you aren't by any chance a suffragist, or whatever they call themselves, are you? You aren't modern or anything, are you? I mean to say you agree with me that woman's place is in the home, don't you? Because if you don't, why then I suppose I've made an ass of myself all over again, and"—his voice here seemed to die like a phonograph in need of winding—"and you probably won't stay to dinner, and I'd like very much—very much to have you stay to dinner."

"Come," she said briskly, "I've got to get you up to the house right away. Do you think you can make it?"

He smiled wanly. He was so tired that the very thought of movement was painful to him, and the pounding in his temples had increased alarmingly. He felt his head recoil sharply at each blow. Perhaps that was what was affecting his eyesight, for as he looked at the girl beside him he seemed to see her, now small and far away as through the minifying end of a field glass, now large, close and blurred as if the glass were out of focus.

"Can you walk if I give you my arm to lean on?" she asked, her voice apparently coming to him from a great distance.

"Of course," he answered vaguely, "and we'd better hurry, because the fog's coming in thick and it gets very damp when the fog comes in thick, and you might catch cold and not be able to stay to dinner. I want you to stay to dinner. Please stay to dinner. You will stay to dinner, won't you?"

"Yes," she said. "Come, make an effort."

"An effort," he repeated—"an effort. I assure you it's no effort at all," and thereupon he fell flat back across the hammock.

"Oh, dear," she said aloud, "now what shall I do?"

She bent over him and pulled his limp body around that it might rest more comfortably. Then very loudly and distinctly, as if to penetrate his unconsciousness, she said: "There's a telephone in the boathouse. You stay here. Don't move. I'll call for two of the servants to come down and carry you up to the house. Understand now, don't move!"

Her parting injunction was completely superfluous, for David did not consciously move a muscle for a long time.

III

THE next morning Mr. J. Stanley Armitage sat at breakfast at Good Winds facing his daughter Corinna, who sat opposite him across the silver, glass and china strewn table. With the morning newspaper propped up at the left of his plate, he busied himself with eggs and bacon; but, occupied as he was with his daily news and his daily bread, he nevertheless found time to address an occasional query to his daughter.

"So you say young Goodwin's pretty sick, eh? What time does your New York specialist—what's his name?—come out?"

"Ten o'clock. His name's Doctor Lampson."

"And the boy's father—what about him?"

"Peter Goodwin? Well, Peter seems to be rather a difficult proposition to handle. I urged him to accept a room here in the house and to consider himself a welcome guest until his son was well enough to be moved; but he wouldn't hear of such a thing. Not he! Said it was embarrassing enough to have David inflicting himself on us; was quite angry that David should have chosen our house of all others to be laid up with brain fever in; insinuated that it was a peculiarly tactless thing to do. You see, he bears us a grudge, strangely enough, for having bought the place; or perhaps not for having bought the place, but for owning and living in a place that was his for so long."

"He's a fool then," commented Mr. Armitage briefly.

"Yes," she agreed, "but an interesting fool, an unusual sort of fool. He's so debonair and so cynical and so—well, so *ancienne noblesse*. His eyes are just as tight shut and he's just as ignorant of what's going on in the world about him as Louis Seize."

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Armitage. "That's probably why he failed. Well, from what

Taking the Penalty Out of Putting

It's after you get on the Green, within sinking distance of the cup, that your previous good playing is often penalized by lack of accuracy in putting. Perhaps an extra stroke or two on what might have been a par hole.

Too often and too much in recent years, this inaccuracy in putting has been charged to human error—when many times the fault lies in the behavior of the ball on its way towards the cup.

Golf balls which are untrue in shape or balance cannot follow a straight line putt. One of the regular tests applied to Dunlops is that of floating them on mercury to determine the degree of rotation and prove that the center of gravity is where it should be—in the exact center of the ball. This and other precautions at every stage of manufacture, including an individual compression test of every ball, guarantee for Dunlops the uniformity and dependability that mean so much to you in maintaining a consistent game.

An ordinary golf ball, in which resiliency depends upon a loosely wound core, is too lively in the "short game"—approaching and putting. On the Green, the slightest depression or obstacle, such as a worm cast, will throw it from its true course. Such a ball, moreover, is easily pounded out of shape, making it almost useless for putting.

You can play a Dunlop with as much confidence on or near the Green as you do from the Tee. Its tightly wound core will compress but slightly under an easy blow, thus assuring a firm, true roll in the exact direction given it by the club.

In price, Dunlops at 85c each are only slightly in excess of the best grade domestic brands. Compared with most of the other imported golf balls Dunlop offers a material saving. The Dunlop Warwick (really much superior to the average ball) sells for 70c.

The difference a Dunlop adds to your game makes it worth *insisting* upon.

DUNLOP
The largest-selling Imported Brand of Golf Balls
Now obtainable at
85c
EACH
Three Sizes
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DUNLOP

I gather, it seems to be an honest failure. He'll probably be able to pay off his creditors in full. Better ask him again to take a room here. He needn't see us if he hates the sight of us so much. Lord knows, the house is big enough!"

He returned to his eggs and his newspaper, finished them off, glanced at his watch, kissed Corinna hastily on the forehead and hurried away to catch his train for the city—a brisk, untidy, keen, kind-hearted, shrewd, sentimental little man, whose name in our more or less United States is legion.

After his departure Corinna finished her breakfast leisurely, permitting herself long pauses between mouthfuls for meditation. Then, going to the telephone, she called up the secretary of the League for Equal Rights for Women and informed her that she would be unable, much to her regret, to read her paper at the meeting that afternoon—her paper entitled, "Why Should Not Women Pay Alimony?" The secretary was very sorry, and hoped Miss Armitage was not ill. No, Miss Armitage was not herself ill; but one of her guests was really seriously sick, and Miss Armitage felt that she could not leave him—her; whereupon the secretary suggested enthusiastically that Miss Armitage call in the most perfectly wonderful woman doctor—Mrs. Dr. Lucy Potts—who had effected the most perfectly miraculous cures and whose bedside manner inspired just as much confidence as a man's.

No? Well, some other time then, and Miss Armitage must write down the name so she wouldn't forget it.

"Some women," said Corinna to herself as she hung up the receiver, "are such idiots that they don't deserve to be President of the United States!"

Then she went upstairs and knocked gently on the door of the sick room. The trained nurse, whom they had procured from Bridgeport the evening before, let her in and smiled and nodded and said in a noisy whisper, "He's sleeping and I think his fever's gone down. He seems quieter."

Corinna approached the bed and contemplated David in silence. He did, as the nurse said, seem quiet—very quiet except for his quick, difficult breathing. He was lying on his side, his cheek against the pillow, and Corinna could not help noting—for she was a woman, though modern—that his profile resembled that of Mr. John Barrymore.

"Has he—has he been himself at all?" she asked.

The nurse shook her head.

"No, Miss Armitage, very wild and restless all night until about six o'clock this morning. Kept shouting and screaming, and it's a wonder and a blessing you didn't hear him."

"Delirious, I suppose. Well, Doctor Lampson will be here at ten o'clock, and then we'll know what the trouble really is."

"It might be only the influenza," said the nurse reassuringly. "I've seen it bad like that and all gone again in a few days."

They had moved over to the window farthest from the bed during this brief conversation, and consequently did not observe that the patient had opened his eyes and was staring at their dissimilar backs.

But they wheeled about quickly enough when he exclaimed in a tone of intense satisfaction, "So you did stay to dinner, after all!"

The nurse crossed the room and laid a hand on his forehead.

"Delirious, you see," she announced.

"I don't mean you," said David; "I mean the other one. What's her name?—the girl that stayed to dinner."

"My name's Corinna."

"Corinna!" he repeated. "Corinna! It's a nice name, isn't it? Come, Corinna, let us go a-Maying. Didn't someone write that once upon a time? Give me your hand, Corinna, for you are very lovely and my head hurts. What's the matter with my head, I wonder, Corinna? Is that a trained nurse standing there—that large woman, round like a ball and slightly flattened at the poles? Nurse—if you are a nurse—why don't you give me something for my head? There, that's right, Corinna, hold my hand and keep me down on the bed, because if you don't I'm apt to soar up to the ceiling. I feel very light, somehow—specific gravity very low. It must be that. What can we do for that, beautiful, cool Corinna?"

"We can keep quiet until the doctor comes," she said, her hand obediently in his.

He groaned.

"Doctors!" he exclaimed disgustedly. "Doctors! Doctors are fools! If you don't believe me read Bernard Shaw. I'm not sick, I tell you; my head feels queer, that's all; hot, don't you know, Corinna."

Suddenly he sat up straight in bed and, wild-eyed, crushed her hand with a terrific strength.

"Corinna," he cried, "you must not leave me! Say that you won't leave me, Corinna!"

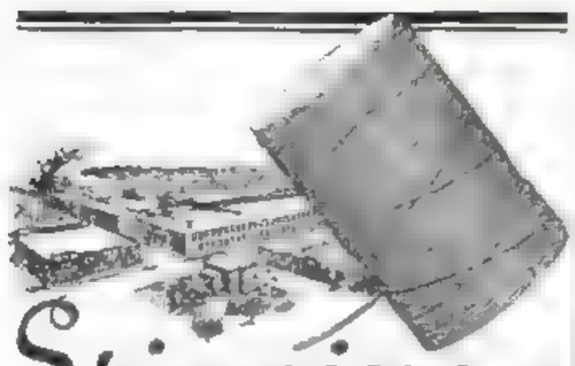
"I won't leave you," she answered, "if you'll lie back and promise to keep quiet and not talk."

"Thank you, dear," said he, and his body relaxed, and he closed his eyes and his lips and seemed to sleep.

When the doctor arrived he found Miss Armitage sitting quietly by the patient's bed, holding his hand. He concluded, reasonably enough, that they were lovers, and, since he was a famous diagnostician, perhaps he was not far wrong. At any rate it was with a kindly voice that he requested Corinna to await his verdict downstairs in the library.

"I shan't be long," he said, "and when I leave here I have no doubt that you may come back and stay with him as long as you want to. You appear to have a soothing effect upon him—an effect which is most desirable at this stage of the illness.

(Continued on Page 77)



Spinning a yarn about

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ASBESTOS PRODUCTS

From the time the crude asbestos leaves the mines until it is made into automobile brake lining, packings or electric heater cord, every process is under our supervision. Specialization gives to all GARCO Asbestos Products that inherent quality which has created a great National demand.

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Easy!

How much energy do you use to inflate a tire? The Morgan Pump cuts effort and time in half.

The all metal Morgan Pump has a piston and two piston rings. These, with the automatic valve, make inflation *easy*.

No other pump has its scientific features. Absolute Guarantee. Price $6.

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Jobbers write for descriptive chart. A few territories open for Agents.

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and in 12 business thorough effective personal [illegible] at these days needs the skill of the trained advertising man. Those who can write ads and get with through advertising have a higher interesting and well paid occupation.

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"Will You Marry Me, David? You Do Care for Me—You Care a Little, I Know. Do You Care Enough?"

Here's what takes place inside this hogshead—

WE PURCHASE from the farmers in Kentucky the very finest sun-ripened Burley leaf for use in Velvet.

When this leaf tobacco is delivered to us, we carefully pack it in wooden hogsheads similar to the one illustrated.

There it remains to slowly age for two solid years. During this time the tobacco goes through natural "sweats" and throws off all bitterness and harshness.

Long experience has shown us that aging in the wood is the *only* method that produces a mild and mellow smoking tobacco.

We're ready to back Velvet against any tobacco made—in the world. Smoke Velvet aged-in-the-wood tobacco. Mild and mellow.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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INTERWOVEN
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830

Interwoven Socks

For and Boy

FOR FREEDOM FROM HOLES

(Continued from Page 74)

We strive to reduce the fever without depressing the heart, and so—well, you see my point. You are doubtless more indicated just now than medicine."

Corinna descended to the library with the feeling that her cheeks were of a deeper hue than that of a pale-rose rose. In the library she found Mr. Peter Goodwin, pacing the Chinese rug, his usually debonair features shadowed by a warranted anxiety and an unwarranted indignation.

"Oh," said Corinna, "I am so glad you came over! Doctor Lampson is examining him now and we shall have his diagnosis very shortly. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Goodwin, "I'll take this chair if you don't object. It was always rather a favorite of mine. In fact this room was always a favorite of mine. I planned it myself—chose the paneling and the rug and the furniture, and even," he added with a glance around at the bookshelves—"and even the books. The choice books, however, I took care to remove before the sale, and I perceive that the vacancies left by my first editions have been filled with thrilling best sellers. Ah, yes, The Black Hand, The Purple Mask, The Green Glove, The Pink Pawn Ticket and, I have no doubt, The Vermilion Vermifuge. An interesting color scheme!"

He gave a scornful twist to his well-trimmed mustache and surveyed her with young, ironical eyes. He was fifty years old, but in many ways more youthful than his own son.

"How soon can I get David out of here?" he asked abruptly and even rudely.

She shrugged her slim but masculine shoulders.

"That would depend, I should think, on how soon you want to kill him. You can take him away today if you like—he's not a prisoner."

He pondered this for a while, and then he said, "Can't you understand that we don't want to be under obligations to you—or rather to your father?"

"Why not?"

"You're being willfully obtuse," he replied irritably. "This has been our home for ten years. Now it isn't. While I was losing my money your father was making his. I was an optimist as regards the prosperity of the country, and your father was a pessimist. Your father was right—the country's going to the dogs. Prohibition, the movies, professional baseball, the impudence of the working classes, the cowardice of the governing classes, the masculinization of women, whereby they simply acquire men's voices without losing their own—what a nation!

"If I had any money left I'd go short of government bonds."

She smiled across at him compassionately, as a mother smiles on a child who is deliberately wrecking his own toy.

"Poor Mr. Goodwin," she said. "You should have been born a seignior in the Middle Ages! I should like to read you my speech advocating the right of divorced women to pay alimony. You see, I'm one of those masculinized women that you refer to so scathingly, and I believe that women should share all the privileges of men."

He stared at her.

"Is it a privilege to pay alimony?" he demanded.

"It must be," she said calmly, "or men wouldn't do it."

"Do you want to sit on juries, too, and listen to disgusting cases?"

"Why not? Men enjoy it."

"And I've no doubt you think the female should make the amorous advances to the male—court him, propose to him, marry him and support him."

She hesitated, flushing a little in spite of her boasted masculinity.

"That depends of course on the circumstances in each individual case. Listen, Mr. Goodwin, do you realize that in Nature—birds and animals, for instance—the male has the more gorgeous plumage?"

"The plumage of the lion," murmured Mr. Goodwin, "is undoubtedly gayer than that of the lioness."

"Well, plumage, coat, hide, skin, whatever you want to call it. The point is that nowadays you will note that in the case of human beings it is the woman who is the more gorgeously attired. The man wears black and white for the most part, with, at best, a touch of color at his necktie. Man has become the drab, self-effacing sex, passive or even on the defensive. Woman has taken up the rôle he vacated. It is woman who today wears the ermine and the purple, the coronets and the cloth of gold. The gorgeous plumage is hers, and with it the leadership of the world."

"Bravo!" said Mr. Goodwin dryly, and clapped his hands. "All you need is a platform and an American flag and you will go far. I shouldn't be surprised to see you in the Senate one of these days."

"Yes," she said defiantly, "but first I want to marry your son."

Once more he stared at her, and she, one of the leaders of the world, flushed crimson under the scornful amusement in his eyes.

"Marrying my son," he said presently, "is an ambition far more difficult of attainment than that of sitting in the United States Senate. It is also, however, the more worthy. As soon as the doctor gives his permission I shall take the liberty of removing my son from your dangerous presence."

"It will make no difference," she said valiantly; "I usually get what I want."

He bowed gravely.

"Usually, perhaps," he said, "but not always."

IV

DOCTOR LAMPSON pronounced David's malady an acute attack of influenza, and charged handsomely for the pronouncement. The case was left, unless alarming and unlooked-for symptoms should develop, in the hands of a local practitioner. But there was, he averred, no cause for worry.

Complete rest and careful nursing and within two weeks David would be as right as rain—a little feeble, perhaps, a little languid, but otherwise himself again. Be very careful of drafts.

Corinna and the globular nurse, Miss Fenster, took over complete control of the sick room, and not Mr. Goodwin or Mr. Armitage or a draft was permitted to enter until David's temperature became normal and showed promise of remaining so. This happened at the end of about ten days.

During those ten days, as one can readily believe, Corinna's courtship made distinct progress. A man is never so susceptible to feminine influences as when he is weak and suffering and flat on his back. His power of resistance, which, in healthier days, has enabled him to avert many a catastrophe, is then at a low ebb, and his helplessness engenders a mood of gratefulness which in turn produces an inferiority complex. When he has reached that condition he is well-nigh doomed and is as wax in the hands of a determined, remorseless woman.

Poor David! It was only when he was strong enough to leave his room and sit outdoors on the sunny terrace that he began to realize to what a degree he had committed himself. He had, during those dark past days, clung frantically to Corinna's hand and called her endearing names; he had drunk his milk from a glass held in her fingers and he had been fed his broth and his porridge from a spoon which she guided to his lips.

In ten days they had become as intimate as if he had known her all his life.

He wondered, in his innocence, if he ought not to apologize for the—well, the extremely familiar manner in which he had conducted himself with her. He wondered uneasily if she thought he had taken advantage of his position as invalid to make love to her—to make love to her of all people! She was the last woman in the world, he reflected, to whom he could suggest marriage, for not only was she immensely rich and he immensely poor but the Armitage riches had purchased and now owned the very *lares* and *penates* of the Goodwins. Should he marry her he would appear to be marrying himself back into his former possessions; in short, a peculiarly mercenary marriage, flagrant even in an era when most marriages are mercenary.

"Corinna," he said, interrupting her reading, "I want to talk to you seriously for a few minutes. Do you mind?"

She marked the page in her book and put the book aside.

"No," she said, "I don't mind. What is it?"

"I'm afraid," he began hesitatingly—"I'm afraid that I made a good deal of an ass of myself when I was sick."

"One does," she said.

"Yes, of course, one does. But what I wanted to say"—he was floundering badly now—"what I wanted to say was that I seem to have been—well, a peculiarly sentimental sort of ass; a maudlin ass, in fact. I remember vaguely that I slopped all over, so to speak—clung to you like a drowning man."

"You mean," she said calmly, "that you said nice things to me and that you are now sorry you did?"

"No—no, of course not!" he disclaimed. "I mean that I thought you might think I had presumed on my illness to become overfamiliar."

"What is overfamiliar? When does familiarity become overfamiliarity?"

"When? Why, when it goes beyond the point where it is welcome, I suppose."

"And you think you went beyond that point?"

"I hope not. That's just what I want to apologize for—I mean if I did."

"Well, you didn't," she said briefly.

"Oh!" was all he could find to say; but he was aware that he had left a great deal unsaid.

He had not explained himself properly at all.

During the silence that followed he did not meet her eyes, but he knew that she was studying him, appraising him. Had he known the words that were forming themselves on her lips he would have been even more uneasy. And she, herself, was no longer the calm, confident Corinna to whom he was accustomed, the Corinna who was valiant for the equality of the sexes, who proclaimed, clarion voiced, the right of woman to participate in all the privileges of man. No, to her annoyance, she found herself confused, hesitant, timid as a girl! Vexatious thought! She, Corinna Armitage, member of the League of Equal Rights for Women, secretary of the Woman's Civic Improvement Association, vice president of the Woman's Radical Club, one of the governors of the Woman's Political Coffee House—she, Corinna Armitage, found herself timid and blushing like a girl in the presence of a mere insignificant man, and a sick, feeble man too!

"David," she said, striving bravely but vainly to sound like the self-possessed, clear-headed, judicious young woman that she desired to be, "David, you don't really know me at all, do you? We have talked a great deal together, but we have never touched on the subjects that are of importance. You guess, for instance, that I am a feminist, but you don't know what I mean by that any more than you know what you yourself mean by it."

David laughed and waved his hand carelessly in the air.

"Equal rights, equal privileges, equal standards for women," he said. "It's all wrong, of course, but bless you, Corinna, it's really not important. You women have gained everything you've been fighting for."

"Theoretically, perhaps. Not everything, but a great deal; and only theoretically, or, if you want, legally. There are many things, however, that manners, customs and traditions withhold from us, and we shall continue to be deprived of these until we have the courage to overthrow the old manners, customs and traditions."

"Well," observed David, "it seems to me that the old manners, customs and traditions gave women all the best of it."

"If they did—and I deny that they did—we don't want the best of it. We want to share alike the good and the evil. We hope that the day will come when it will appear just as natural for the wife to go to business in the morning, leaving the husband to care for the children and the home, as it appears now when the reverse is the case. There are plenty of wives who have greater money-earning potentiality than their husbands, just as there are doubtless plenty of husbands who are better suited to caring for the home than their wives. But that's only one detail; we want the world to acknowledge that women are as capable as men of engaging in absolutely all activities, with the possible exception of those requiring great physical strength. Women have already made successful teachers, actors, writers, artists, lawyers, doctors, public officials, policemen, scientists, and, in Russia, invincible soldiers. All we need is encouragement—not from men, for we don't expect that, but from ourselves. We need someone to start the fashion; someone who is prominent socially or otherwise; someone, at least, of whom her eager, timid, leaderless sisters will say, 'If she does it why shouldn't I?'"

"A sort of bell cow, eh?" suggested David, smiling.

"If you choose to call it that," she answered, but with no smile in return. "But I'm very much in earnest. I'm so much in earnest that I and several other members of the Women's Radical Club have agreed to put our theories into practice, even to the

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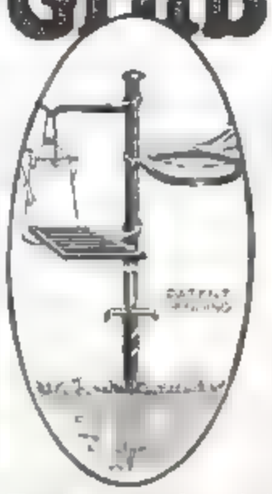

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extent of becoming unpleasantly conspicuous, whenever a reasonable opportunity presents itself. It happens that a reasonable opportunity presents itself to me now. David, will you be my husband?"

She sat up, slim and erect and brave-eyed, in the large wicker armchair. Her profile was turned to him, and she gazed out and down over the terraced gardens to the silver-blue, quiescent Sound. The silence of midafternoon was unbroken except when an errant breeze strayed up from the water to stir the orange-and-white awnings behind them, or when tiger-colored bees, satiated with roses, hummed errantly by in search of new gardens.

"I have often," continued Corinna presently, "scoffed at love at first sight; but I think that I have loved you ever since I came upon you, lying delirious, down there in the Nantucket hammock. You thought the place was yours, and although the place was no longer yours—I was. Will you marry me, David? You do care for me—you care a little, I know. Do you care enough?"

"I care a great deal, Corinna," he answered slowly. "I care too much, because I can never marry you. I am sorry. It was very brave of you to ask me."

"It was not brave at all," she interrupted. "I was living up to my theories—my convictions of what a woman must do in certain circumstances. And besides," she added, "I guessed that you would never propose to me."

"It would have been impossible," he agreed gravely. "I tried to explain why"

"I know, and you didn't make a very good job of it. That is why I took the reins into my own hands. You have some silly scruples about marrying me because I am rich and my father owns this house which your father once owned. Is that the only reason why you won't marry me?"

"It is the reason why I can't," he said.

"You insist on letting that stand in the way of—of our happiness?"

"It does stand in the way, Corinna, and there is no avoiding it."

She made a gesture of impatience with her slender hand and bit at her lower lip querulously.

"You're such an idiot, David! What can I do to change you? Spend all father's money for him?"

He hesitated.

"I might some day make some money myself," he suggested without much conviction.

"Some day!" she echoed. "Some day! And meanwhile we throw away our youth. You are twenty-nine and I am twenty-seven, David. We're no longer children. In not so many years we'll be reaching middle age. And yet you propose to sacrifice the happiness we might have out of those years for some ridiculous scruple of false pride. David, is there another girl? I have a right to ask, haven't I?"

"No, Corinna, there is no other girl."

"And you—you love me?"

She flushed crimson at the frank use of the verb, for in spite of her fear of the imminence of middle age she was still youthful enough to blush.

"You know I love you," he said. "Don't make it harder for me."

"I'm trying my best to make it easier for you," she retorted.

She stood up with a sigh of vexation; but it is possible that in the bottom of her heart there lay a feeling of relief that a difficult and daring undertaking had been gone through with—unsuccessfully, to be sure; but even the brave are not always successful. To have been brave is glory enough.

"Your refusal, then, is definite?" she questioned, turning to face him at last.

"I'm afraid it must be," he said miserably. "I'm sorry—I'm very sorry."

"So am I—sorry for myself and almost as sorry for you. It means that I shall have to devote myself to work in order to try to forget, as men say. Isn't that what they say, David, when a girl throws them down?"

She spoke bitterly, but at the same time lightly, almost frivolously, and David said, "Don't make a joke of a tragedy, Corinna!"

"Oh, I don't know! A little cheerfulness does no harm anywhere. Do you know what I'm going to do, David?"

He admitted that he had no idea what she was going to do.

"I'm going to present myself as a candidate for the state legislature at the next election. Assemblywoman Armitage! Father will be furious!"

"You're going to run for office!" exclaimed David incredulously. "On what ticket?"

"On my own. I have all the women's associations behind me. They've been urging me to run for months, but I've held back. Now I shall listen to the call of my constituents. That, also, is what men say, isn't it, David? Yes, I shall hearken to the call of my constituents. 'Hearken' is better, I think."

She stretched out her arms, upward and outward, toward the sun, and in very fair imitation of a third-rate, flag-waving politician she cried:

"My friends, I stand before you on a platform consecrated by the blood and tears of our forefathers—the platform of Liberty! As long as Old Glory floats aloft on the breeze, as long as the Red, White and Blue stands as the symbol of God's country, so long will the people of that country demand liberty with a voice that shakes the world. And, my friends, when I pronounce that hallowed name of 'liberty,' I mean not only liberty for some but liberty for all—liberty for the women as well as the men; liberty for the wives as well as the husbands; liberty for the mothers as well as the fathers; liberty for ——"

"Liberty for David," interrupted Mr. Peter Goodwin, who, during this magniloquence, had silently appeared on the terrace. "Liberty for David, Miss Armitage. I've come to take him home."

V

IT WAS not many days later that Mr. Armitage called upon David in the shabby little house so near to Good Winds in distance and so far removed from it in everything else. Mr. Armitage was embarrassed and distressed, and being unused to experiencing either of those mental conditions showed his distress and embarrassment the more plainly. The unfortunate man was in a peculiarly unpleasant predicament.

"Mr. Goodwin," he said to David, taking a long breath and plunging desperately *in medias res*—"Mr. Goodwin, my daughter Corinna is determined to make a fool of herself."

"Ah?" replied David politely, finding nothing more adequate to say.

"Yes, exactly. Corinna is very stubborn."

"Stubbornness may be either a quality or a defect. It depends, I suppose, upon the cause in which it is employed."

"In this case," observed Mr. Armitage, "the cause is—is awful. It's politics. Corinna's made up her mind to run for the state legislature. She's got a lot of silly women's clubs and things backing her, and at present she's chasing all round the country in my automobile getting signatures. She's going to run on her own ticket, you see. It's disgraceful!"

"Well," said David, "it isn't exactly the career I'd choose for my daughter—if I had one."

"Of course not! The publicity she'll get will be scandalous. It's unwomanly—it's immodest. Speaking in public on soap boxes; waving banners; pleading for votes; being laughed at by the men; mixing with a lot of dirty politicians—you know what she'll be up against. Well, it's not pleasant to contemplate, and I'd do anything in the world to stop her. In fact, I've tried my best to stop her, but she won't be stopped. She won't listen to me."

"I'm sorry," said David, wondering just where he came into the affair.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Armitage meditatively, "I knew you'd be sorry; I knew you'd see it the way I do. The question is, are you sorry enough to do something that will put an end to the nonsense?"

"Why, anything in my power, naturally, Mr. Armitage; anything I can decently do, although I must admit I don't exactly see how my influence ——"

Armitage interrupted him with a wave of his hand.

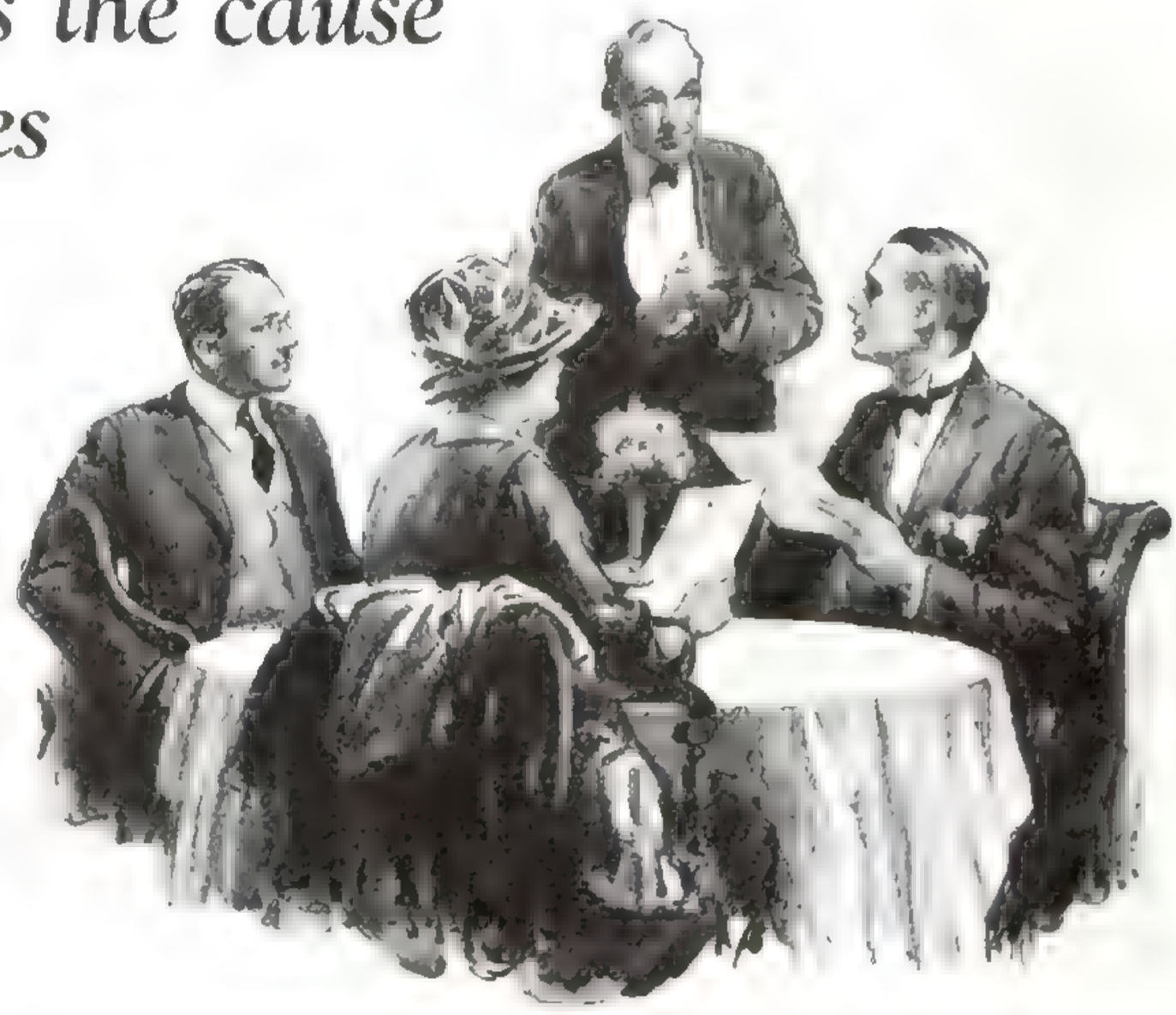
"Your influence, although you may not realize it, is enormous. Come, Mr. Goodwin, I must be absolutely frank with you if I am to arrive at anything. Let me ask you a question: Why does an otherwise normal and healthy young woman fly suddenly off the handle and throw all her nervous energy into something that by rights should be distasteful to her? Why?"

David shrugged his shoulders and smiled a little wanly.

"Why do women do anything, Mr. Armitage? I don't know, and wiser men than I don't know. One of women's charms is

(Continued on Page 80)

Not what you eat but what you don't eat—*is the cause of many troubles*



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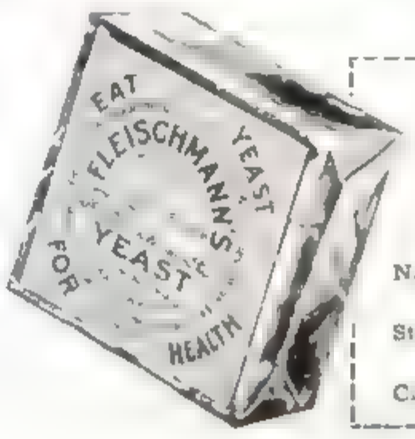

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(Continued from Page 78)

their complete lack of reason. They are human *non sequiturs*."

"There are exceptions," Armitage pointed out, "and Corinna is an exception. She has a masculine mind."

"Ah?"

"She's doing precisely what a man would do in her position. She's plunging headlong into this political business simply because she's had a serious disappointment in her life. She's trying to drown her heartache in work."

"Ah!" said David again, but this time it was a startled interjection. He had a glimmering of what the conversation was leading to; he sensed danger ahead; he saw breakers tossing venomously on a treacherous reef, and Armitage was steering him inevitably toward them.

"Yes," continued Corinna's father, "I am convinced that if Corinna could marry and have children she would forget all this nonsense; she'd snap her fingers at the state legislature and everything in it. Corinna's in love—I know, because she admitted it to me—and the man she's in love with and wants to marry won't marry her because, I infer, of some stupid scruple; something about her being rich and him poor. Does it occur to you, Mr. Goodwin, that I could cut Corinna off without a penny if I chose? She wouldn't be rich then, would she?"

"No," answered David nervously, "she wouldn't be rich then."

"Well?" queried Mr. Armitage.

"Well?" said David.

"You see my point? Do I have to make myself any clearer?"

"I think," said David, "that in such a—well, such a delicate affair it is necessary that you be completely clear; otherwise we shall find ourselves talking in the dark."

Mr. Armitage sighed and threw his cigar out over the shabby little lawn into the street.

It was a good throw, but by no means a difficult one.

"Mr. Goodwin," he said, "the fact is that Corinna is in love with you and wants to marry you. Can't you see your way to obliging her?"

David shook his head sadly.

"I fear not," he answered; "I fear not. You see I am worse than poor—I am a bankrupt. At least my father is. I cannot in decency marry anyone until—or unless—we extricate ourselves with honor from our present situation."

During this reply of David's Mr. Armitage had crossed the veranda in two steps, and was now standing on the edge by the railing, his back to David and absorbed apparently in the contemplation of the three tired geraniums that still held up their heads in the bed below.

"Equipment business, isn't it?" he said abruptly to the geraniums.

"We manufacture articles made of a very high-grade steel," explained David, "used mainly in the better-class automobiles. During the war we had large contracts with the Ordnance Department, and my father expanded the plant—overexpanded it, I suppose. It's a one-man business, and until now he's been the one man."

"And now?"

"And now he seems to have lost all interest. Until I got sick I was trying to lend a hand—save our creditors and of course ourselves; or rather our financial reputation."

"I see," said Mr. Armitage. "Well, I can only wish you good luck. You have my sympathy—what there is of it left that doesn't go to Corinna. It looks as if she'll have to go ahead and make a fool of herself."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Armitage."

"But you won't change your mind and marry her, eh? She's a good sort of girl, Corinna is."

"She's a glorious girl," agreed David warmly, "but she's out of my reach."

"All right, Mr. Goodwin, we'll have to let it go at that. You at least don't say that the grapes are sour, and I shall console myself with that knowledge, pending developments."

"They are out of reach," said David slowly, "but they are very sweet grapes."

After the departure of Mr. Armitage Peter Goodwin came leisurely out, pipe in mouth, to join David on the veranda.

"What did he want?" he asked casually. "Anything in particular?"

"Nothing I could give him," answered David.

Peter Goodwin puffed in comparative silence for a space, and then he said, rather irrelevantly: "I forgot to tell you that the people at the Emerson Trust have been rather decent. They've agreed to urge no forced sales until they can again discuss the situation with you. Of course they're only desirous of saving their own necks—that's what decency invariably boils down to in the financial district. Meanwhile, while they've been so decently waiting, the value of our assets has appreciated considerably. What's more, I understand the factory's been getting some orders. Oh, yes, my boy, if our creditors hadn't been such impatient, grasping, suspicious, pessimistic asses we'd have weathered the storm—pulled through somehow without the assistance of an imbecilic receiver."

He stopped speaking, and for the first time in months was seized with a constructive idea.

"Armitage," he murmured, "has a good bit of authority, I understand. Wonder if he'd be any help to us."

"Mr. Armitage," said David firmly, "is the last man in the world we can ask to be of any help to us."

"Oh!" observed Peter Goodwin, scrutinizing his son with a gleam of amusement in his youthful eyes. "Oh, I see!"

VI

THE following morning was a very busy one for Mr. J. Stanley Armitage in his office on the twenty-fifth floor of the recently completed Armitage Building; and a busy day, too, for Miss Suttar, his uncomely but efficient secretary. Promptly at nine o'clock the fifty-million-dollar body of Mr. Armitage—at least he was appraised at that figure—settled itself in its desk chair, pressed a button and commenced to issue orders.

"Get me the Honey Automobile Company in Newark, Miss Suttar. Speak to Mr. Johnson, the vice president, if possible."

He got the connection, and it was a startled and deferential Mr. Johnson who answered the rather surprising questions of the great man.

"What steel do we use in the Honey, Mr. Johnson—I mean in the axles, the bearings, and so forth—the parts that demand a high-grade steel?"

"We use Timmins' steel, sir," answered Mr. Johnson.

"Timmins', eh? Well, anything the matter with Goodwin steel?"

"Not that I know of, sir; only Goodwin's a small producer and he's about down and out."

"He can produce enough to supply our demands for 1923, can't he?"

Mr. Johnson attempted a friendly laugh.

"Oh, yes," he said, "he could and I've no doubt he'd be tickled to death to do it. But our engineers call for Timmins' stuff."

"All right. You speak to them about it. They call for a thing just because they've called for it before. If Goodwin can give us as good material at as good a price we'll use Goodwin, do you see? I don't butt in often on this Honey property of mine, but this time I do, and I take all the responsibility. Do you understand?"

Mr. Johnson understood superficially at any rate.

"I'll let you have a report on it next week, sir," he said.

"No, you won't," Armitage contradicted him. "You'll let me have a report day after tomorrow."

The great man hung up the receiver, and turning to Miss Suttar directed her to get him the Emerson Trust. Miss Suttar might have pointed out that Mr. Armitage had already got a large part of the Emerson Trust, for she had seen certificates that testified to this fact in her employer's safe. He now got the president.

"Ramson?" queried Mr. Armitage. "This is Armitage speaking. What have you done about that Goodwin business? Nothing? Well, that's right. That's what I hoped. Yes, I've reason to believe that if you sit tight that property will pull through and pay us dollar for dollar. You might tell the receiver—what's his name? Carney?—you might tell him that you, as the principal creditor, recommend watchful waiting. The other creditors will be glad enough to follow our line, I guess. What reason have I? Well, it's a good one, a peculiarly good one, Ramson. Remember, though, it's your own idea and not mine. Everything the Emerson Trust does is your idea, Ramson, and not mine. That's why you're president, my dear fellow. No, don't

get sore. Come out to dinner tonight instead—come out early and we'll shoot nine holes."

Once more the great man turned to his secretary.

"Miss Suttar," he said, "I want you to get for me a list of the companies to which the Goodwin plant has been selling its products. You may omit the Government, because the Government is no longer throwing its money around like a—well, like an intoxicated seafaring gentleman. They'll be mostly automobile companies, you'll find. Check off on that list the names of the companies in which I am a director or own a fairish amount of stock. Get anyone you want to help you and let me have the list by tomorrow. Is that clear? All right; now send Miss Green in to take some letters. Thank you."

Thus did Armitage sow with energy and skill in the hope that he would reap richly and early. And while the father had been busy the daughter had not been idle. Corinna was driving herself about the district in one of her father's runabouts, making a house-to-house canvass in an endeavor to secure signatures to her candidacy for assemblywoman. In due course of time—or possibly a trifle earlier than that—her misson led her to Mr. Peter Goodwin's front door.

"I'd like your signature, Mr. Goodwin," she said without preamble—"your signature, that of your son and that of your servant. I am eminently fitted, as you doubtless know, to represent the district at the capital. I am scrupulously honest; I am so situated financially as to be above bribery even if I were unscrupulously dishonest; I have made a study of the needs of the people, and, although this will be my first office, I am by no means a political amateur. I am young and I am energetic, and I am under obligations to no man—or woman."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Mr. Goodwin, politely enthusiastic. "Come in and I'll sign on the dotted line. I'm with you, Miss Armitage. A woman's place is outside her home. And David, I'm sure, will agree with me.

"As for Elspeth, our lady of all work, I don't know her politics, but I suspect they are radical."

If Peter Goodwin was suave and unruffled at sight of Corinna, David was decidedly the reverse. One does not encounter the woman whose matrimonial offer one has recently refused and display withal the *sang-froid* of a jellyfish."

"Corinna!" said David.

"David?" said Corinna, but more interrogatively and not so vehemently, as if she were puzzled, indeed, by his vehemence.

"I'd like to talk to you, Corinna, if I may," he continued; and then he added quickly—"it's about politics."

Mr. Goodwin, having signed his name graciously on the dotted line, glanced up and remarked gravely: "If it's about politics, perhaps you will excuse me. I never vote any more since one idiot I voted for was elected. He was so disgraceful that my conscience troubled me, for I felt as if I had put the dagger in the assassin's hand. I am sure you will pardon me if I go out to water the geraniums."

"Well, David, what is it?" asked Corinna when they were left alone.

"It's—it's not my business exactly; but must you—I mean, do you feel that you must go ahead with this assembly stuff?"

"Stuff?" she echoed. "It isn't stuff! It's a dignified stepping-stone to the presidency of the United States."

"Yes," said David—"yes, of course. That's what I meant. But, Corinna, you don't want to be even President of the United States, do you?"

She regarded him with a hint of a smile deepening the corners of her mouth and more than a hint nascent in her eyes.

"David," she said, "I'd rather be married than be President."

"Oh!" he said weakly, deprecatingly.

"You are still adamant?"

"Please," he begged, "I'm not adamant. It's circumstances that are adamant. But I hate the thought of your appealing to toughs and scoundrels for their votes, and ——"

"I don't count on swinging the tough-and-scoundrel vote," she interjected. "My appeal is to the thinking class."

"Just the same you'll come into contact with the hard; you'll be jostled and buffeted about by a lot of brute men. It's awful, Corinna! Won't you give it up?"

"No," she answered firmly; "not unless you'll marry me."

He put his head in his hands and groaned; and, inexplicably content, she left him groaning.

VII

ON AN evening toward the end of the summer David alighted from the train at Beechmont and, as was his custom, started to walk home to the shabby little house.

He was physically once more sound as a fiddle, and mentally he was exuberant as a Hungarian fiddler. The Goodwin steel plant was running at full capacity, with orders enough on the books to keep it that way throughout the following year. The creditors had been paid in full and there was money in the bank, and David was at least *terque quaterque beatus*.

His way led him across the little square about which the activity—or the inactivity—of Beechmont centered. In the middle of this square was a large, magnificently spreading elm; under the elm was a crowd of men, women and children; in the center of the crowd was a soap box; and on the soap box was Corinna. As he approached, frowning a little, her slim arms were raised in her peroration.

"And so, my friends," she was saying, "women have gained the vote, but they have yet to gain the benefits that come from public office. Of the people you elect to represent you, either in the state or in Washington, half should be women, since half the voters are women. That is a simple mathematical proposition and I make my appeal to you on it. Men say that they possess the power of logical reasoning more highly than women. Well, if they have I expect to be elected not only by the votes of my own sex but by those of the logically reasoning sex as well. The time has come when women must go out of the home to bear the burden of public responsibility. In the past they have proved themselves capable of making bread; in the present they are proving themselves capable of earning bread; in the near future, my friends, they will prove themselves capable of legislating as to the conditions under which that bread shall be made and earned—yes, and eaten. My friends, like Sir Galahad I have kept watch and prayed beside my arms; I have dedicated myself to your service; all the energy of my body, brain and heart is consecrated to my country. I take my solemn oath here before you that ——"

David had elbowed his way through the crowd, and at sight of him she stopped, hesitated, flushed the shade of a deep-rose rose, collected herself, threw back her valiant little head and continued:

"I take my solemn oath that ——."

"Corinna," said David quietly but distinctly, "come down off that soap box!"

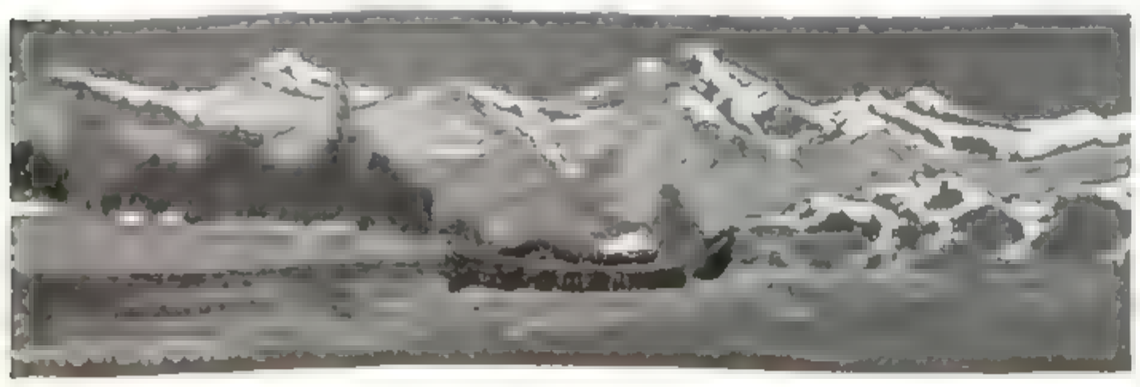
"I take my solemn oath ——"

"Corinna," repeated David, "come down off that soap box!"

"That ——" She faltered.

"Corinna," said David a third time, "come down off that soap box and go with me to the town hall to get our marriage license."

There was a desperate, palpitating silence. Conflicting emotions are apt to fight noiselessly, no matter how intense the conflict. There was, I say, a long, laden silence; and then Corinna did as she was told.



Teeth You Envy

Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They with tartar are the chief cause of many tooth troubles, local and internal. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. Dental science has for years sought ways to fight it.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now we ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

The facts are most important to you. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT OFF. REG U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

You'll enjoy it

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Get the agreeable after-effects of a naturally alkaline mouth.

10-Day Tube Free 857

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 102, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

Organizing Trash Collection in the Home

Vul-Cot Receptacles are now doing duty in the home as in the office. They save women a thousand steps—they stop the eternal "picking things up." A Vul-Cot in every room of the home, as at every desk in the office, provides a convenient place to throw things. Scraps of paper, bits of string, discarded newspapers will no longer litter up the floors, tables or chairs of an otherwise tidy home.

Vul-Cots are the logical trash-collectors. The office basket is plain, finished in three colors. The Home Receptacles are beautiful, with an attractive basket-weave design stamped right into the fibre in full colors, to harmonize with any of your furniture—a rich brown and a deep green for general use in the living room, library and bed room, and light colors appropriate with the white enamel of kitchen, bath room and perhaps some bed rooms. And the new sizes also are most convenient:—a smaller basket for the living room; a large, spacious one for the kitchen, and a roomy clothes hamper.

Attached to every Vul-Cot is an absolute guarantee to replace any basket that fails in normal service within five years. Made of tough vulcanized fibre, they withstand the roughest possible usage; they can't dent or rust like a metal basket; they can't break like a wicker basket; they can't chip or crack like an enameled basket; nor can bits of paper and other trash sift through their solid sides and bottom.

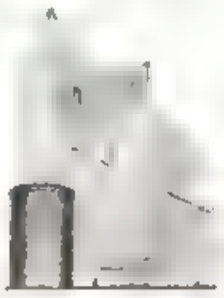
Your favorite department store, stationery store or house-furnishings store should now have Vul-Cots in stock. If for some reason you can't get Vul-Cots in your neighborhood, write us at once, giving us the name of your dealer and we will see that you are supplied.

An interesting color-booklet illustrates all of the Vul-Cots; gives sizes and many suggestions of their helpfulness to you. We'll be glad to mail you a free copy. Just ask for it on a postal.

AMERICAN VULCANIZED FIBRE CO.
Wilmington, Del.

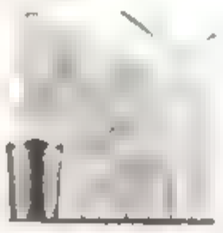
For the Living Room and Library

Here the whole family appreciates a handy place to "throw things," and the most used room in the house is automatically kept tidy.



For the Kitchen

A big capacity basket that will collect all the kitchen trash and save work practically for a lifetime.



For the Bed Room

Vul-Cots are smart in appearance as well as efficient. The smallest particles cannot sift through to the floor.

VUL-COT
RECEPTACLES
Guaranteed for 5 Years

IN A HUNDRED YEARS

(Continued from Page 7)

their burdened time and strength, as a matter of course. He realized that somebody had cared for Michael's stock and poultry, had swept and ordered the house, had seen to the grave in the Blake lot. But it was all depressing, suffocating, with the reminder of finality and futility. He couldn't forget Michael's hands, curved forever about the ax handle.

His attention wandered from the somber words. There was his own name, cut in the ugly stone. Another Stephen Blake—he noticed the date below the letters, startled by what seemed a significant coincidence. It was just a hundred years since that Stephen Blake had been born. Again his brain echoed with the cheaply cynical refrain. It would all be the same in a hundred years—ended, obliterated, except for this pathetic groping for permanency in cut stone. He must hurry hurry. He saw Ruth Verrill's profile and something caught in his throat. Ruth, too, in a hundred years—in fifty, even—he couldn't stand between her and this; he could only give her a bit of pleasure in whatever niggardly time was left. He'd tell her at once—tonight.

He filled his lungs deep when it was all over and they were in the creaking surrey, but the relief was only relative. The overhanging hills, their bare, scarred slopes touched with a new and sinister unfriendliness, seemed to threaten him. He had a keen longing for the reassuring crowds and noises of the city, where there was none of this hushed, ominous solitude.

The judge's presence irritated him as a restraint on his tongue. He would have liked to tell Ruth on the way home. Instead he heard himself telling them about New York, in the tone of a proprietor, describing its conveniences, its pleasures, its promises. He could see that they were both impressed; even the judge looked respectfully at him. And Ruth's eyes were wistful, he thought. Poor Ruth! It wasn't fair that she should have had so little all these years. He'd make it up to her. He expanded under the consciousness of his benevolent project.

The look in Ruth's eyes hurt him as he talked. He stopped presently to consider it, and the judge turned the conversation back to the timber. One of the Caxton buyers was even now over at the Falls Mill; they could close the deal at once.

"You'll be able to go back in a day or two, Stephen. We'll miss you, but"—he grinned significantly—"perhaps you'll keep in touch with us."

"Of course."

Stephen glanced at Ruth. Something in her eyes seemed to challenge him. He referred to the investment possibilities that waited for him back in the city.

"Forney, the office manager at our place, wants me to buy into the concern, but I don't think I will. Ten per cent's not good enough, with all the chances a fellow gets for a quick clean-up. I want to get mine while I'm young—get the good out of it."

The judge was impressed. Ruth listened silently, that odd look of wistfulness still troubling Stephen when their eyes met. He wondered at it. He guessed at last that it was because she didn't know yet that he meant to share his luck with her. He brightened. It would be all the better, when he told her, for this present doubt.

"Take Uncle Michael," he heard himself saying: "There's a perfect example of what I mean. He scrimped and sweated all his life—never had a bit of fun or pleasure—and what's the end of it? Easy money for me, when he hated me like poison."

"But he didn't, Stevie," Ruth interrupted quietly. "You're wrong about that. He'd have sold the timber himself if he'd felt that way, instead of saving it for you."

"Don't you believe it!" Stephen laughed knowingly. "He held onto it because it was second nature to him to hang onto a thing that anybody else seemed to want. He hadn't any more use for me than I had for him, Ruth."

"Oh, please!" She lifted her hand. "Don't, Stevie! It's so—so cheap to be hard like that! And you don't know! I do! He—he always stopped to see me when he was in town, after you went away."

The judge chuckled.

"People began to talk, Stephen. Michael used to fetch her eggs and vegetables ——"

"Because he wanted an excuse to find out about Stevie," she broke in quickly. "He wouldn't ask, but he knew I'd tell him if I'd had a letter. He didn't want to talk about anything else."

Stephen Blake was puzzled for a moment. All his knowledge of his uncle contradicted this; he couldn't be mistaken. Suddenly he guessed.

"I see! He wanted to be sure that I was having hard sledding down there! Wasn't that it, Ruth? Wasn't he glad when you told him about the times when I was looking for a job?"

He saw that he was right.

"That was because ——" she stopped abruptly. "It doesn't matter, Stevie. You didn't understand him."

He let the subject drop and resumed his talk of the city. By the time they reached the house he had talked himself into high good humor. Tomorrow or next day he would receive a check for five thousand dollars. As soon as he had multiplied it a few times he would come back for Ruth no, he'd take her with him right now! That was it! There wasn't any need to wait. He'd do it now and cheat life out of just so many extra days of happiness for them both.

He managed to escape from Judge Verrill's benignant platitudes. There were sounds in the kitchen. Ruth would be getting supper. He came out so quietly that she did not hear, and stood watching her as she worked at the patent cabinet, her back toward him. Forney, he thought, would have approved her efficiency; she wasted no motions. His throat hurt him suddenly; it was all wrong, her having to work this way. Ruth ——

"I got something to tell you, Ruth." He stood beside her, resenting the continued movement of her flour-whitened hands on the sliding board. "Rest a minute, Ruth—this is important."

The hands dropped to her apron, but she didn't turn.

"I'm listening, Stevie." Her voice was flat, dull. He frowned at the sound of it.

"Ruth, you're sore at me because you think I'm too hard-boiled about Uncle Michael—you don't understand why I'm glad. It's because now I can ask you to—to come back with me when I leave. I couldn't, without this money. You'd have had to work down there the same as here, on my pay. But now I can give you—it'll be different. I'm going to make money, Ruth. We'll be able to ——" He stopped. This wasn't right. He hadn't meant to put it this way at all. "You know I always wanted you, don't you, Ruth? You know that I aimed to get on down there so as to take care of you?"

She nodded.

"I guessed, Stevie. But it's no use. I can't. You"—her voice changed—"you're different, Stevie. I don't feel the way I thought I would."

He was startled. He had been so sure of her! And his consciousness of benevolent intention, rebuffed and unappreciated, gave him a feeling of injustice. Different? Didn't she want him to look out for her like this, look ahead?

"Ruth, you just say that because you're sorry for Uncle Michael. You think I ought to wait a while, instead of telling you now." His voice lowered and he leaned closer. "That's just why I can't wait, Ruth—because I'm sorry for him too; because thinking about him makes me realize how soon it's all over, and how—how absolutely ended it is. We fool ourselves, thinking we'll go on forever, till it's too late to get anything out of life, the way he did! I—I want it now, Ruth—now, while I'm young and alive! I don't care what happens afterward; that doesn't matter."

She nodded.

"Yes, I see that." She resumed her work. He touched her arm gently and she drew away. "Don't, Stevie. It's no use. I don't—you aren't ——"

He remembered Donaldson's confidential boastings. You couldn't believe 'em skirts. They all said what they didn't mean, expected you to strong-arm 'em. Cave-man stuff was the right dope. He yielded to the impulse. He swept her roughly into his arms and kissed her twice on the lips. They were flatly unresponsive, but for an instant she was so still and passive in his embrace that he thought she consented. Then, with a strength that

(Continued on Page 84)

Friction the Destroyer
-the Source of 95 Blow-outs in 100

Friction, the primitive means of creating flame, is today the big problem in tire making; the source of road-burn, of 95 blow-outs in 100.

84% Proofed against Friction
-against Road Burn

Contradicts all previous conceptions of road service

Get the facts

This is to place important new facts before motor car owners. Facts that are reversing old conceptions of road service—a tire 84% proofed against friction, against road-burn.

Every man who operates a car, for business or for pleasure, is urged to learn them, before equipping with new tires.

Road-burn combated

Friction is the greatest enemy of tire-life.

To overcome it is the oldest problem in tire making.

It is the cause of road-burn—the source of 95 blow-outs in 100.

We recognized this fact when first we started to build tires. Knew if we could combat it, a new milestone in tire development would be reached.

Countless processes were tried, and then discarded. The matter of expense was not considered. For we strove to reach the super-tire.

Now we offer an 84% friction-proofed product. A tire with such tremendous resistance, against the natural elements which burn the life from rubber, that it offers a new experience in service.

What 84% Friction-Proofed Means

Friction is the enemy of every tire in service—the source of 95 blow-outs in 100. By special process, Brunswick Tires are 84% friction-proofed. A new conception of tire mileage is thus effected. Service is multiplied; road troubles reduced to an amazing minimum.

Road troubles reduced

100% friction-proofed would mean a virtually everlasting service.

So in the 84% friction-proofed Brunswick we believe the supreme is being offered.

Road troubles are reduced to an amazing minimum. Resistance is greater. Tire-life thus lengthened to a point where thinking men will scarcely ask for more.

Now we have 84% succeeded

Every turn of the wheel creates friction. In gaining road hold, tires become friction-heated.

Skidding intensifies it. Every touch on the brake multiplies it.

So for years we experimented to combat friction. World-experts worked with us.

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Note, too, that prices remain standard. The friction-proofed Brunswick may be obtained at the same price as an ordinary type.

Before you buy—get the facts. There is a Brunswick dealer near you, who will supply them.

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TIRES
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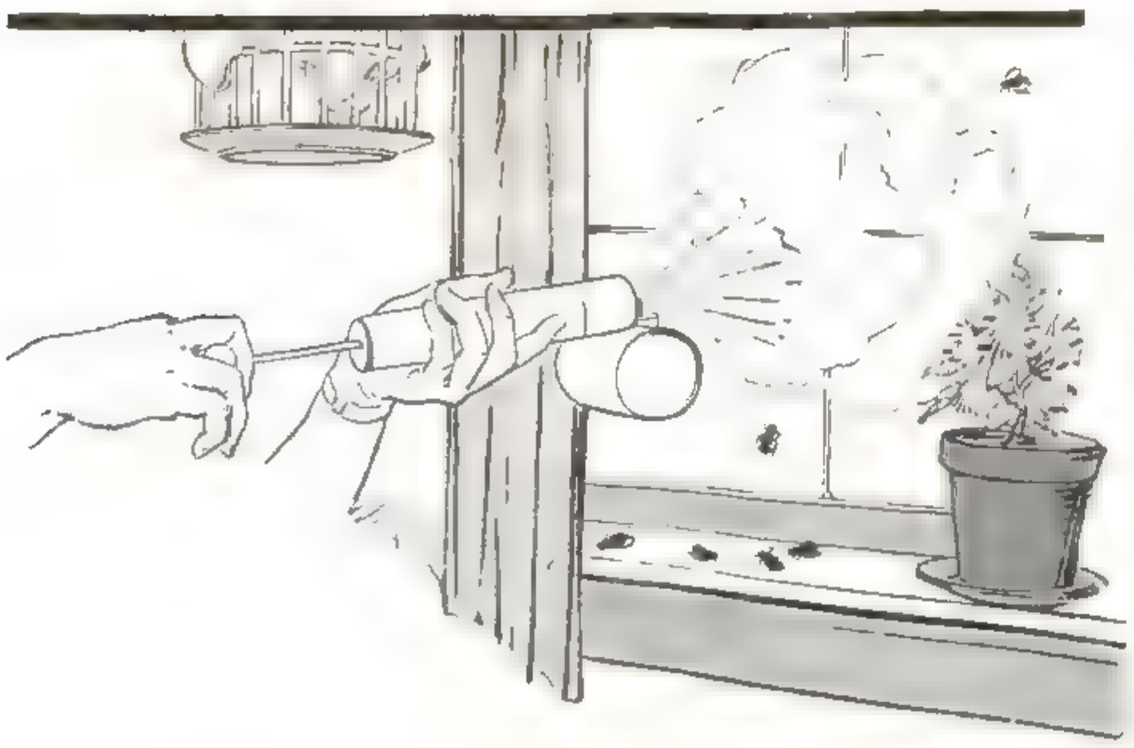

A terrible One Dollar Package

Death to bugs and insects—harmless to everything else

OUR Special Introductory Package contains a pint can of Flyosan and a sprayer. This is all you need to clear your house of insect pests. The cost is only $1.00.

Merely spray wonderful Flyosan into the air. In five minutes all the flies and mosquitoes will be dead. They just cannot stand Flyosan.

Flyosan is equally effective against all other insect pests. It kills cockroaches, bedbugs, moths, ants, lice and fleas.

For crawling insects and bugs, spray their hiding places. Flyosan will bring them scurrying out. A spray directly at them will cause them to turn over and die.

Although Flyosan acts so remarkably against insects, it is *absolutely harmless* to other forms of life. Human beings, animals, birds and fowl are not affected by it. Think what a relief this means if you have children or pets about the house.

Flyosan leaves no tell-tale traces—no muss to clean up. Its odor is pleasantly aromatic.

If Flyosan should in any way fail to live up to your expectations, we will refund the retail price.

If your grocery, drug or hardware store does not carry Flyosan, send us a dollar and we will send you an introductory package containing a pint of Flyosan and a sprayer.

To Dealers:

A plain statement of the facts about this remarkable product is sufficient to sell it. Once sold, Flyosan repeats of itself. The production of our factory is limited. Write for dealers' prices today.

COLONIAL CHEMICAL CORPORATION
Reading, Pa.

Flyosan
SAFE INSECTICIDE

PRICES:

Pint	$ .75
Quart	1.25
½-Gallon	2.25
Gallon	4.00
Introductory Package (pint and sprayer	1.00

KILLS FLIES BY THE ROOMFUL

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(Continued from Page 82)

startled him, she twisted free, facing him with a clear anger in her level gaze.

"I suppose I might have expected that, too, after the way you've talked. But I didn't want to believe that you'd changed so much. I tried not to think about that—that cheap, self-satisfied bragging. But I was wrong. You even think I'm cheap too! That you can reach out your hands and take me without asking ——"

"Ruth!" He stared blankly. "I didn't—I only wanted you so ——"

"We'd better not talk about it any more. We've both been making a mistake, Stevie. That's all."

He scowled. "Maybe I'd better go and stay somewhere else, if you feel that way. I don't want to be ——"

"That's silly." She moved back to her baking board. "Where else could you go?"

"I've got a house of my own, haven't I? I can go there."

She turned and met his resentful eyes steadily.

"That's so. I'd forgotten that. Why don't you?"

"I will!"

He swung out of the room, a hot anger in him. As he repacked his suitcase the smell of straw matting made him think of the little attic bedroom at the farm. It was a long time since he had smelled matting. It seemed, somehow, as if it would be good to sleep in that truncated room again.

He got away without seeing the judge, a little soothed by the reflection that he was leaving it to Ruth to explain his departure. He stopped at Godwin's store and bought bread and bacon, annoyed at old Milo's questions. As if there was anything out of the way in a man's choosing to sleep under his own roof! He walked briskly, unconscious of his burdens, his thoughts preoccupied with Ruth's mystifying change of front. She'd liked him at first; he was sure of that. And now she—he accepted the word unwillingly—she almost despised him.

Well, he could stand it if she could. He compared her with the smart, sophisticated girls in the office, girls who knew their way about, who would do a fellow credit in any company. He'd always steered clear of them, but now ——

The sky was still brilliant when he reached the farm gate, but the dusk had already begun to settle between the encroaching hills. The key to the front door was in Abner Chisholm's keeping; he ought to have gone by that way and got it. He had recourse to an old device, scrambling up to the kitchen roof and scaling its weathered shingles to the sill of his old window. It yielded to his pressure. Somehow there was something comforting in this fidelity, as if the house at least remembered him and made him welcome home.

The feeling deepened as he glanced about the room. It was just as he had left it: the same patchwork quilt on the corded bed; the glass lamp on the chest of drawers under the wavy mirror; even—he paused to make sure of this—even his discarded work clothes hanging from the oak pegs set in the wall, and the patched shoes he had worn the day he got away.

It was queer, he thought, that Michael hadn't used them. They would have fitted him well enough, saved him the expense of new ones. He guessed that his uncle would have hated to wear anything that had been his. Ruth's absurd idea that Michael had been fond of him recurred to his thought; she didn't know Michael Blake!

He grinned at a boyish impulse to change into those old clothes. After all, it would be sensible. He'd have to fuss with the stove, and the blue serge would show every spot. He dressed quickly, aware of a certain comfort in the loose, ugly shapelessness of the coarse garments. His steps sounded loudly on the steep stairs. The lower room was already dim, and he felt uneasy, conscious of its emptiness. He unlocked the door and brought in his suitcase and packages, rummaged in the cupboard with a quickening sense of adventure.

Abner Chisholm's wife had cleared out everything perishable, but the rest was just as she had found it. He decided to make coffee, and drew water, filled the pot, kindled a fire. It occurred to him that Mrs. Chisholm, who had taken the hens home to look after them, might not have hunted thoroughly for eggs, and he climbed into the low shed that overhung the barnyard on the chance. There were ten eggs in the musty hay. He was whistling as he slid down with his hatful, pleased with himself.

The wood box behind the stove was almost empty, and he took the splitting ax from the corner where Michael had always kept it. Probably he hadn't forgotten that trick, either. There were plenty of sawed chunks in the lean-to. He chose a straight-grained piece to begin with. Hard maple. Michael liked it for the stove, he remembered. The concentric rings drew his eye. Took a long time to make a tree like this, when you came to think about it. He began idly to count the lines in toward the center. They made a kind of calendar, he thought. Here was the one that marked the year of his birth. The maple had been quite a tree even then. He counted on. Sixty of them. Michael had been ten when the tree rooted. It wasn't so long, considered in that light. Michael's father would have been about forty. He might have planted this very tree, if that wasn't just the judge's talk, that tale of his going round starting seedlings. It would be sort of funny if he had. The idea seemed somehow to bridge the gap of years between that old Stephen Blake and his grandson. Kind of pathetic, Stephen thought, planting firewood that wouldn't burn till you'd been under the sod for a quarter century.

He swung the ax, and the wood split cleanly under the glancing blow. He hadn't forgotten. He split three or four chunks for the fun of it before he carried an armful in to the stove. While he fried eggs in bacon grease over the snapping wood the fancy persisted in the back of his mind: there was something significant about his being here in Stephen Blake's house, cooking supper over bits of Stephen Blake's tree. He wondered what the old man would think of him now. Probably he wouldn't approve, if Michael Blake had suited him as a son. He looked over his shoulder as if his grandfather might be standing there watching him. Some people believed in that sort of thing. He chuckled at the silly superstition. It was all the same to old Stephen by now.

He ate with a sharp relish, by the light of a glass lamp, and washed the skillet and dishes afterward. It wasn't bad to be here, after all. Even the thought of Ruth's eyes as he had seen them last didn't hurt so keenly now. He could find excuses for her—even be sorry for her. She just didn't understand; she judged him by warped, false standards that were no true test. Old Michael Blake had prejudiced her against him too—no doubt about that. She took Michael's side, stood with him, dead, against Stephen living.

He guessed that it was his attitude toward Michael that had offended her. She was honestly sorry for Michael, and couldn't forgive Stephen for not pretending to be sorry too.

Well, in a way he was sorry. It was a pity for anybody to waste his life as Michael Blake had wasted his—slaving away with nothing to show for it, letting somebody else benefit in the end. Stephen was sorry for anybody so self-blinded. But it was lucky for him, he thought, that Michael had been like that. If Michael had been sensible, like his nephew, he would have cut off that timber, and there would have been precious little left for Stephen to inherit.

He carried the lamp into the bedroom where Michael had died. His uncle had kept papers in a drawer of the old highboy; he ought to go over them, now that he was here. Foolish of him not to have thought of it this afternoon. There might be a bit of money too. He tugged at the knob eagerly.

The drawer was half full of them. He carried it out to the kitchen table and came back for the lamp. Better go about it systematically. He arranged the papers in neat piles—receipted bills, old letters, penciled memoranda in Michael's laborious, crabbed figures, some worn account books, a pass book from the savings bank at the Falls, showing a balance of some three hundred dollars, a scuffed wallet with a few dollars in bills and change.

The account books drew his attention first. They went back, he found, to his grandfather's day, records of the farm's earnings, clumsily kept but clear enough to his understanding. So many cords of firewood at so much, so many logs sold to the sawmill, so much for hay and grain and potatoes—pitiful sums, totaling, for year after year, less than an errand boy's earnings at the office. Even in Michael's time the figures were small enough; he had just about made ends meet, Stephen guessed, in spite of his thrift. Latterly there were better prices; even firewood seemed to have

gone up, and sales of saw logs ran into money. Of course it had cost more to live, too, but the figures made Stephen wonder a little.

He hadn't realized that the woodlot had been cropped so steadily for two generations. He calculated that Michael had taken off, roughly, half a cord of hardwood from every acre every year; that the pines had yielded almost five hundred feet of boards to the acre.

Adding up the totals of these sales, he was startled by the amount. Land that would yield so much, without suffering, ought not to be worthless.

He found in another book more obscure notations of planting, in Stephen Blake's hand. That back lot had been bought in 1838, had it? And it must have been cleared then, if the entry was correct, or old Stephen wouldn't have been transplanting pine seedlings there that year and the next.

He smiled at the thought. What did Stephen Blake expect to reap from that sowing? He certainly couldn't have hoped to see those pines reach saw-log size in his day. He must have been a crank even then, when he was young, wasting his strength on a crop that couldn't ripen in much less than a century!

He laid the books aside and turned to the letters. The topmost one gave him a sharp shock. It was typewritten on an engraved sheet that crackled in his fingers, and he knew the name by repute as a lumber house of solid worth.

They offered Michael Blake a flat twenty dollars for every acre of his timber, and they offered it in a key that was unmistakably persuasive. And below, in Michael's toiling pencil, was the blunt record of his reply:

"Wrote them no, 4/26."

Stephen Blake felt himself warm with the memory of his cocksure speech under Judge Verrill's eye, and Ruth's. Showing off, like a smart-Aleck kid, while that windy old fellow watched him and managed not to laugh! If he hadn't stumbled on this letter he'd have snapped up that offer like a stupid fish rising to a painted fly! He wondered how much the judge would have made on the transaction; probably a fairish split; if the Meyerfeld people would pay twenty dollars, there would be a pretty profit in the deal at ten for the Caxtons and the judge.

Well, he'd found out in time. He caught his breath. Ten thousand, anyway—perhaps more if he shopped around. Ten thousand! He'd take his time now. Before he sold he'd know for himself what that timber was worth and get every penny of it. He'd show them whether he was as much of a fool as he must have looked this afternoon!

How Michael Blake would have laughed at him if he'd known! Well, he wouldn't laugh now. Ten thousand dollars that Michael could have had for the taking; that the boy he'd oppressed and hated would spend, now, instead! The reflection seemed somehow to bring his uncle's lean, grim face before him, as if Michael were still alive, still concerned in things. He found himself wishing that he could ask Michael about these offers instead of relying on his own uncertain judgment. Also—and the riddle was still troubling him when he fell asleep under the patchwork quilt—he wondered why Michael Blake hadn't sold. There was some mystery here. Better go slow. Michael hadn't been quite so much of a fool as he'd seemed, evidently. Perhaps he'd been right about this too.

IV

FORNEY'S letter ran through his mind as he climbed toward the crest through the pines, his eye once more swift and shrewd in its observation and estimate of a stand of timber. They wanted thinning. He marked the trees that should come out, merchantable sticks, all of them. Out of this fifty acres he ought to cut two or three thousand dollars' worth of saw logs. More than a year's pay down there at the office, where Forney wrote his abrupt, imperative letters. Stephen Blake's shoulders straightened a little; Forney didn't realize that he was writing to a man who could buy and sell him if he wanted to; trying to threaten him with the loss of that thirty-dollar job unless he hurried back to it!

He chuckled harshly. In the stillness of the woods the sound startled him. He had a fancy, for an instant, that he had heard Michael Blake laugh. His voice seemed to have changed, so that it was like his uncle's. Michael had always laughed in just that short, barking fashion.

He emerged, after the ascent, at the line fence beyond which Abner Chisholm's clearing gave him an open vista of the rocky, rolling upland meadow. He saw that Abner had stopped pasturing it; the young stuff would have been eaten back if he had been feeding sheep up here. He climbed the rotting rails for a nearer inspection. There must have been a heavy fall of mast this year. The tiny tufts of new pines were thick amid the grass, visible only to a trained eye like Stephen Blake's. Hard to believe that each of those minute seedlings would grow into a pine like the tall, straight trees across the fence. He bent over one of them, troubled by a vague, perplexing conviction that he had done this before, long ago.

In a hundred years, if nothing interfered with it, this sprout would be bigger than those pines that his grandfather had planted, on just such land as this. Abner would be glad to get five dollars an acre for it now; without the timber it would be worth no more in a century. He guessed that the same soil, beyond the line, was worth fifty times five dollars, because old Stephen Blake had planted it to pines, because his son had spared and cared for them after him.

Something seemed to compress those years, to Stephen's mind. After all, a hundred years wasn't so much—two lives had spanned it, overlapping for almost half of it. If he should have a son they would cover another hundred, between them; his grandson would be young a century from now. He thought inconsequently of Abner Chisholm, whose grandfather had sold that hill field to old Stephen Blake and probably chuckled over the deal as a good joke on his neighbor; Abner would be glad to have it the other way now. Funny how what a fellow was and had, depended on men long dead, like that. Old Stephen was almost forgotten in the glen, and yet here was his hand, reaching out from the past to put wealth into the pockets of his son's son. Abner's grandfather too—it was his fault that those pines didn't belong to Abner, who just about kept alive on his poor land.

He went back down the hill, passing the sugar maples and the slab-walled shed that housed the evaporator. Stephen Blake had planted those too; you could see that by the spacing. They were good trees. Michael's book showed a neat yield from sirup every year. Most of the old sugar groves were gone, but this one looked good for another twenty-five years at least. He remembered the labor of the season; the weight of the sap buckets swinging from the carved wooden shoulder yoke, the smell of the boiling sap over the long fire. Sort of good, he thought, to do that again sometime.

He noticed that his legs had rediscovered the trick of walking on these uneven slopes; the stiff-kneed gait he had learned on shod streets had troubled him at first. People down there walked like Forney, with quick, sharp strides, hitting their heels hard. He'd even tried to imitate Forney's gait himself. He scowled at the recollection of that curt letter. He'd tell Forney where he got off, he decided. He didn't have to stand for that kind of talk any more. He'd go back when he got good and ready, if he went back at all. Maybe he'd go in with Donaldson instead. There wasn't any hurry, and things up here had to be settled first anyway. He knew better now than to jump at the first offer that came along.

Judge Verrill and the Caxton buyer were waiting at the house when he reached it. He grinned as he recognized them, but his face was blankly sober when he shook hands. They wouldn't guess what he was thinking any more! He listened to an amended offer, a cautious increase over the original bid. He saw the judge's anxious eye as he seemed to consider it, and remembered strangely that the Verrills had held whole townships of hill country not so many years ago. Funny that the judge should be dickering and scheming for a shabby profit at a boy's expense. This man had laughed at old Stephen Blake too—called him a fanatic, a lunatic.

"I'll think it over," he said at last.

"Better think pretty fast then." Caxton's man was brisk and abrupt. "We'll be through cutting over at the Falls this year."

"I guess the timber can stand it if I can. There'll be more of it next year, and I don't notice the prices dropping much."

He saw them exchange swift glances. The judge cleared his throat.

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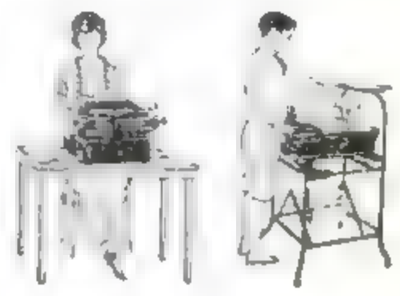

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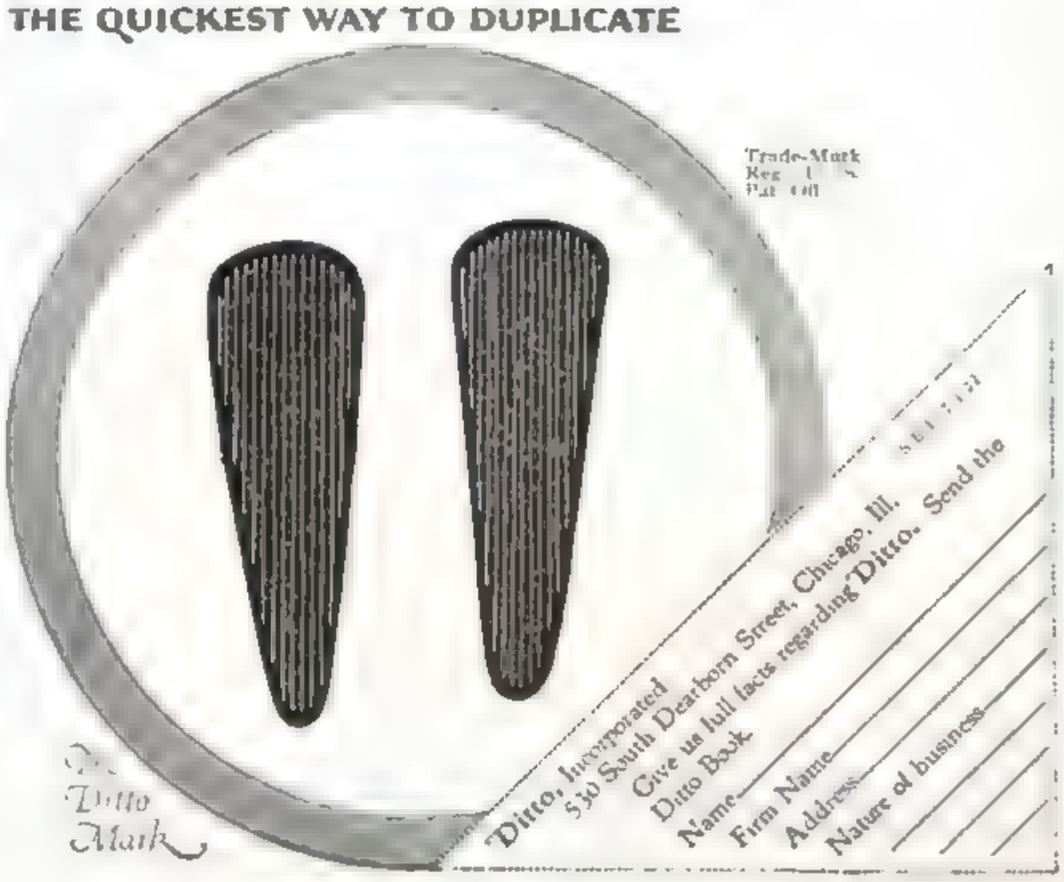

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"Oh, come, Stephen, we know better than that!" He chuckled affably. "You can't make us think you mean to hold on. You'll be due back at your business in a day or two. I admit that it's shrewd to wear your old clothes and fetch back your team from Chisholm's and pretend to be running the farm again, but it won't work, my boy. I know you want to sell. Here's Mr. Hanson, ready to close up the deal on the spot. Let's put our cards on the table. If you don't like our offer, suppose you set a price yourself eh, Hanson?"

Stephen eyed them deliberately. He hadn't realized the strategic value of what he had done. It had seemed sensible to bring back the cow and chickens, as long as he was here, to use the team to cultivate Michael's corn and potatoes. But if they thought he meant it ——

"I don't know as I want to sell at all, Judge Verrill. I been thinking it over since we talked, and I see things differently. It doesn't look to me as if my grandfather was such a fool to go planting pines, after all; and my uncle might have sold off the timber when you cut that last tract of yours—and got a whole lot less than you're offering me for mine. And they cropped that woodlot steadily too - made a living out of it for a good many years, without hurting it much that I can see. No, sir; it looks to me as if they'd been pretty smart."

"Say they were," said the buyer shortly. "It didn't do them much good, did it? You're getting the profits, if you take 'em. Maybe timber'll be worth more a hundred years from now, but that won't matter a lot to you, will it?" A hundred years! The phrase stirred another echo in Stephen's mind. Funny how it kept coming out in talk.

"It all depends on how you look at things, I guess." He frowned. "The world doesn't end when I go out, I suppose. If I don't cash in on these trees, I reckon somebody else will; and I'd just as soon have my grandchildren thinking well of me as have 'em cursing me for an old fool who couldn't look ahead. I don't see the hurry, anyway. Guess I can afford to wait a while. The trees keep right on making lumber, don't they?"

The judge stared incredulously.

"You don't mean to tell me you're thinking of staying here, Stephen? Giving up your prospects down there in New York to settle down here like—like Michael?"

Stephen Blake frowned. What right had this man to speak of Michael Blake like that? Wasn't he here to justify Michael's stubbornness by putting a price on the fruit of it?

"I might do worse, I guess." He wagged his head. "I been reading up about timber a bit. It's pretty plain that if we're going to have any in the next century we've got to raise it, like a crop, farm it, the way my people have been farming it all this while. And the records show that it's been a paying crop, even when there was plenty of virgin timber left. We can make more out of the woodlot than we can take off the land, cleared and cropped. Only most of us are in a hurry. Kill the goose to get all the eggs right now. Maybe I'll sell, if the price looks good; but I don't have to. Some ways I'd rather hold on. I can make this place pay me a living—maybe something over that. I'm in no hurry."

They left him without having shaken this decision. He watched the dust lift behind the wheels, grinning a little. They'd be back with a better offer. It was a good scheme, letting them think he might stay and hold on. And the Meyerfeld crowd would bid too. He decided to write Forney that he wasn't coming back just yet. If Forney didn't like it he could hire somebody else. He didn't own Stephen Blake.

At that, it wouldn't be so bad to stay. He'd see Ruth sometimes, if he lived here, and if he went back there wouldn't be even the letters.

■

HE SAW the judge's venerable rig again as he came in from his afternoon's work in the corn, and suppressed a chuckle at this proof of his reasoning. They'd talk turkey now; they wanted this timber before they moved their mill; they'd pay for it, once they realized that he wouldn't take a fool's figure.

He stabled his team before he went up to the house. Let them wait. Do 'em good to sit up there and wonder a little longer. He tried to guess what they'd offer this time. He hadn't made up his mind what he would take; it was odd that he should feel a sort of hope that the new figure wouldn't tempt him. It would be a pity, some ways, to let the woods go, even at a fancy price. Still, of course, if they made it worth while ——

He was frowning as he unlatched the gate. He didn't want to sell; selling a forest was different from selling a tree here and there. He remembered the old metaphor—the goose that laid the golden eggs. A forest ought to go on forever and ever, tree following tree up into the sun; it was like a family, sort of. Men aged and died, but the race went on after them.

He stopped short as he saw Ruth, saw that she was alone, saw in her eyes the wistfulness that he remembered. She came slowly down to him.

"Stevie, father says—are you really going to stay and work the place, after all? Did you mean that, or was it just a clever trick to get a bigger price?"

"I been thinking some about staying," he said slowly. "That's all I told the judge. It's true enough."

"What makes you even think of it?"

He dug at the shaggy turf with his heavy shoe.

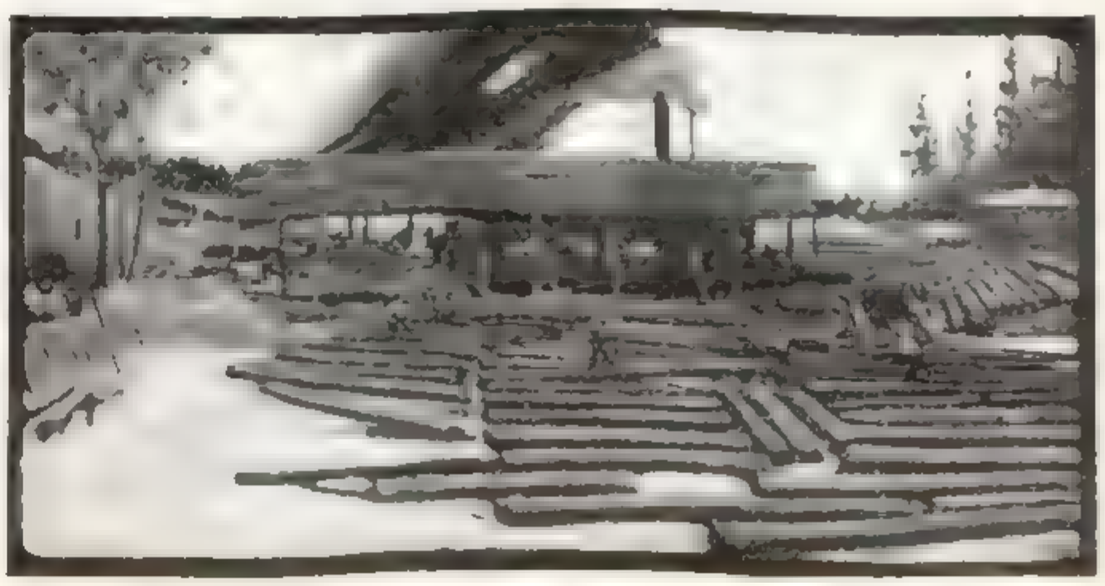
"I don't seem to want to go back now. You'd be up here, and you wouldn't write ——"

"Then it's just because of me?" She seemed disappointed, somehow. The glow in her eyes dulled as he watched them.

"Not all." He spread his hands. "I guess you'll think I'm crazy, but since I been staying here I been feeling as if—as if grandfather and Uncle Michael weren't dead; as if I was just—just finishing up their lives for 'em, instead of living my own. I—I guess you were right about Uncle Michael, Ruth. He kept my clothes waiting for me all the time I was away. And he could have sold the timber to Meyerfeld, if he'd been amind to. I reckon he meant to save it for me. And I kind of hate to sell it as if I ——" He stopped. "I was up on the hill this morning, and I found a lot of pine seedlings starting in Abner's old pasture, and first thing I knew I was figuring on buying it and tending 'em, so's they'd grow up into trees—maybe in a hundred years from now! As if I'd be alive then, and care what happened."

He caught his breath as her face changed and her hands moved ever so little out to meet his own. Without words, he seemed to see her thought, to understand himself through her understanding. A sense of triumph thrilled through him. Time, change, death—he saw himself and Ruth above these things, masters of them, of life that moved on resistlessly past them. He heard his voice:

"A hundred years, Ruth! What's a hundred years?"



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TACT

(Continued from Page 9)

he says it is!" He whistled seven notes of a bugle call and then whimpered, "Quit cryin', Benjy!"

"F-finish these radishes," Benjamina commanded; "I want to go brush my hair."

There was the light sound of her rubber soles on the back stairs. Mrs. Egg lay down again, wishing that the urn of peppermints was within reach. In the kitchen Hamish said "Aw, hell!" and the chair by the table creaked as he slumped into it. He would pare radishes very badly in that mood, Mrs. Egg thought.

She now thought of Benjamina with admiration. Adam had seen the girl's name on a list of women willing to take service in the country, at a Cleveland agency. He had gone to interview Benjamina, Mrs. Egg gathered, because a cook on the U. S. S. Nevada had been named Saunders and the word looked auspicious. Accident, said Mrs. Egg to herself, was the dominant principle of life. She was much interested. Benjamina had taken proper steps to get away from an unpleasant guardian and should be shielded from any consequences. Certainly a girl who could cook to satisfy Adam wasn't to be given back to some nameless male in Cleveland, in a flat. Mrs. Egg abhorred flats. A man who would coop two children in a flat deserved no pity or consideration. And Adam required gallons of peach butter for winter use. Mrs. Egg arose, stalked openly into the kitchen and addressed Hamish as an equal. She said, "Bub, you're an awful tactful boy, and have sense. Dammy said so himself. Honesty is my policy, an' I may as well say that I could hear all you were talkin' with Benjamina right now. . . . Who is this Cousin Joe you've run off from?"

Hamish cut a radish in two and wretchedly stammered, "H-he's dad's cousin. He's a louse!"

Mrs. Egg drawled, "My gee! That's a awful good description of your relation! Now, I haven't any intention to lose Benjamina when she's the best cook I ever had, an' you're not as bad at milkin' as you might be. If this person comes down here or makes any fuss I'll see to it that he don't get anywheres. So if Benjamina gets frightened you tell her that I'm goin' to look after this."

"Yes'm," said Hamish.

He looked at Mrs. Egg with an amazed awe that was soothing. She beamed and strolled out of the kitchen. Descending the steps one by one, she came to the level walk of the dooryard and marched along it toward the barns. Egg was taking a holiday with his sister, married to a dyspeptic clergyman in Chicago, and it was her duty to aid Adam by surveying the cows. She entered the barnyard and rounded the corner of the cows' palace into a group of farm hands bent above a trotting of dice on the clay. Adam looked up from this sport and said "'Lo, mamma," cheerfully.

"My gee," Mrs. Egg faltered, regarding a pile of silver before his knees, "I never saw you win a cent at any game before, Dammy!"

The giant grinned, cast the dice and raked three dollars toward him. His eyes were black lights. He announced "This is my lucky day, mamma!" and all the worshipful youths chuckled as he stood up. He walked over a Swede's stooped back and dragged Mrs. Egg away from her husband's hirelings. Then he lit a cigarette and consumed half its length in an appalling suction. The smoke jetted from his nostrils in a flood. He patted Mrs. Egg's upper chin with a thumb and said, "She gave me the air, mamma!"

"What?"

"She told me to fly my kite! She's off me! She's goin' to marry Jim Randolph. It's all flooie. . . . I'd like a tub of champagne an' five fried hens for supper! Mamma," said Adam, "I ain't engaged to that girl any more!" Therewith he took all the silver from his pocket and sent it whirling in a gay, chiming shower up the roof of the cow barn. His teeth flashed between his parted lips and dimples invaded his brown cheeks. He swung his arms restlessly and his mother thought that he would break into a dance. Adam reflected, "It's hell what happens by accident, mamma. Was a bowl of punch in the lib'ry at that dance of Judge Randolph's Christmastime that'd knock the teeth out of a wildcat. Had six cups. Saw this girl's hand hangin' over the banisters when I was headin' for the front door. I kissed it. Mamma, there ain't any way of tellin' a nice girl that you don't mean anything when you kiss her. They don't understand it."

A devastating admiration of her child made Mrs. Egg's heart cavort. His manners were sublime. He lit another cigarette and stated, "Well, that's all of that." Then, wearied with much speech, he was still.

"Mercy, Dammy! This is an awful relief! Your sisters have been holdin' forth about Edith Sims bein' much more refined than God all afternoon. I was gettin' kind of scared of her. . . . What's that phonograph plate, lamb?"

Adam didn't answer, but ripped the envelope from the grained disk, and Mrs. Egg saw, on the advertising, "Kashmiri Song." But her thoughts had sunk to a profound and cooling peace; there would be no more Edith Sims. She drawled, "Edith's pretty awful sedate, Dammy. I don't think she'd have the sand to run off from—a person she didn't like, or make her own livin'."

The giant flung up his arms and made certain gestures. Hamish Saunders came hurtling from the house for orders. Adam said, "Go get me some clothes, kid—white. And shoes 'n a cake of soap. Then come swimmin'. Put this plate with the rest. Hustle!" He ground his nose with a fist, staring after the boy, then said, "Nice kid, mamma."

"Mercy, yes, Dammy! Dammy, it's pretty ridiculous to have Benjamina and the boy eat in the kitchen, and it takes tact to keep a nice girl like that contented. I think they'd better take their meals with us, sweetheart."

He nodded and strode off among the regular files of apple and pear trees toward the aimless riverlet that watered the farm. Mrs. Egg felt hunger stir in her bulk. She plucked an apple leaf and chewed, marching up the walk, its fragrant pulp. Benjamina was soberly chopping the chickens for dinner into convenient bits.

Mrs. Egg applauded her performance, saying, "We'd better have 'em fried, I think. Dammy prefers it. And when you've got time you might go get one of those very big green bottles of pear cider down in the cellar, honey. It's awful explosive stuff and Hamish hadn't better drink any. And lay the table for four, because it's pretty lonely for Dammy eatin' with me steadily. . . . Edith Sims busted their engagement this afternoon, by the way, though it isn't at all important."

"Isn't it?"

Mrs. Egg refreshed herself with a bit of cracker from the table and drawled, "Not a bit, deary. I've never heard of anybody's heart breakin' under the age of thirty over a busted engagement. Dammy's pretty much relieved, though too polite to say so, and Edith'll marry Judge Randolph's second boy, who's a very nice kid and has curly hair, although his teeth stick out some. So it don't seem to matter except to my daughters, who'll want Dammy to go into full mourning and die of sorrow. They're tearful girls, but nice. Let me show you how Dammy likes tomatoes fried when they're done with the chicken."

"Mrs. Egg," said Benjamina, "you're—a remarkable person." The slim, pale fingers twisted themselves against her dull blue frock into the likeness of a frightened white moth. She went on, "You—you never get excited."

"My gee! I haven't any patience with excitement, Benjamina. Things either go right or they go wrong. In either case, it's no good foamin' at the mouth and tryin' to kick the roof off. I'm like Dammy. I prefer to be calm," said Mrs. Egg. "As for scatterin' rays of sunshine like a Sunday-school hymn, most people don't thank anyone to do so—nor me, when I have indigestion."

"I—I feel much calmer since I've been here," Benjamina said. "It was so hot in the flat in Cleveland, and noisy. And it's very kind of you to ask Hamish and me to eat with you and Mr. Egg."

Her hands had become steadfast. She smiled a little.

"It'll be much more sociable, honey," Mrs. Egg reflected. "Even if Dammy don't talk, he likes company, havin' been in the Navy where he had lots. . . .

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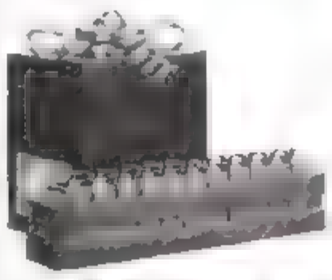

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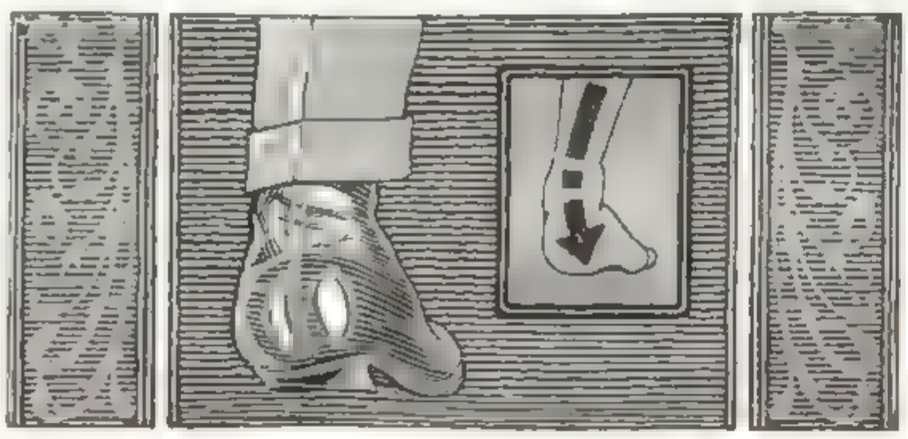

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OF FOOT CORRECTION

Where's the biscuit flour? There's time to make some before supper."

The kitchen dimmed and Benjamina's tall body dulled into a restful shadow. She moved without noise and her pleasant voice was low. Mrs. Egg devised biscuits in comfort and smelled Adam's cigarettes in the living room. Hamish came to stimulate the making of this meal by getting his large feet in the way, and Mrs. Egg was scolding him tranquilly when the phonograph loosed a series of lazy notes. Then it sang, fervidly, of pale hands that it had loved beside some strange name.

"It's that Kashmir business," said Mrs. Egg. "Open the door, bub, so's we can hear."

The music swelled as the door opened and a circle of smoke died in the kitchen. Mrs. Egg saw Adam as a white pillar in the gloom. The machine sobbed "Where are you now? Where are you now?" with an oily sadness.

"Real touching," Mrs. Egg mentioned.

A crashing of the orchestra intervened. Then the voice cried, "Pale hands, pink tipped, like lotus flowers that ——" The words jumbled into sounds. Mrs. Egg hungrily yawned. The tenor wailed, "I would have rather felt you on my throat, crushing out life, than waving me farewell!" and the girl stirred beside the doorway, her hands in motion. The song expired with a thin noise of violins. Adam stopped the plate. An inexplicable silence filled the house, as if this stale old melody had wakened something that listened. Then Adam lit a cigarette.

"Supper near ready, mamma?"

"Pretty near, lamb," said Mrs. Egg.

Supper was pleasant. Hamish talked buoyantly of cows. He was impressed by their stupidity and their artless qualities. Benjamina gazed at the four candles with gray eyes and smiled at nothing. Adam ate fourteen hot biscuits and three mounds of an ice cream that held fresh raspberries. He stared at the ceiling gravely, and his white shirt tightened as he breathed out the first smoke above a cup of coffee.

Then he said, "We'll go to the movies. Get your hat, Miss Saunders."

"But the dishes aren't washed!" Benjamina exclaimed.

"The kid and I'll wash 'em," Adam vouchsafed.

Mrs. Egg yawned, "Go ahead, Benjamina," and watched the girl's hands flutter as she left the green dining room.

Adam blew a ring of smoke, which drooped, dissolving about a candle. He reached across the table for the coffeepot and filled his cup, then looked at Hamish.

"What's she scared of, kid?"

"Cousin Joe," said Hamish presently. "He's—our guardian—wants to marry her. Y'see, we have some money from dad's store. Cousin Joe's a lawyer and the bank pays him the money."

"Lived with him in Cleveland?"

Hamish groaned, "You saw where we lived! Benjy couldn't keep the place lookin' decent. He knocked his pipe out wherever he sat. But Benjy'll be twenty-one in October and the bank'll pay her the money."

"An' this Joe's a sour plum?"

"Well," said Hamish, with the manner of last justice, "he can sing pretty well."

Mrs. Egg was thinking of bed at ten o'clock when the telephone rang and the anguished voice of her youngest daughter came pouring from Ilium:

"Mamma! Dammy's got that girl in a box at the movies!"

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Egg, "that they're sitting in a box. My gee! It's hot as I ever felt it for this time of year, Fern! Benjamina's such a large person that she ——"

"Oh, mamma! And it's all over town that Edith Sims is going to marry — "

"I can't pretend that I'm either surprised or sorry, Fern. As for Dammy marryin' a girl he would have had to stoop over a yard to kiss after breakfast, it never seemed a just kind of arrangement to me, although I didn't want to criticize her. The Simses are nice folks—awful refined. Mercy, but don't Dammy look well in white pants?"

"Mamma! You simply haven't any heart!"

"I'll be forty-seven in December, Fern," said Mrs. Egg. "Good night."

She drowsily ascended to her cool bedroom, where a vacuum flask of iced lemonade stood with a package of oatmeal crackers on the bedside table. In the dark she lay listening to the obliging wind that now moved in the ten acres of orchard, and sometimes she chuckled, nibbling a cracker. Finally she slept, and was wakened by Adam's voice.

"Was it a nice picture, Dammy?"

"Fair. Where's that law dictionary dad got last year, mamma?"

"It's in the pantry, under the paraffin for the preserves, sweetheart."

"Thanks," said Adam, and his feet went softly away.

Mrs. Egg resumed her slumbers composedly, and woke on the first clash of milk pails in the barnyard. Day was clear. Adam could get in the rest of the peaches and paint the garage roof without discomfort. She ate a cracker, dressing, and went down the back stairs to find Benjamina grinding coffee in a white, fresh gown that showed gentle color in her cheeks.

"Mercy," said Mrs. Egg, "but you're up real early!"

"I don't think it can be very healthy for Mr. Egg and Hamish to wait so long for breakfast," the girl said.

"The men's cook down at the bunk house always has coffee for Dammy. It's a sad time that Dammy can't get himself a meal around here, honey. But it's nice to have breakfast early. I think he's hungriest in the mornin'."

"Isn't he always hungry?"

"Always." Mrs. Egg assured her happily, beginning to pare chilled peaches; "and he likes your oatmeal, I notice. Be'n' Scotch by descent, you understand the stuff. You've been here ten days, and it's remarkable how you've learned what Dammy likes. If he was talkative it wouldn't take so much intelligence. A very good way is to watch his toes. If they move he likes what he's eatin'. My gee! It was easy to tell when he was little and went barefooted. He's too tactful to complain about anything."

"He said, driving down from Cleveland, that he hated talking much," Benjamina murmured.

Adam's black head showed above his blue milking shirt in the barnyard. Mrs. Egg watched the tall girl's gray eyes quicken as she gazed down the wet grass. Morning mist fairly smoked from the turf and the boles of apple trees were moist. Hamish was lugging pails to the dairy valiantly.

"The high school here," said Mrs. Egg, "is very good for the size of the town, and Hamish will be perfectly comfortable in winters. You mustn't be alarmed by my husband when he comes back from Chicago. It's a nervous habit he has of winkin' his left eye. It don't mean a thing. I'm tryin' to get hold of some girl that's reasonably intell'gent to do waitin' on table and dusting, which is not good for your hands."

"It's very nice here," Benjamina said, still looking at the barnyard.

Mrs. Egg decided that she was a beautiful creature. Her color improved breath by breath, and her face had the look of a goddess on a coin. The vast woman ate a peach and inspected this virgin hopefully. Then the pale hands shot to Benjamina's throat and she whirled from the window. Hamish tumbled through the door, his shoes smeared with milk and his mouth dragged into a gash of fright.

He gulped, "It's Cousin Joe! He's gettin' out of a buggy at the gate!"

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Egg.

She rose and walked into the veranda, smoothing her hair. The man limping up from the white gates was tall and his shoulders seemed broad. He leaned on a cane. He wore a straw hat made of rough rings of straw. Mrs. Egg greatly disliked him at once, and went down the steps slowly, sideways. Adam was lounging up from the barnyard and some farm hands followed him in a clump of tanned faces. The light made their eyes flash. The woman sighed. There might be a deal of angry talk before she got rid of the lame person in black. He advanced and she awaited him under the apple tree below the steps. When he approached she saw that his hair was dull brown and sleek as he took off his hat.

"Mrs. Egg?"

"I am," said Mrs. Egg.

The man smoothly bowed. He was less than six feet tall, but burly and not pale. His mouth smiled charmingly. He glanced at Adam, smoking on the steps, and twirled the cane in his hand. He said, "My name's Hume. I'm an attorney. I'm the guardian of Benjamina and Hamish Saunders, my cousin's children. They're here, I understand?"

"I understand," Mrs. Egg drawled, "that you ain't much of a guardian, and they're better off here."

(Continued on Page 92)

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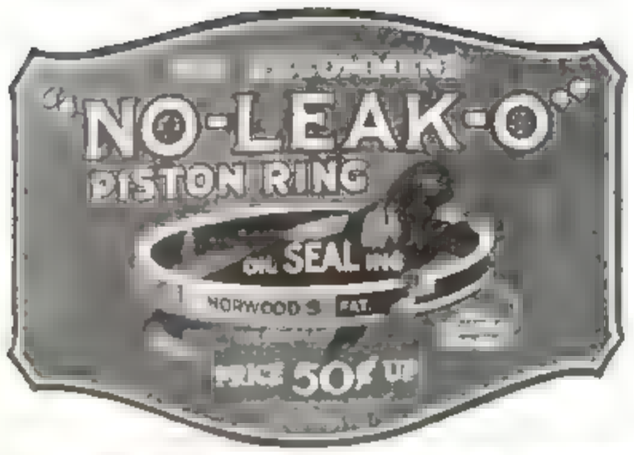

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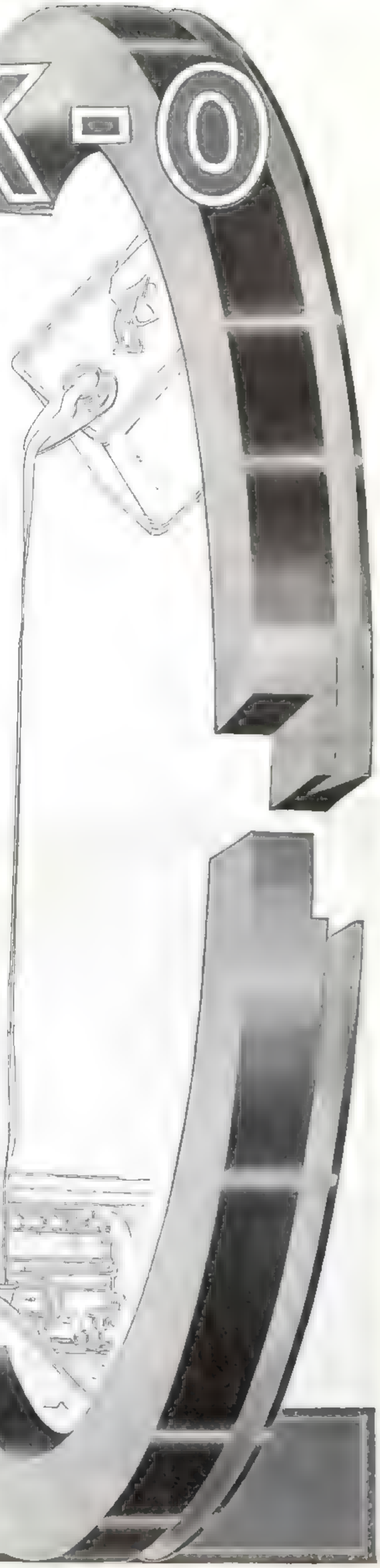

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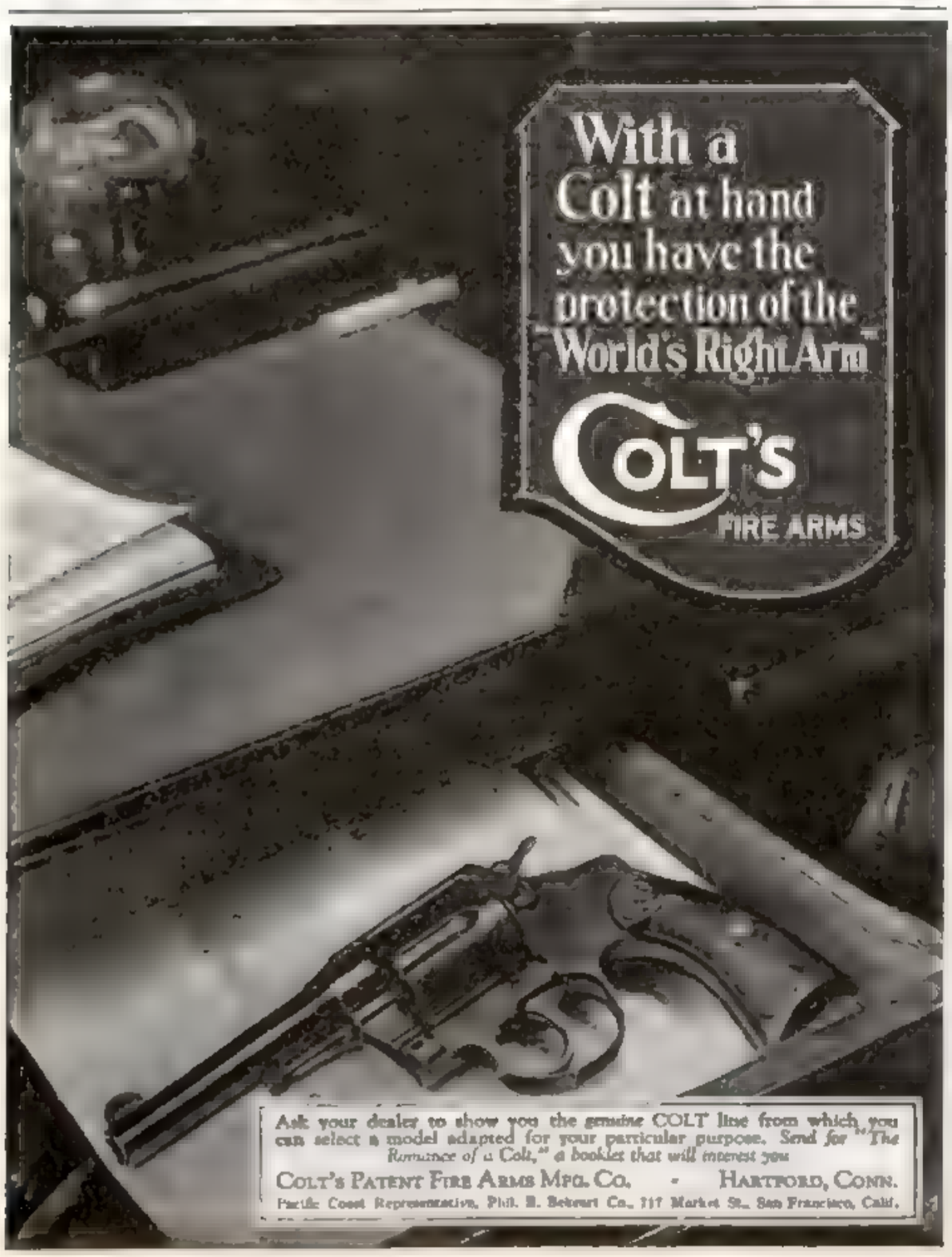

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(Continued from Page 90)

Adam's voice came over her shoulder, "They're goin' to stay here."

Cold sweat rose in Mrs. Egg's clenched hands. She turned and saw Adam's nostrils rigid, yellow on his bronze face. She said, "Go in to breakfast, Dammy. I'm talkin' to this person."

Adam might lose his temper. He must go away. She looked at him for a moment, and the farm hands made new shadows on the turf, approaching curiously. Then Adam turned and walked into the kitchen.

"We're wasting time," the man observed, always smoothly. "Benjy's my ward and she's going back to Cleveland with me."

"I don't see as that follows, precisely," Mrs. Egg panted.

"The nearest justice would."

"Then you'd better get the nearest justice to say it," said Mrs. Egg, "because Benjamina's perfectly well off here. As for sendin' her back to Cleveland for you to make love at in a flat—my gee!"

She felt herself impolitic and tactless in saying this, but rage had mounted. Her chins were shaking. The man's clothes smelled of pipe smoke. His collar wasn't clean. He was a dog. The kitchen door slammed. She dreaded that Adam might lose his temper and thrash this fellow. The man looked over her head.

"Here," said Adam, "get out the way, mamma, please! Let's settle this! Come ahead, Benj'mina. He can't hurt you." He was leading the girl down the steps by a hand. Smoke welled from his nostrils and his eyes had partly shut. He brought the white girl to face her cousin and said, "Now! My name's Adam Egg. Benjamina's married to me. Show him your rings, kid."

The farm hands gasped and an Irish lad whooped. Adam undid his brown fingers from the pale hand. The big diamond and the circlet of little stones blazed below the rosy nails. Mrs. Egg put her palm on her mouth and a scream was a pain in her throat. She hadn't seen Adam married! He threw away the cigarette by a red motion of his tongue and drawled, "Go back in the house, kid!"

The man clamped a hand on his cane and said "Without my permission!"

"She's twenty," Adam grunted, his shoulders tremulous under the thin blue shirt, "so what you goin' to do?"

Then nothing happened. Benjamina walked up the steps and stood with an arm about Hamish at the top. A farm hand lit a pipe. Mrs. Egg's heart beat horribly with the pain of having missed Adam's wedding. The man's face was getting green. He was odious, completely. He said, "Their property stays in my control!"

"To hell with their property!"

Nothing happened. The man stood poking his cane into the turf and turning the thick end among grass blades. Hamish came down one step. Then the man backed and whirled up his cane.

Mrs. Egg shrieked "Dammy!" and bruised her lip with her teeth.

The heavy cane seemed to balance a long while against the sun. Adam stood. The thing fell across his right shoulder and broke with a cracking sound. The blue shirt tore and Benjamina screamed. Adam's whole length shook and his lips were gray for a second. He slung out both hands and caught the fellow's throat. He said, "Now! You've 'saulted me with a dangerous weapon, see? Now, get out of here! Here's your witnesses! You hit me! All I've got to do is walk you in to a judge and you'll get a year, see? That's law! Get out of this! I could kill you," he drawled, "an' I will if you ain't out the gates in one minute!"

His shoulders heaved. The shirt split down his back. The man went spinning in a queer rotation along the grass, like some collapsing toy. Adam stood with his hands raised, watching. The figure stumbled twice. Then it lurched toward the white gates in a full run, and the farm hands yelled. Adam dropped his hands and ripped the shirt from his shoulder. A band of scarlet had risen on the bronze of his chest. He said thickly, "Damn if he ain't a husky! Hey, Hamish, get me some iodine, will you?"

Benjamina ran down the steps and dragged the rings from her fingers. She babbled, "Oh! Oh, Adam! What did you let him strike you for? I'm so sorry!" She thrust the rings into one of his palms and cried, "You shouldn't have let him hit you! He's so strong!"

"What was I goin' to say if he said to show any weddin' certificate? If he hit me it was assault, an' I could get rid of him."

Mrs. Egg wailed, "Then you ain't married, Dammy?"

"No."

Adam leaned on the apple tree and stared at Benjamina, turning the rings in his hand. After a moment the girl flushed and walked away into the orchard of rustling boughs. A morning wind made the giant's torn shirt flap. He sent his eyes to the gaping hired men and drawled "What about those cows?"

Feet thudded off on the grass. Hamish came bounding down the steps with a bottle of iodine and a handkerchief.

"My gee, Dammy," said Mrs. Egg, grasping the bottle, "if your sisters have the nerve to say you're tactless after this I'll Sit down, lamb! Oh, Dammy, how can you think as fast as that?"

Adam lit a cigarette and blew smoke through his nostrils. His face was again blank and undisturbed. He asked "Peaches for breakfast?" absently.

"Anything you want, lamb! Benjamina has oatmeal ready."

He clicked the rings in his hand and his feet wriggled in the moccasins. Then he said "Mamma," strangely.

"Yes, Dammy."

"Mamma, I've put Miss Saunders in a hell of a position, sayin' we're married."

"That's so, Dammy. It'll be all over town in no time."

Adam arose from the grass and examined his mother for a whole minute. His nostrils shook somewhat. He took the engagement ring from one palm and handed it to Hamish, ordering, "Kid, you go take that to your sister and tell her it's with my compliments. I hate talkin'."

The boy's red hair went flashing under the trees. Mrs. Egg watched him halt by his sister, who was wiping her eyes beside a trunk. They conferred. Soon Hamish turned about and began to make swift signs with his arms.

Adam said, "Good enough. . . . I guess I'll call her Ben." He lit his next cigarette and walked up the steps.

Mrs. Egg screamed, "Dammy! Ain't you goin' to go kiss her?"

Adam's eyes opened on his mother in alarm.

He said, "I'm thirsty, mamma. And I've got to get a fresh shirt. Couldn't kiss anybody in this one. It wouldn't be polite."

Then he waved his cigarette to his new love and slammed the kitchen door behind him.

A DEAL IN EXCHANGE

(Continued from Page 23)

British consul was to insure his own arrest. All hands were against him.

At eight o'clock he was dressed and downstairs. The fat proprietor, with the crumpled look about him of one who has slept in his clothes, was in the entry as he went forth. The creature gave him a grin of infinite malice and amusement.

"You sleep good?" he inquired.

Samuel Lawrence looked at him and knew himself vanquished. The creature had strength of a kind, both of physique and personality; he himself had none of either. He turned and went on down the hill.

It was a morning of the true Paris glory, with a sky of soft radiance and a balm upon the air. The freakish fate which buffeted him along took him to the grand boulevards, where the trees along the sidewalk were resplendent with tender green. He was not shaved or properly washed, and he had not breakfasted, nor was he to breakfast. He moved at a tramp's gait through the lively crowds, reflected in all his humility and misfortune in the brilliant windows of the shops.

He could improvise no plan. He knew he was at the mercy of incalculable forces; and when it was nearing noon, and he was already footsore, the freakish fate took pity on him.

It happened near the Madeleine. He was going along the sidewalk, limping a little now, when he saw, coming in the other direction, a figure whose view made

him halt with a gasp. A plump and prosperous figure it was, with a high-held, serene and debonair face under a gray Hamburg hat, sprucely tailored, with a neat pomaded mustache. It was the stranger of the train, the man who had taken the wrong suitcase.

The man passed him. Samuel Lawrence came round as on a pivot; then in an access of energy followed and overtook him. He touched him on the elbow.

"Excuse me," he said nervously.

The other spun on his heel, and it seemed to Lawrence that an immense relief showed upon his face at the sight of himself. Then it darkened.

"What the devil d'you mean by layin' hold of me like that?" demanded the stranger.

"I beg your pardon for startling you," said Lawrence. "But I believe you took my suitcase from the train yesterday in mistake for your own."

The face before him cleared up.

"Oh, it was yours, was it? Yes, I recognize you now. Why didn't you come after me? I found my case all right, but I couldn't see a trace of you."

Lawrence explained. The well-fed stranger nodded.

"Well," he said, "your case is all right. I left it in the *consigne*—the cloakroom, that is. But like a silly fool I found this morning that I'd lost the ticket. Still, you can get it all right."

Lawrence trembled. Then the case and its secret were still intact.

"Would you kindly tell me how I should proceed?"

"Certainly," said the other. "It's easy enough. You go to the *consigne*, you know, and you claim it. You'll have to prove your identity and all that in the usual way, and describe the contents of the thing. Then you open it, and when they've checked your description they hand it over to you."

"Oh!" said Lawrence; and presently, "Thank you."

"I'll drive up with you now and see you through it if you like," volunteered the other.

Lawrence shook his head hopelessly. He became suddenly aware that his chance-met acquaintance could develop a peculiar steely piercingness of gaze. The bland and healthy face was in a moment acute and formidable.

"No?" said the stranger. "All right! But come and have a drink. I want to talk to you."

And when Lawrence still hung back he added startlingly, "Better come, Mr. Lawrence!"

Lawrence collapsed and surrendered. He suffered himself to be led away.

"Are you a detective?" he gasped.

The other considered as if uncertain whether he were or not.

"No," he finally decided. "Nothing of the kind. Your case is in the London papers this morning. That's how I knew your name."

Seated upon a plush bench in the interior of a café, with whisky and soda before them, they talked.

"An' the boodle is in that case?" said the stranger. "Three thousand-and-odd of the best—and I took it by accident and put it out o' reach. Me! Well, we got to get it somehow."

"What did the papers say?" faltered Lawrence.

"Oh, them! Seems your camera people are suspecting anything from the truth to loss of memory. Seems to me they trusted you pretty far. But never mind about that. What have you been doing since yesterday?"

He was persistent, and soon he had the full story of Samuel Lawrence's first night in Paris. He laughed.

"I shall have to look after you a bit," he declared. "At any rate until we get that bag. But the first thing for you is a bite of lunch. *Garçon!*"

"But," hesitated Lawrence, "are you—er —"

"Go on!" encouraged the other. "Say it! Am I a crook? Is that it? Why, of course I am, and a good one—not a bloomin' beginner like you! My name's Neumann; Pony Neumann my friends call me; an' you're lucky to have run across me. Ah, here's the menu."

It was an admirable lunch which Mr. Neumann selected, satisfying yet delicate, at once stimulating and rewarding the appetite; and as they ate he talked.

"That damn ticket!" he philosophized. "Suppose I wasn't very careful where I put it, the case not being mine; and so it goes and loses itself. I've known men hanged or guillotined through accidents as little as that. And think o' that thing blowing about in the gutter just as if it warn't worth better than three thou! There's romance for you! Take some more o' this wine."

Lawrence sighed.

"I put it in my overcoat pocket," said Mr. Neumann. "Then I suppose I pulled out my gloves or my cigar case and it went adrift. I searched that coat this morning and all I found was a ten-centime piece that had somehow got into the breast pocket. I searched the suit I'd been wearing, too, but nothing doing."

"Then how ——" began Lawrence.

"Ah!" said Mr. Neumann. "That's what I've got to think out. But whatever I arrange, you'll have to be on hand. You see, I was fool enough to explain at the *consigne* that I'd taken the thing by mistake. So you'll be wanted. Where are you going to stay?"

Lawrence smiled weakly.

"I've got no money," he reminded Mr. Neumann.

"Ah, but you have!" retorted that financier, reaching into his bosom. "You're an investment, my boy. See this? That's a thousand-franc note, that is, an' I'm goin' to invest it in your expectations. An' you better get a shave an' a bath right away. An' look here! You find a place to stay, an' meet me here tomorrow at the same time, eh? An' now you better bump along."

Lawrence rose obediently. There was no part in this conversation that he was competent to sustain, and obedience was his only course. A waiter ran to help him with his coat and hand him his hat.

"All right, I'll tip him," said Mr. Neumann over the cigar which he was lighting. "Tomorrow at the same time, remember!"

"Tomorrow at the same time," repeated Lawrence mechanically, and took his departure.

The barber's at which he got himself shaved and his hair brushed demurred a little at changing a thousand-franc note, but achieved it in the end. Lawrence tipped generously.

"Thank you," he understood the barber to say in French. "And here is M. Neumann's hat."

"Eh?"

The barber smilingly turned the hat over, as one who has played a clever trick, and lettered in gilt upon the leather sweatband within, plain as a sign post, was the name P. Neumann.

"They gave me the wrong hat," said Lawrence.

He took it, however, and stood with it in his hand, undecided whether to return with it at once to the café or postpone it till tomorrow. It was a smarter hat than his own. He saw the corner of a piece of green paper sticking up from inside the sweatband and plucked it out.

"Ah," said the barber. "*Un billet de consigne!*"

He recognized the word *consigne* and gasped. It was, it must be, the lost cloakroom ticket. Mr. Neumann had put it in his hat instead of in his pocket and forgotten it. He startled the barber by uttering a loud cry and dashing from the shop.

That afternoon the Beach Camera Company received a telegram from Paris which startled them considerably. It said:

"Am here. Money intact. Returning tonight. SAMUEL LAWRENCE."

And in the end loss of memory was held to be the true explanation. Mr. Neumann, however, had another word for it.

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ADVENTURES IN BUDGETING

(Continued from Page 4)

from the top of the Washington Monument. For nobody would be in danger of losing his job if the head of the company wasn't prepared to back to the limit the recommendations of the general manager.

The chief idea of the Budget Bureau was the collecting of information and the presenting of estimates concerning the amount of money needed by the different departments of the Government in 1923 and succeeding years. Using this information and these estimates, the President on the one hand could see how to apply pressure to cut down unnecessary spending by the departments, while Congress on the other hand could see how far it ought to go in authorizing the departments to spend money. The Budget Bureau wasn't supposed to have anything at all to do with expenditures during the current year.

Dawes had no sooner reached Washington, however, fresh from his experience of the beneficial results obtained by executive pressure of the commander in chief of the American Expeditionary Forces on the different branches of the Army, than he began to pound his desk irritably and howl for the same sort of executive pressure to be exerted by the President. Poking everybody within reach in order to obtain the proper amount of attention, he declared, averred and insisted that everybody might as well start saving at once, inasmuch as saving depended on no budget law, but on executive pressure and business management. The President existed, so that the executive pressure could be provided without undue agony; while Dawes stood ready to deliver the business management. Everything, in a manner of speaking, was all set.

That being the case, Dawes' slogan at once became "Let's go!" He went roaring and fuming and sputtering and jabbing into the Executive offices of the White House and rapped the presidential desk a few times, and slapped his knee violently, and waved his bony forefinger freely in every direction, pausing ever and anon to jab the presidential forearm or to feint at jabbing it, and demanded an instantaneous start of business management and saving.

The President, who is a slow, mild and pleasant mover when there is little of importance in sight, or when he isn't absolutely certain of his ground, but who is a rapid, solid, decisive and overwhelming mover when he's sure he's right and the matter is important, looked at Dawes benignantly over the top of his glasses and blandly remarked, "Go to it!"

Getting Along With Less

So Dawes went to it. There were forty-three government departments that came under his jurisdiction; and each one of the forty-three, to use the Dawesian phraseology, was doing as it damned pleased. The President did exactly what would be done in any business, and called a meeting of all the departments that were spending money.

"Now," said he in effect, "you're all running wild and spending too much money. It's got to stop. You've got to economize. I've selected an agent to see that my policy in this matter is carried out, and here he is—your new general manager, Charles G. Dawes."

For the first time in the history of the United States the President had assumed responsibility for the spending of the executive departments.

Congress had already made appropriations for these departments, and under the old system the departments would have spent every cent of the appropriations and a little matter of $500,000,000 more. The departments have always told Congress that the appropriations that are made for them are too little—always. Yet when Dawes demanded economy, and the President backed him up, the departments figured busily for a month, and then agreed to spend $112,000,000 less than their appropriations in 1922. When they got down to actual work, striving in every way to carry out the President's wishes, they found that they could do even better—that they would spend $136,000,000 less than their 1922 appropriations. The departments showed conclusively that when they were subjected to executive pressure they could get along on less than the amount that they had assured Congress was too little.

Thus the principle was established that hereafter the amount of money appropriated by Congress for the departments is not to be considered necessary as a minimum of expenditure, but as the outside amount which the departments are to be allowed to spend. Until a President comes along who is willing that the nation's money shall be thrown away in the old, wasteful, boneheaded way the departments will be held to account by the President to spend as little as is consistent with efficiency.

There is a large amount of confusion over the savings that have been effected by the Budget Bureau; and in that connection it would be well for the people of the country to understand that, although Dawes is frequently very extreme with his bawlings-out, he is invariably very conservative with his claims. He claims nothing whatever that doesn't belong to him, and he frequently refuses to claim things that actually belong to him, but that might be misunderstood by politicians who feel that they must fight him because he is working under a Republican Administration.

Demagogues at Work

He does not, for example, claim that his bureau has saved the $136,000,000 that the departments would have spent if it hadn't been for executive pressure. The departments had no business to spend what they didn't need to spend. Such a failure to waste money is not a saving: it's ordinary rudimentary business management. Certain pinheads, after reading Dawes' reports, have a rush of brains to the feet and imagine that he is claiming as a Budget Bureau savings the amount of money that the departments might have spent but didn't. He is not, however. He says that such a failure to spend is an economy brought about by executive pressure. For example, Congress authorized the Budget Bureau to spend $225,000 during its first year. It actually spent $130,000. The fact that it could have spent an additional $95,000 doesn't cause Dawes to claim gayly that he saved $95,000. His savings in the operation of the Budget Bureau were something else again. By careful buying and economizing in the matter of furniture, office supplies, telephone charges, and what not, the Budget Bureau actually saved itself $2991.20 in cash, and that's all that Dawes claims in savings for his particular department.

Dawes and his bureau may be operating under a Republican Administration; but for all that they are not Republican agencies. Neither are they Democratic, Socialist, Populist or anything else. They are business agencies first, business agencies last and business agencies all the time. Dawes argues, as any high-class business man would argue, that the Budget Bureau is not concerned with any political party, and that to be successful it must have the confidence of the people.

It must satisfy the impartial business mind that its work and its claims are on the square. In doing that it will never satisfy the demagogues among the Republican politicians or among the Democratic politicians; but it can't satisfy either of them and be a success.

Total government expenditures in 1922 were $1,600,000,000 less than in 1921. For campaign purposes the Republican demagogues at once set up a loud and earsplitting outcry to the effect that this was a saving accomplished by a Republican Administration. It wasn't anything of the sort. It was the inevitable result of getting back toward a normal basis from abnormal war conditions.

On the other hand, for campaign purposes Democratic demagogues in Congress attack the Budget Bureau by selecting one or two little things from its records, telling a part of the facts about them, and thereby intimating to the country at large that no savings at all have been effected. Under this head comes the celebrated broom incident, of which much was made at the time. The Democratic demagogues—a demagogue being a person who will gladly sacrifice his country's well-being for personal or party ends—are no more and no less contemptible in their attitude than the Republican demagogues who claim tremendous savings.

(Continued on Page 96)

10 Engineering Advances Found Only in the WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE

The Wills Sainte Claire is Evolution. ¶Its very conception was based upon the conviction that there was an economic necessity for a new kind of motor car—not more expensive, but more economical—not larger and heavier, but smaller, lighter and finer—not more complicated, but greatly simplified. ¶We realized that there was an economic necessity for a more powerful car—a stronger, more durable car—a car of luxurious riding ease—a car more thrilling, more convenient, safer, easier and finer to drive. ¶And out of these conceptions of hitherto unattainable things has come the Wills Sainte Claire—the car that marks a new decade in automotive engineering, a new era in motoring comfort and luxury. ¶In the achievement of the Wills Sainte Claire it has been necessary to develop many strikingly distinctive features—engineering advances that are to be found in no other motor car. ¶Ten of these distinctive and exclusive features we offer for your consideration—

***One*—The Motor**—Eight Cylinders—V-Type—actually twin fours, either one of which can be run independently—brake test, 60 horse power. It has overhead camshafts and valves in the cylinder head. A construction that gives enormous, flexible power and that with a special steadying device produces a wonderfully smooth, noiseless operation. This construction also makes possible a combustion chamber of such shape and design that carbon deposits are reduced to a minimum and fullest fuel economy is realized.

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***Three*—Cylinders and Pistons**—New in design and manufactured by a new process that reduces friction to a minimum and gives to both cylinders and pistons the glazed finish and perfect fit that under the old method come only after the car has been driven several hundred miles. The danger of scored cylinders is minimized. Greater accuracy is secured.

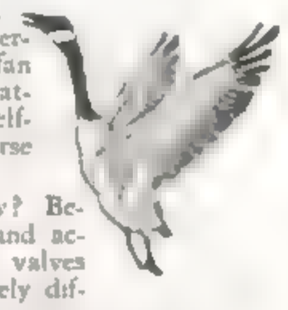
***Four*—No Chains or Belts**—An assembly of gears designed by Mr. Wills and his engineers drives the camshafts, the fan shaft and the intermediate shaft. All back-lash noise and lost motion in the gears are eliminated by special design, and this, together with the elimination of belts and chains that break and require frequent adjustment, is a distinct engineering advance to be found in no other motor car.

***Five*—The Bearings**—Developed by Mr. Wills for the Liberty Airplane Motor, and an important factor in its success. Are to be found in no other motor car. Twenty-eight operations are required to make a connecting-rod bearing, but when it is finished the surfaces are so true that scraping, filing or fitting is eliminated. These bearings are a triumph of precision manufacture and of advanced metallurgy.

***Six*—The Springs**—Specially constructed to meet the requirements of load and wheel base. Excessive weight and wheel base are not essential to riding qualities. Perfection of balance, weight distribution and spring suspension determine that. The wheel base of the Wills Sainte Claire is 121 inches, because that gives ample capacity and is most convenient for turning and parking. It is the scientific wheel base for power, flexibility and roadability.

***Seven*—Lubrication**—The lubrication system is another advanced achievement without which this motor would not have been possible. The method used to transfer oil from the passages inside the crank case to the crank bearings insures uniform distribution and uniform pressure at every point. The shape of the oil grooves in the bearings, the result of exhaustive experiments, produces an increase of 135 per cent of the oil volume transferred. The circulation of oil through the camshaft, which is hollow, insures perfect lubrication to all cams, no matter whether the car is on the level or a steep incline.

***Eight*—The Fan**—Is automatically released when it reaches a speed necessary properly to perform its cooling function. The ordinary motor fan consumes four to seven horse power when operating at high speed. The Wills Sainte Claire self-releasing fan cannot consume more than two horse power.



***Nine*—The Cylinders**—Are cast solid. Why? Because that construction permits of the true and accurate grinding of the valve seats. And tight valves are vitally essential to power. This is extremely difficult in the demountable cylinder head, because the uneven tightening of the bolts distorts the valve seats.

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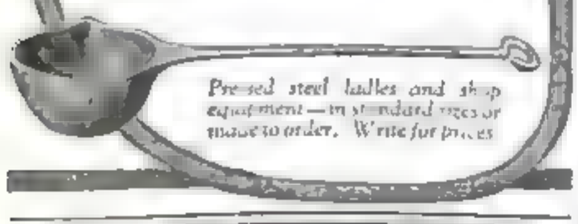

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general manager, in the person of Charles Gates Dawes, got hold of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and asked him kindly to step over to his office, and the Assistant Secretary of the Navy stepped.

When he had arrived Dawes told him a number of interesting and newsy titbits that had been gleaned in passing by his impartial and nonpartisan coördinating agents. He told him, for example, that the Navy had forty-nine surplus mine sweepers that were about to go out of commission. He told him that if two of these mine sweepers were loaned to the Coast and Geodetic Survey they would remain in commission instead of going out of commission. Since a ship in commission doesn't deteriorate as rapidly as a ship out of commission, the two mine sweepers would be better off with the Coast and Geodetic Survey than with the Navy Department. In case of a war the mine sweepers would be transferred back to the Navy. And lastly Dawes told the Assistant Secretary of the Navy that if the transfer wasn't made the President would have to ask Congress for $1,000,000 to build new ships—and that the President would unquestionably be bored to tears by such a contingency.

Having been told these things, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who is an intelligent young man, said immediately that the proposition was fair enough; so he stepped back to the Navy Department and sent a new letter which agreed to the transfer of the two ships.

The plot now thickens. When the Coast and Geodetic Survey went to get its two ships it found that they were being repaired, and that their engines were lying around loosely and uselessly.

The cost of assembling the engines and putting the ships in repair would have been $10,240, and the Coast and Geodetic Survey had no appropriation available for getting the job done. So Dawes wrote another letter to the Navy Department, asking it to spend $10,240 putting the ships in shape.

In due course a letter came back from the Navy Department declining the request with thanks. This letter, too, was unquestionably written by a bureau chief, and the reason that he wrote it was because he wanted to save $10,240 for the Navy Department. He wasn't at all worried over the fact that if he saved $10,240 for the Navy Department he would cost the United States $1,000,000. He preferred to save $10,000 for his department rather than to save $1,000,000 for the United States.

So Dawes again took the matter up with the Secretary of the Navy, pointing out that a saving of $10,000 by the Navy meant a loss of $1,000,000 to the Government. And this time the Secretary of the Navy wrote an agreeable letter, agreeing to put the two ships in repair before delivery.

If by any chance the Secretary of the Navy or the Assistant Secretary of the Navy had not been men of intelligence and understanding and had refused to accede to Dawes' requests, then the President, having demanded economy, would have been derelict in his duty if he hadn't at once given him, as the saying goes, the gate. That is why executive pressure is the controlling force in government economy; and that is why all the budget laws in the world will be unable to secure economy if the President isn't solidly in favor of it.

It is this sort of thing that the Budget Bureau is forced to fight on every side. When Democratic congressmen attack the budget system, as they have been frequently doing, they are fighting for its continuation in government business. It is such stupidity that causes Dawes to leap in the air with rage and howl his indignation aloud to high heaven until the very flies stop dancing around the chandelier and crawl behind the picture molding.

By transferring surplus property from one department to another the Budget Bureau coördinators have saved the departments from going out into the open market and spending $27,000,000 of the taxpayers' money. This would have been impossible before the Budget Bureau took

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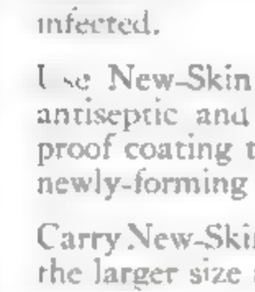

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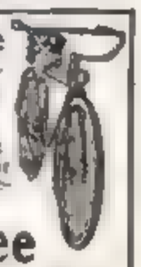

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hold of things and made the departments stop acting as little independent governments. That $27,000,000 would have been definitely and certainly spent. Yet throughout the different departments there are moans and groans and wails of protest because the Budget Bureau has taken workers from them to assist in the budget system. The total salaries of these men is $109,000. Their salaries are still charged to the departments from which Dawes drafted them, and so the departments are gnashing their teeth and rending their garments. Yet the work of these men has saved the Government $27,000,000. The departments don't look at the $27,000,000 saving. They look at the $109,000, which their brains interpret as a loss. Nowhere are the narrowness and the selfishness of the politician or the bureaucrat seen with such clarity as when he stands forth in the cold light of business efficiency.

Although the Budget Bureau exists to tell the President how to make his departments spend more economically and to tell Congress how much spending money the departments should be given, there will be frequent occasions when the President and Congress fall out with great enthusiasm.

The President in his budget, for example, allowed that $29,000,000 would be plenty of money to spend on rivers and harbors. But because of the pressure of eager constituents, the House of Representatives disregarded the recommendations of the Committee on Appropriations and authorized the expenditure of $41,000,000 on rivers and harbors. This is the old familiar pork barrel, with $12,000,000 worth of pure pork floating heavily and pallidly at the top. It now remains to be seen whether the President will support his budget by vetoing this bill; and if you are at all acquainted with the characteristics of Warren Gamaliel Harding you will bet heavily that he will do so.

Congress, always parsimonious when it comes to cutting the other feller's expenses, has reduced many of the estimates of the budget in making appropriations for 1923. This doesn't mean that Congress has in any way been inspired with a desire for economy. Perish the thought—perish it and bury it deep beneath the waving daisies! In fact, Congress has passed appropriations for good roads and other projects not outlined in the budget.

For the first time in history the routine business of the Government is being conducted along sound business principles. The system and the machinery for carrying it along have been firmly established by General Dawes in such a way that nothing can disturb it or dislocate it so long as the President of the United States continues to desire economy and saving. Dawes will be succeeded by Gen. Herbert M. Lord. Lord became Director of Finance under General Goethals in 1918, and was Army Liberty Loan officer. As Director of the Budget he will be exactly as efficient as General Dawes, and so will General Lord's successors until the President fails to support them. Nobody need fear that President Harding won't support his Director of the Budget. He will always do so; and because he is a business man, the business of the Government will constantly increase in efficiency during his tenure of office.

But it behooves the taxpayers to keep a wary eye on succeeding Presidents, whether they are Republican, Democratic or what not. For to quote General Dawes' frequently repeated statement to Congress:

> It cannot be too often reiterated that this most important reformation in the governmental business system is dependent upon the President of the United States himself, and upon his continued assumption of his responsibility as its business head. The minute he relaxes his attitude of attention to this duty there will be felt the natural pull of the departments and establishments toward the old system of complete independence and decentralization. This is because of laws firmly embedded in human nature which have existed since man began. Budget laws or other legislative enactments cannot change human nature, and while compelling the letter of coöperation cannot compel its spirit, which is above all things essential in business organization. The President, and the President alone, can do this, for his attitude toward the heads of the departments and the independent establishments is a matter constantly in their minds. What he desires it becomes their interest as well as their duty to do, where consistent with right principles and in accordance with the law. In the absence of his expressed desire, what becomes their selfish interest in action is inevitably along the lines of decentralization and the reëstablishment of the old condition of things, with everything running haphazard.

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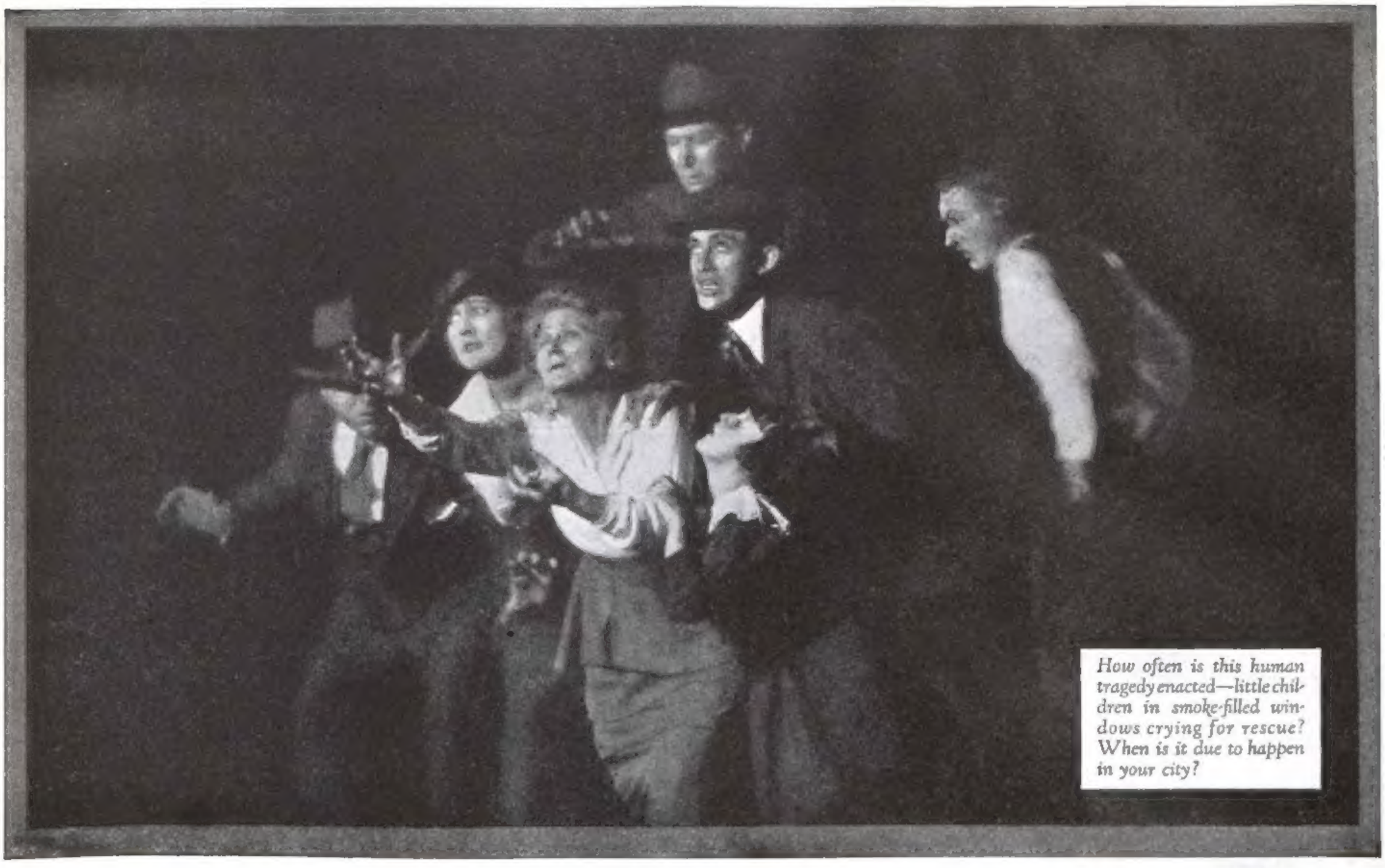

How often is this human tragedy enacted—little children in smoke-filled windows crying for rescue? When is it due to happen in your city?

All that was humanly possible

AFTER the fire in the Ninth Ward school was anybody tarred and feathered? After the heroism of teachers and firemen—after the impressive funeral of the little victims who perished—after the debris ceased to smoke and other visible reminders of the tragedy were gone—after the official investigation and the report—what reforms were recommended?

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